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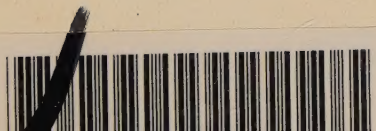

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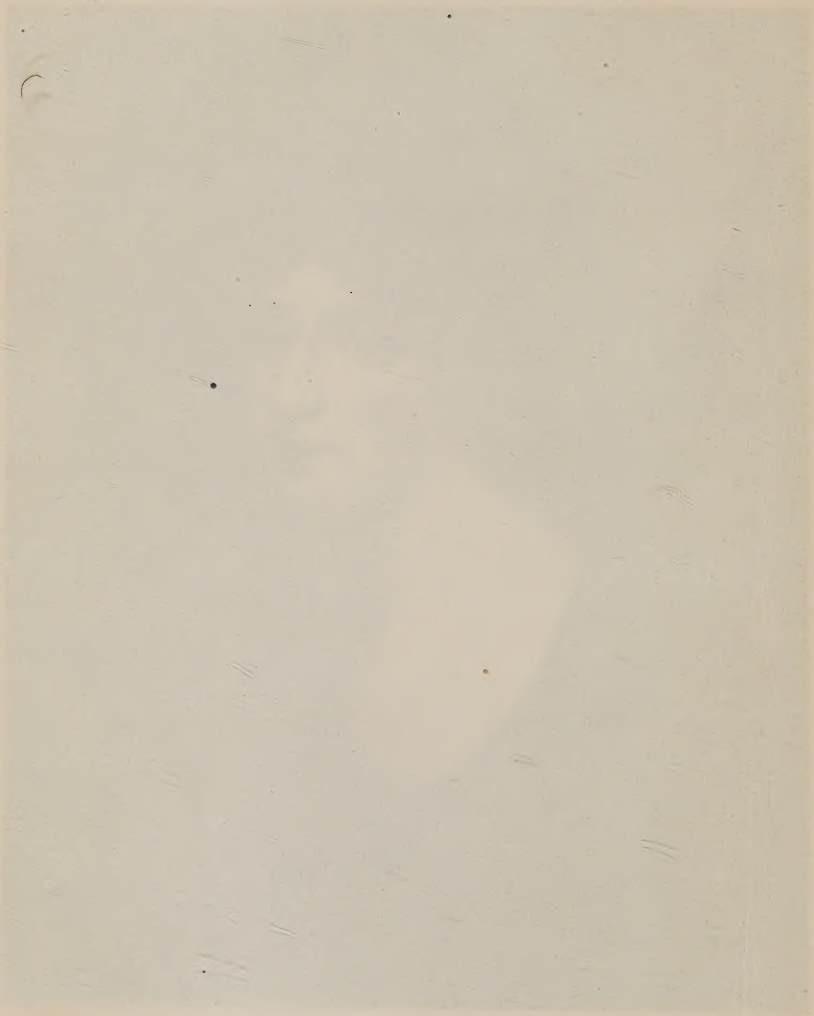

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S LETTER-BAG

EDITED BY

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARTIST

BY

MISS ELIZABETH CROFT

WITH 22 ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN
156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
1906

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INTRODUCTORY

"Letters are among the most significant memorials a man can leave behind him."—GOETHE.

"His soul lies naked in them."—Dr. JOHNSON.

IT may be confessed at the outset that Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Letter-bag" would in all probability have remained unlocked so far as the public is concerned were it not that two years ago there was published a volume entitled "An Artist's Love Story." There we were told with no lack of detail the poignant story of his tragic passion for the two lovely daughters of Sarah Siddons. By it the impression was left upon the public — a public which had long since forgotten, if indeed it had ever read, Williams's rather indigestible "Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence," published so long ago as 1830—that he was little else than the faithless lover, the light of love, the blighter of innocent lives. There, divorced from its context, was given what was after all but an episode, painful in very sooth, but not discreditable, an episode which chastened to the end one whom those who knew him best never ceased to honour and respect in the highest degree. Interesting, palpitatingly interesting the story is, and I have no wish to say a word against Mr. Knapp's treatment of it so far as he went. At the same time it cannot be denied

that it inflicted pain upon those who have most reason to hold Lawrence's name in reverence, and that by its separation from the context of his life it did some injustice to his memory.

Grant for a moment that Lawrence, discovering his love for one sister whilst he was engaged to the other, did not behave with cool-headedness under these bewildering circumstances, who are we to judge him, who have not been in so great a predicament ourselves? Who are we to pillory him for this, and ignore the debt we owe him for the courage and devotion with which he set himself to justify the talents which God had given him, and to hand down the legacy of grace and beauty lacking which we should be so much the poorer? Let us rather remember "the many excellences and genius of this man," that he was "a duteous Son, a tender Brother, a kind and zealous Friend" (I quote the words of the injured mother of these injured girls at the moment when the tragedy was at its height). Let us remember that, with all the beautiful women of the day at his feet, he yet remained unwed, true to his love, wearing mourning for her and her sister to the day of his death, thirty years later.

Let us remember that there is more than enough reason to accept his own heartbroken declaration that "though his ardour was beyond that of the woman he loved, in tenderness, truth, and constancy it was not behind it." Let the mental hermaphrodite, who is so much in love with himself that he cannot forgive another for the folly of loving a woman to his own hurt,

hug his righteous soul and thank God that he is not as other men are. For us it is enough that Lawrence suffered, and that, stricken to the heart as he was, he yet had the courage to live his life and bring to fruition the great talents with which he had been so lavishly endowed.

It may be imagined that my purpose in undertaking the task of editing Sir Thomas Lawrence's correspondence is to whitewash his character. I deny that it requires any such treatment. Sir Thomas Lawrence's character was not perfect, and I have not attempted to prove it so; but I do maintain that his character, as seen without extenuation by one approaching the task with no preconceived bias, emerges from the ordeal of a free and unfettered examination of his papers as few other characters so situated would have emerged. And here I have to render my thanks to Mr. Knapp. Had his book not been written, those in whose hands these precious relics have lain undisturbed so long would not have dreamed of asking me to undertake this task, and I should not have been privileged to make the intimate acquaintance of one to whom, in the quaint diction of one of his intimate friends, "no pen can do justice, who united genius to goodness, fancy to feeling, brilliancy to sterling worth, one, in short, to whom nature in lavish mood had given a heart as noble as his mind was exalted."

I have advisedly entitled this book "The Letter-bag" of Sir Thomas Lawrence, for the reason that we have here, in the five immense volumes placed at my disposal, not merely letters written *by* Sir

Thomas Lawrence himself, of which he in many instances kept the rough drafts, but letters which he received *from* celebrities of all sorts and conditions who were his sitters, his friends, and his fellow artists.

And in the give and take of this correspondence I have some hope that at least in a measure the balance will be redressed which has lately so heavily gone against him in the narrative of that tragic episode, where, to quote Lady Priestley's words in *The Nineteenth Century*, "Love, hope, sickness, and despair combined to render life a battle-ground of the passions, the scene of torn affections, leaving death the victor, and the great artist for the moment almost mad."

One word before proceeding to make what can only be a selection from this huge mass of correspondence. The narrative upon which I have strung those letters which appear to me most interesting and best suited to my purpose can in no sense be taken as a sufficient biography of the great painter. It is merely the slenderest thread used to join together what would otherwise have had little intelligible succession.

Had I been so minded several volumes might without difficulty have been padded out with descriptions and anecdotes of Lawrence's innumerable distinguished correspondents, whose laconic notes, begging for sittings, inviting to dinner, and such like, would have afforded starting-points for discourses on this or that, but I have thought it best to confine myself as far as possible to such letters as are charged with intrinsic and inherent interest,

or serve to illustrate the character of this remarkable man.

My warmest thanks are due to my cousin, Major Arthur Layard, late of the Royal Engineers, for his generous and untiring help, without which I should have been quite unable to cope with the great mass of documents so religiously preserved by Sir Thomas Lawrence's friend and sole executor, Mr. Keightley.

The conduct of the Lawrence executorship was no easy task, and it is an interesting fact that it was the skill and discretion with which Mr. Keightley carried it through that recommended him to Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, and other of the governors of the Charterhouse, and resulted in his appointment to the important position of solicitor to that foundation.

The spirited "Recollections of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., during an Intimacy of nearly Thirty Years," which make a fitting conclusion to this volume, are to my mind the most interesting part of it. Some slight use was made of them by Lady Priestley in her extremely interesting article mentioned above. Beyond that they have hitherto escaped publicity. I feel it a great privilege to be the first to give them to the world. The writer, Miss Elizabeth Croft, survived the artist for twenty-six years.

G. S. LAYARD.

Bull's Cliff,
Felixstowe, 1906.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S LETTER-BAG

Thomas Lawrence, the son of an innkeeper who had seen better days, was born at Bristol on the 4th of May 1769. Soon after his birth the family removed to Devizes, where, at the sign of the Black Bear, the precocious child, who at the age of five years was as remarkable for his proficiency in reciting Milton and Shakespeare as in taking portraits in pencil and chalks, soon became the talk of the gay world which passed that way to take the waters and enjoy the gaieties of the fashionable city of Bath.

By the time he was nine years old, Tommy's father realised that there was more money to be made out of his prodigy of a son in the centres of fashion and culture than by keeping an inn in a country town, and after trying his fortune at Oxford, he finally settled in Bath, where the wonderful boy at once became the rage. The artist was now in his thirteenth year, of extraordinary beauty, and the pet of the nobility and fashion which thronged that gayest of gay cities. Every one who was anybody sat to him. Prince Hoare, the principal artist in the place, painted

his portrait, which, engraved by Sherwin, was subscribed for by all the rank and fashion which flocked to the waters. At present his media were pencil and crayon, and his well-known representation of Mrs. Siddons as Zara, which was now engraved, bears witness to the precocity of his untaught genius.

The following letter, addressed to him two years previously, when he was only in his eleventh year, fittingly introduces us to the correspondence of the remarkable boy who was destined, as Lord Ronald Gower puts it, to be to the Regent and King, George IV., what Holbein was to the Court of Henry VIII., and Van Dyck to that of Charles I.

The writer, Lady Frances Harpur, sister of the then Lord Warwick, had married Sir Henry Harpur, who would, had Lawrence's father been willing, have adopted the boy as his son. This is doubtless the "plan" referred to in the letter.

LADY FRANCES HARPUR *to* MASTER LAWRENCE.

CAULK, *Dec^r 6th* [1780].

DEAR MASR. LAWRENCE,—I have wished for some time to enquire after you, but did not know where to direct to you. Mrs. Hay sends me word you are at Bath.

Mr. Churchill sent me the picture you drew of his son, which is exceedingly like. When you are at leisure I wish you would take your own likeness as a companion for it. I will enclose the size of the oval round the

figure.[1] If you can do this let Mrs. Hay see it, that she may judge if it is like, but pray do yourself justice, and make me a pretty picture, and Mrs. Hay will get it framed for me. If we come to Bath this spring I shall hope to see you.

I assume you thought it has not yet been in my power to serve you. It has been much my inclination and desire, and I have still the same plan which I hope some time may succeed, and I know Sir Harry will be happy to join in this.

I imagine you have much employment at Bath, and I hope many friends. What have you done with the picture of Sir Harry's bald-faced poney ? Is it finished ? If it is, Mrs. Hay can get a frame for it ; or if it is already framed, she will be so good to pay you for it.

Good-by,[2] and believe me your sincere friend and well-wisher, FRANCES HARPUR.

This is the only letter of these very early days preserved in this collection. The next is dated seven years later, when Lawrence was in his eighteenth year, and preparing to try his fortunes in London. Meantime, in the pompous diction of his biographer, "his *atelier* (at Bath) had been the resort of all the distinguished company of this splendid concentration of wealth and dignity." He had received the patronage of such exalted personages as the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Cremorne, and Lord Barrington, a list which again, in the flowery diction of Williams, "might be swelled to the utmost gratification of vanity. . . . His room was frequented by fashionable loungers,

[1] The oval piece of paper enclosed is three inches, long diameter, by two and three quarter inches, short diameter.

[2] Archaic and curious spelling has been retained throughout these letters, saving where obviously unintentional.

by foreign virtuosi, and by the real and pretended judges and patrons of the arts."

Naturally, this extraordinary popularity was a source of immense satisfaction to the boy's father, but it was fraught with the gravest danger to the boy himself. Occupied unceasingly in the production of pot-boiling portraits, he had no opportunities of exercising and developing his talents in the manner usually prescribed for the student, and it was not until he had passed his seventeenth year that he found any opportunity of experimenting in the medium in which he was destined to excel (in the opinion of his contemporaries) all the painters of his time. The father's fatuity may be gauged by the reply which he gave to Sir Henry Harpur on his offering to bear the expenses of his son's education in Rome: "Sir, my son's talents require no cultivation." The marvellous thing is that the boy ever lived down the conceited stupidity of so impossible a parent. Doubtless he was puzzling out things for himself; but the groove he was working in was a narrow and dangerous one, and it is certain that he lived to repent his too early and easily won triumphs.

Like Coleridge, it is sufficiently evident that Lawrence was conscious throughout his life that he was to a large extent prostituting his great natural gifts by "fagging on in all the nakedness of talent, without the materials of knowledge or systematic information."

At the age of fifteen Lawrence received from the Society of Arts the great silver pallet, gilt,

Sir T. Lawrence

FATHER OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

with an additional present of five guineas for a copy in crayons of the "Transfiguration" of Raphael. This extraordinary success against all-comers fired him with the desire to abandon the provincial practice of his art for the larger sphere of London; but it was not until three years later that his father could be induced to take the decisive step. Nor is this hesitation surprising when we remember that the fortunes of the whole Lawrence family had been retrieved by the precocious talents of the boy, and that much might be lost and nothing gained by challenging competition in the great metropolis.

The following extract from a letter of introduction heralds the new departure which was destined to lead on to so great fame and fortune.

The "Mr. Serres" mentioned in the postscript was a marine painter of some eminence. He became bankrupt, and died in King's Bench Prison in 1825, ruined by the extravagance of his wife, who claimed to be the daughter of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland.

J. FARR *to* MRS. POGGI.

PIERPOINT STREET [BATH],
March 13th [1787].

. . . The bearer of this letter, Mr. Lawrence, . . . more than a year since . . . proposed going to London, which occasioned my giving him a letter. He is now again preparing for his journey (his first intention having been laid aside), and behold I am writing another letter; for I could not forgive myself if I did not endeavour to procure him the singular advantage

and happiness of your acquaintance; and I am greatly mistaken if you do not find yourself highly gratified with his modesty, good sense, and superior genius, which you will discover in his character.

He is an artist, and intends pursuing his profession as a painter under the patronage of many distinguished names. To sum up his merit with me, in one word, he has given me a likeness of my boy in a pencilled drawing of so much merit, and so striking a resemblance, that the limits of my paper would not serve to speak its praise. . . .

P.S.—If you can obtain for Mr. Lawrence the sight of Mr. Sandby's[1] and Mr. Serres' pictures it will be a great favour, and a singular honour if he can obtain a place among their acquaintances through you. . . . —Believe me, ever most truly yours, J. FARR.

On September 13, 1787, Lawrence was admitted a student at the Royal Academy. This same year found him for the first time an exhibitor at Somerset House, a visitor at Sir Joshua Reynolds's studio, and at a bound in touch with all the fashion, beauty, and intellect of the metropolis. An interesting letter of the following year, written to his mother, contains so graphic an account of his surroundings that, although it is given in Williams, I cannot refrain from transcribing it in this place. And here it should be stated once for all that, although Lawrence's official biographer uses a considerable number of letters from, he was not made free of, the Keightley collection. Only copies of such letters as a discreet executor deemed advisable at the time of the President's death were placed at Williams's disposal. Those of more human, and

[1] Paul Sandby, the first of English aquatinters.

therefore more piquant, interest, more especially where written *to* Lawrence, were rigorously withheld. In this volume I have confined myself, with but a few exceptions, to those of which Williams had no knowledge.

LAWRENCE *to his* MOTHER.

Sep. 1786.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I think myself much obliged to you for the books you sent me; and the shirts, which, believe me, were very acceptable, as my stock was a little reduced. Rollin would be very acceptable; but perhaps Andrew cannot spare him. Having received no answer from Mr. Brummell I wrote to the Earl of Gainsborough, informing him that the picture was at his service, and I expect an answer soon. Lady Middleton said he was mad after it. I am now painting a head of myself in oils; and I think it will be a pleasure to my mother to hear it is much approved of. Mr. P. Hoare called on me; when he saw the crayon paintings he advised me to pursue that style; but after seeing my head, and telling me of a small alteration I might make in it, which was only in the mechanical part, he said the head was a very clever one; that to persuade me to go on in crayons he could not, practice being the only thing requisite for my being a great painter. He has offered me every service in his power; and as a proof of fulfilling his word, I have a very valuable receipt from him, which was made use of by Mengs, the Spanish Raphael. His politeness has indeed been great. I shall now say what does not proceed from vanity; nor is it an impulse of the moment, but what from my judgment I can warrant. Though Mr. P. Hoare's studies have been greater than any paintings I have seen from his pencil, mine is better. To any but my own family I

certainly should not say this; but, excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London. I hope you and Andrew will not be disappointed when you see it; for it will be sent, that I may know your opinions. I have had the pleasure of seeing the great Mr. Barry; he did not recollect my name, nor did I wish to make myself known—as, being ignorant of it, I became what I desired—a spectator. He is, in truth, a great man; to his wonderful talents for his profession he unites the classic truth of his scholarship, and the noblest and most sublime mind I ever met with. There is a clearness and precision in his ideas, together with a strength of language by which they are conveyed to you, so that even the most indifferent subject, when taken up by him, appears in a different light to what you ever before viewed it in. How great the pleasure, then, I received when that mind was employed, for the most part, in canvassing my loved pursuit, you may easily conceive. The large pictures, and the large books, would look well here, if you can spare them. I can think of no better present for my dear mother. Uncle Codger must e'en sit for his portrait in oils, which shall not disgrace the original.—I now conclude myself, your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

THOS. LAWRENCE.

A letter of the following year (1789) seems to hint that it was not long e'er the brilliant young painter began to pay the penalty of success. It is addressed to an unknown correspondent, and Lawrence was either so pleased with its composition, or apprehensive of the upshot, that he kept the rough draft to the day of his death. Dignified in manner, and sufficiently sarcastic in reproof, it

is a remarkable letter from the pen of so young a man.

THOMAS LAWRENCE *to an* ACQUAINTANCE.

SIR,—I have received your letter with some little regret as well as surprise, and as it is at least a candid one will answer it with equal candour.

I perfectly recollect the circumstances you mention, that you entered the Box in which I was, that you "addressed me as usual," that I returned it with I thought usual attention, and that there our conference ended.

Is this my crime, Sir, and is a friendly enquiry in a publick place no "publick acknowledgment of acquaintance"?

That you have given me offence is a conclusion as little founded in reason as your having taken it, and I cannot deny it in stronger terms. We have known each other some time, and some civilities have passed between us, but I was really ignorant that our acquaintance was of such unreserved intimacy as that you should choose to be offended because I chose to be silent.

I freely give you credit for your "circumstances, character, and conduct." I am not much used to scrutinize the first, but I hope they are what your merit is entitled to. The second is doubtless unimpeached, and the last cannot but be good since it is by conduct that character is formed. I beg you to believe, Sir, that for each of these I have a due respect, and that if your good sense is not in equal estimation with me, the only unfavourable impression I have had of it has been from the letter I have now answered.—I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

THO' LAWRENCE.

PICADILLY, *Monday the 11th [Jan.* 1789].

Passing by merely formal letters from such personages as Lord George Lennox, Lord Spencer, and Kemble, of the same year, which are only of importance as indicating the rank and celebrity of the clients who were now flocking to his studio, we next come across a communication which must have caused a more than ordinary flutter in the bosom of the young painter. Little more than a boy—he was but a few months out of his teens—we may imagine the excitement with which he received his first royal command.

H. COMPTON *to* LAWRENCE.

[*Sept.* 1789.]

SIR,—I am commanded by Her Majesty to desire you will come down to Windsor and bring your painting apparatus with you.

Her Majesty wishes you to come down on Sunday next the 27th ins^{t}: to be ready for Her to sit to you on Monday morning.

She likewise desires you will bring some of your pictures with you in crayons and in oil.—I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

H. COMPTON.

Friday noon.—Bring some primed cloths with you. When you arrive, enquire for me at the Queen's Lodge.

Mr. LAWRENCE,
Portrait Painter,
(No. 41) Jermyn Street, St. James's,
near St. James's Church.

The outcome of this command, which we may imagine Lawrence was punctual in obeying, were portraits of the Queen and the Princess Amelia, for which he was paid sixty and fifteen guineas respectively. They were exhibited at the Royal

Academy the following year. By some strange fate the portrait of the princess passed into the hands of a broker near Soho Square, only to be rescued by Sir Thomas himself a few years before his death. In this connection it is more tragic than amusing to find in a letter written a week or two later to Lawrence by his Scotch friend, William Hamilton, R.A., the following piece of "pawky" advice :—

"In your portrait of the queen I hope you will be careful of individual likeness ; *in the princess you have more scope for taste, as the features will soon change from what they are at present.*"

What poisonous counsel from an artist, who had already arrived, to one on the threshold of his career! And it is painfully evident from his subsequent work that Lawrence all too eagerly adopted this easy standard of artistic morality. Hamilton's own work has almost died of insincerity ; Lawrence's, though more robust, is largely infected with the same insidious disease.

Glancing for a moment at a letter of gushing enthusiasm, of the same year, which closes on a note of self-congratulation : "Adieu, my dear Friend—remember no one loves you better, and the first that ever put a pencil into your hand was your most affect. friend and servant, E. Tisdall."—we next find ourselves face to face with a lady, the fame of whose beauty was in every mouth, and who was destined seven years later to exchange the tinsel crown of the stage for the very substantial coronet of a countess.

Eliza Farren (afterwards Lady Derby) had

honoured the young painter by sitting for her portrait. Represented out-of-doors wrapped up in what was then called a John coat, and with a large fur muff in her hand, the picture met with a certain amount of criticism because of the summer landscape in which the figure was set. "Never mind," said Burke, who recognised the note of envy in the criticisms—"never mind what little critics say, for painters' proprieties are always the best."

But the anachronism in the composition was not the sum of Lawrence's offence. There was something other than the painting which offended the taste of the criticasters. A monstrous outrage had been inflicted upon the popular favourite. The portrait had appeared in the Royal Academy Exhibition labelled "An Actress"! The painter was publicly charged with being guilty of an Error in Taste. So down sits the poor young man in considerable turmoil to clear himself from the dreadful accusation. The following is the rough draft of the letter, which he thought it advisable to preserve. It has several alternative readings, with which, however, I have not encumbered the transcript.

LAWRENCE *to* MISS FARREN.

1790.

Mr. Lawrence presents his best respects to Miss Farren, and finding that from great hurry and business it is out of his power to have the honour of waiting upon her at any reasonable morning hour, he takes this opportunity to clear himself from a charge of rough disrespect to Miss Farren, and the elevated situation her genius has commanded.

In one of the morning papers it has been remarked that Mr. Lawrence surely treated very lightly the merits of Miss Farren when he mentioned the picture in the exhibition as the Portrait of an Actress, a term equally applicable to the lowest hireling of the stage. This he believes is very near the substance of the paragraph, tho' perhaps they are not the words, as Mr. L. has not yet seen the paper, the circumstances being only mentioned to him by a friend.

It is the desire of the Academy that with the Pictures sent to the Exhibition there should be given two lists—one of the general names of the pictures for the Catalogue, and the other of the real names of the Persons whose Portraits they are. When in the first list Mr. L. gave in, he came to Miss Farren's Picture, he set it down not as the Portrait of an Actress, nor of a celebrated Actress, but simply as the Portrait of a Lady, and this he did as well from its being Miss Farren in Private as from the wish he had that it should be known to be her from the likeness alone, unaided by professional character.

Mr. L.'s surprise was great when, on looking over the Catalogue, he saw the picture mentioned as it was ; he has been down to the Academy to have the mistake rectified and to shew the list to the person who had the forming of the Catalogue. The Secretary told him that the Blunder should be altered in the next copies that were printed ; but it is odd that very list and only that list was missing from the Pile.

Mr. L. begs her pardon for intruding on her time, and has no doubt that Miss F. will have the goodness to clear him to her friends, who doubtless must have resented the seeming intentional rudeness.

For two years the picture remained unsold, but in 1792 Lord Derby was in treaty for it through the young lady herself. In the meantime, Lawrence

had raised his prices, and had not hesitated to tell the lady that his lordship must pay for not having made up his mind to buy two years before.

MISS FARREN *to* LAWRENCE.

[1792.]

SIR,—I must own that [I] never was more astonished in my life than on reading your letter this morning. You must have forgot that the last time I had the honour of sitting to you, you told me that the price of my portrait would be *sixty guineas*, and I then informed you that Lord Derby meant to be the purchaser.

It is I trust needless to say more upon the subject; you are now (if you can think so after the above) at liberty to put what price you think fit upon the picture; but you will not think of selling it without my consent. —I have the honour to remain your humble Servant,

ELIZA FARREN.

In the end we find from a priced list of his pictures that Lawrence prevailed, and the enamoured peer became possessed of the picture for the then large sum of one hundred guineas.

But this was not the last of the matter. Having got it home and compared it with the lady herself, the picture was found wanting, and again down sits that impetuous young person to pen the following characteristic and enlightening note. Whether or no Lawrence took steps to assuage "the owner's" distress history does not relate.

MISS FARREN *to* LAWRENCE.

[1792.]

Mr. Lawrence, you will think me the most troublesome of all human beings, but indeed it is not my own

fault; they tease me to death about this picture, and insist upon my writing to you.

One says it is so thin in the figure, that you might blow it away—another that it looks broke off in the middle: in short, you must make it a little *fatter*, at all events, diminish the *bend* you are so attached to, even if it makes the picture look ill; for the owner of it is quite distressed about it at present. I am shocked to teaze you, and dare say you wish me and the portrait in the fire—but as it was impossible to appease the cries of my friends, I must beg you to excuse me.

Returning to the year 1790 one other letter merits quotation. Lord Malden, who had purchased two of Lawrence's pictures, writes on July 26, begging the painter to order canvas and colours for Lady Malden, who wishes to try her hand at copying them. Lawrence complies, and further ventures to offer the following advice to her ladyship. This extract is of interest as throwing some light on the painter's methods.

LAWRENCE *to* LORD MALDEN.

MY LORD,—I should think it always better that the picture, whatever it is, be first accurately drawn on the canvas, because tho' it may be afterwards effaced by the colour, yet it serves to impress the object on the memory, and the hand naturally follows the path it has trod in before. I always endeavour to paint a picture as bright as possible, even the first colouring, and I do it for this reason. When we make a dead colour only at the first colour and then advance slowly towards the last finishing, we are . . . astonished at the alteration . . . remembering what it has been.

But we entirely forget what it might be. Now when an artist endeavours to paint bright at first, the next time he comes he will try to make it still more [so] and so on, till by this struggle with himself he will at last gain a degree of brilliancy as unexpected as it must be gratifying. . . .

Other letters of this year, which do not call for quotation, are from Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom Lawrence has applied for the address of one Roth, a journeyman painter of drapery, and from a Mr. Wilmot, asking him to undertake for Lord Eardley and himself a portrait of the king in his robes, for the sum of £200.

The first is important, as showing that Lawrence was even at this early stage in his career so pressed that he contemplated employing another's brush for the painting of the less important portions of his pictures; the second, because, although the sum of £200 was mentioned for the king's portrait, Lawrence's accounts show that in the event he received half as much again.

At the beginning of the following year, 1791, we find poor Lawrence in hot water with one of his sitters. Indeed, from this time forward, such was his popularity that, notwithstanding the praiseworthy industry with which he fought against a constitutional tendency to lethargy, he was for ever trying in vain to make up arrears in the commissions which he had too rashly undertaken. Like the fighting farmers in South Africa, though indolent by nature he was yet capable of the most strenuous activity. He probably left behind him more uncompleted portraits than any other painter who ever lived.

A. GOODALL *to* LAWRENCE.

BURTON STREET, *Sunday morning, Jan.* 1791.

A. Goodall presents compliments to Mr. Lawrence and is sorry to find in the opinion of his friends, some of which are *Dilettanti*, that there is but little resemblance in it, add to which they could not have believed that so tame and half finished a picture could have come out of the hands of Mr. Lawrence.

They say that Reynolds has spoilt half the painters by their imitating his splotches and dashes,—and as to resemb[l]ance it was not wondered at.

When they were acquainted with the time it had been about and the number of sittings at different times for six years, they say no painter ever brought forth likenesses by frequent sittings at great distances of time. So much for the picture. Mr. Lawrence will therefore keep it by him and do what he pleases to it; and when Mr. A. returns perhaps he will be able to give him a better likeness.

I fancy that this letter put Lawrence's back up, for I can find no trace in any iconography dealing with his work of the irate Mr. Goodall's "better likeness" ever arriving at completion.

There is indeed reason to suppose that this rude and intemperate person was not speaking by the book when he quoted the opinion of his friends of the Dilettanti Society, and it is not unlikely that Lawrence discovered that his reference to them was merely a piece of bluff. I am led to this belief by the fact, which must have made Mr. Goodall regret his letter, that before the following year was out the Dilettanti Society had not only elected Lawrence as their painter, but had actually

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abrogated their rule that all members must have passed the Alps to enable them to do so!

Fortunately we soon have evidence that at least one of his clients was *more* than satisfied with his work. On April 5 his generous patron, William Lock of Norbury, writes: "I beg your acceptance of the enclosed as an inadequate discharge of what I am indebted to you for my portrait." To which Lawrence replies:—

LAWRENCE *to* MR. LOCK.[1]

[1791.]

DEAR SIR,—I know not really what to say or how to thank you for your obliging letter. You have sent me a sum much beyond what my price was when the picture was bespoke, and greater than I now have. To return any part of it I fear would offend you. I must therefore consider it as a double payment.

I cannot but lament that I am deprived of the pleasure of feeling I have added, tho' in so small a degree, to the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Lock without other reward. . . .

Sir Joshua Reynolds was now dead, and George III., by whose influence Lawrence had already been elected a Supplemental Associate of the Royal Academy, contrary to the rules of that body, whose age limit was twenty-four, appointed him his Painter in Ordinary. The letter announcing the appointment is given in full in

[1] In Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's article on Lawrence in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the name is spelt with a terminal "e." This is contrary to the practice of Lawrence's patron himself. In the letters in the Biography Williams sometimes spells it one way, sometimes the other.

Williams, so need not be repeated. The artist was now in his twenty-third year.

But whilst things were well with this gifted young man in public, the current of his private life was running not altogether smoothly.

In the following letters we catch a glimpse of one of those episodes by which his life was punctuated. For the fact cannot be blinked that Lawrence was one of those men who, without dishonourable or cruel intention, find their pleasure in hanging on to the skirts of this or that woman. That he became hoist with his own petard in the end, and suffered accordingly when his heart was really touched, is amply set forth in Mr. Knapp's interesting, though I maintain unfair, story.

John Foldsone, an artist well known in the later half of the eighteenth century for his portraits painted in a day, had died leaving a widow and family. Lawrence with his usual generosity had come to their assistance, as is evidenced by the following letter:—

MRS. FOLDSONE *to* LAWRENCE.

[1792.]

MY DEAREST, DEAREST, GOOD FRIEND,—God of his infinite mercy send his heavenly blessings on you. May you have it returned a thousandfold. Your goodness to me and my poor children has been unbounded. That the Lord will bless you in everything you undertake will ever be the prayer of your humble servant, E. FOLDSONE.

There were innumerable episodes of this kind in Lawrence's life, but fortunately all the distressed

artists' wives whom he helped had not fascinating daughters.

It is not difficult to read between the lines of the following letters :—

ANN THERESA FLEMING *to* LAWRENCE.

BATH, JOHN STREET, *Aug.* 18*th*, 1792.

You have forfeited your word of honour, my good friend ; no excuse can avail you. If you recollect, my last words were, "*you will not send the drawing*." Did you not draw up your head and seriously answer— "Upon *my honour*, you shall have it *next* week" ?

The week is past, but no sketch of my amiable friend. Fy on such promise breakers ! How can I depend on your safe delivery of the small pacquet that accompanies *this*, if you fail in the first favour I requested. *Once* more then I trust to your word, that you will with your own hand give to Miss Ann Foldsone the dictates of a sincere friend ; if *you* can have interest enough to procure me her answer, I shall no longer doubt you have *some* influence over her and participate her affections. Now exert your rethoricke and see if you have interest to procure me half-a-dozen lines. If *not*, I shall suppose you have no regard for the fair spinster, or her friend in John Street.

I make no doubt the charms of the Camp have drawn you and the fair Ann to visit it. I hope you were both *amused*. . . . Your sincere friend and humble Servant, ANN THERESA FLEMING.

LAWRENCE *to* SOME ONE UNKNOWN.

[*Rough draft of letter.*]

[1792.]

SIR,—I have been informed by my friend Mr. Westall,[1] that some little time ago in a conversation

[1] Richard Westall, the historical painter, who at this time boarded with the Lawrence family.

which passed between you and him, you mentioned it's having been told you by a friend, that I had made proposals of marriage, or, in the common phrase, paid my addresses to Miss Anne Foldsone, which proposals had principally been rejected because a letter had been found belonging to me in which was enclosed a demand upon me for a gaming debt of a very considerable amount.

The first of these assertions tho' totally untrue has yet paid so elegant a compliment to my taste that I cannot in any other light than a friend of the lady be justly offended at it.

The latter falsehood, from my not mixing very much with the gay world, I consider an imputation on my character, which I feel it is . . . incumbent upon me in my situation to maintain and defend. . . .

I have no doubt that you are equally jealous . . . of the honour of an unoffending individual, as you would be were your own attacked.

I must request you will send me what information you can give me as speedily as possible.—I have the honour to be, Sir,

What was the immediate upshot of the episode is not known. Eventually Anne Foldsone married a Mr. Mee, became well known as a miniature painter, and lived into the second half of the nineteenth century.

It is curious to learn from this letter that thus early in his career Lawrence was the sport of slanderous tongues. Ignorant of the fact that the large income which he was undoubtedly making was mainly spent for the benefit of his family, and in lavish and thoughtless generosity to those more needy than himself, the quidnuncs jumped to the conclusion that he wasted his money in betting and

gambling. This slander followed him through life, although it has been amply demonstrated that he stated nothing but the truth when he said in later years, "I have neither been extravagant nor profligate in the use of money. Neither gaming, horses, curricles, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness have swept it from me." That was what he said. He might have said more. But he hesitated to give in detail a list of benefactions which would probably put too great a strain upon the credibility of his scrubby-minded calumniators.

Catching by the way a glimpse of a notorious court scandal in "Mrs. Jordan's compts. to Mr. Lawrence, and should be much oblig'd to him if he will be so good as to give orders to hang up H.R.H.'s picture in the large drawing-room at her house, Somerset Street, Portman Square, No. 14," dated with some impudence from "Clarence House," we next come across a memorandum of agreement between Lawrence and one Thomas Hargreaves, whereby, for the sum of £52 a year, the latter undertakes to serve the former in his art as a painter. Hargreaves, who was a very capable artist, remained as assistant to Lawrence for two years. Afterwards he retired to Liverpool, where he secured a large practice as a miniature painter. Some years later we find a like memorandum of agreement with George Harlow, who afterwards became eminent as a portrait and historical painter. He was employed by Lawrence to prepare his pictures in dead colour and advance copies for him to work upon.

Again passing by, amongst others, an interesting letter from the poet Cowper, placed at Williams's disposal and quoted by him in full, we come upon the first of a long series of letters which passed between Lawrence and his friend and adviser Joseph Farington, to whose watchful care and instant and unselfish devotion it is impossible here to attempt to do even the most meagre justice. Once for all, it may be admitted as probable that, lacking his sound judgment and constant help, Lawrence would never have been able to maintain the struggle against his continuous pecuniary embarrassments. Beginning badly by anticipating his income in favour of his family, to the day of his death he was never clear of creditors, and his case would indeed have been desperate deprived of this level-headed friend, who spent himself in relieving him as far as was possible from his pecuniary anxieties.

Lawrence was now painting his friend's portrait, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1796.

LAWRENCE *to* JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A.

1. *May* [17]94.

DEAR SIR,—May I expect you to breakfast on Wed^y^ morning at nine o'clock or later if that is too early for you. I expect that you will stay the day with me in order that we may have a good long sitting, which, as it is the most entertaining thing in the world, you can have no objection to, unless you differ from me in opinion, which, as Sir Lucius observes, is the same thing!

Will you request Mr. Farington to put on a blue

coat?—I am, dear Sir, your most faithful friend and servant, THOMAS LAWRENCE.

OLD BOND STREET,
Monday Morning.

Lawrence was now so much in the public eye that there was little chance of his escaping the attentions of that mixture of shrewd critic and irresponsible lampooner, John Williams, better known by his pen-name of "Antony Pasquin," and in the next letter from which I shall quote we discover something of the engaging modesty and something of the humour with which Lawrence accepted castigation at the hands of his self-constituted judges. These are qualities which have not been sufficiently emphasised by Lawrence's biographers, but are constantly apparent to those who are careful to read between the lines of his published and unpublished correspondence.

It was this year that "Antony Pasquin" wrote of Lawrence's "Portrait of a Lady of Quality" (Lady Emily Hobart): "The face is chalky and sickly; the robe is so white and unencumbered by shadow that it might pass for an habiliment of porcelain texture. While I viewed it, I was betrayed from a recollection of the surrounding objects, and I momentarily imagined that if I cast a stone at the vestment I should shiver it to pieces." And of his "Portrait of a Gentleman" (Richard Payne Knight), also of this year: "It fills me with the idea of an irascible pedagogue explaining Euclid to a dunce. . . . This is surely the saturnalia of vice and insignificance!" These were probably the "critiques" referred in the following letter, to which

some candid friend had made haste to draw his attention. And I think it speaks volumes for Lawrence's good-nature and modesty that he met his friend's kind attentions in the temper he did.

LAWRENCE *to* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT.

[*June* 1794.]

SIR,—You must impute the warmth and resentment with which my Father spoke to you upon the subject of Mr. Pasquin's critique to his warmth and affection for me, which make him distrust his Friend for being acquainted with those who withhold their approbation from his son. As the best proof, Sir, that I think justly of your conduct I will endeavour to convince him that his love for me has made him a little unreasonable to you.

The critique I have not seen. I have no doubt that it contains much good sense and wit and is a little too severe. This must be expected. Moderated satire, though I dare say it would suit Mr. Williams very well, would certainly be out of character in a Pasquin. I shall certainly get it, for I have found much benefit from the severest criticism. Something may be learnt, and the greatest improvement I remember to have made in my work was from seeing in a critique upon them that when I learnt to distinguish Flesh from glass I might make a tolerable painter.

The sequel to this letter is to be found on p. 151, vol. i., of the official biography, where the author writes: "This family, perhaps owing to Pasquin's criticism, refused to take (Lady Emily Hobart's) portrait, and Sir Thomas Lawrence

never painted anything for the lady's family afterwards."

The following letter throws some light on the difficulties which beset Lawrence's life. The Miss Metz referred to was probably Caroline, the sister of Conrad Metz, the well-known pupil of Bartolozzi. What interest Henry Fox had in the young lady, herself a painter of some skill, does not appear, but that the matter fell short of "pistols for two and coffee for four" at an early hour in Hyde Park, is rendered probable by a letter of the friendliest description from the lady's brother, which appears in a later portion of this correspondence.

HENRY FOX *to* LAWRENCE.

[*Jan.* 1795.]

SIR,—The part I take in the resentments of Miss Metz make me feel so severely her concern for the treatment she has so unhandsomely experienced from you in the affair of a certain portrait, that I cannot help wishing to discuss the matter with you seriously at an early hour either to-morrow morng. or the next in Hyde Park, the sooner the better. If you chuse to meet me accompanied by a friend or not you will inform, Sir, your humble Servant,

HENRY FOX.

Nor was this the only scrape in which Lawrence found himself this year, and again with a lady—indeed the very lady to whom he had, as we have seen, brought a letter of introduction on his first arrival in London. That the lady was very angry is more than evident, and she may have had reason, but this hardly excuses her excess of

rudeness or vulgarity in addressing the artist as "Mr. Lawrence, Esq^re."

MRS. POGGI *to* LAWRENCE.

Friday, 23 NORFOLK STREET,
Nov^br. 20. [1795].

SIR,—Mr. Poggi is extremely surprised and disappointed to find that you have sent his drawing of Correggio in the country. Nor indeed can he believe that you have taken such a liberty.

When he entrusted you with it, he supposed he entrusted it to the care of a gentleman, and if you wish to preserve that character, you must immediately procure the drawing,—and you must permit me to assure you that Mr. Poggi is not a man who will be trifled with with impunity.

You will at least inform my son, who is the bearer of this, the name and address of the person who is now in possession of the drawing,—as Mr. Poggi is *determined* to have it.—I am, Sir, your humble Servant, H. POGGI.

Mr. LAWRENCE, Esq^re.

The next letter from which I shall quote found Lawrence in the very throes of the great emotional crisis of his life dealt with in "An Artist's Love Story." It is of peculiar interest, coming as it does from the pen and heart of William Godwin, who was himself at this moment on the eve of his own irregular and tragic union with Mary Wollstonecraft —with marriage, birth, and death as its almost immediate sequel. It is difficult to arrive at the exact date at which Lawrence's chequered courtship entered upon its second stage, when Maria

Siddons' rapidly developing charms convinced him that he had been too precipitate in allowing his choice to fall upon her elder sister, Sally. But it is more than probable that the "sacred uneasiness" referred to in Godwin's letter was caused by the perplexing situation in which the unhappy young man then found himself.

WILLIAM GODWIN *to* LAWRENCE.

I have felt considerable anxiety about you. I could plainly perceive, when I breakfasted with you a few weeks ago, something extraordinary passing in your mind. It shewed itself principally in a sort of listlessness, which might almost at first sight have suggested the idea of paralytic affection, but might easily be supposed to be disconsolateness and dissatisfaction, arising from some cause, not of a physical, but an intellectual nature. I longed I confess to probe you, but dared not. . . .

And now you hint to me that your uneasiness is sacred, and that no one must intrude upon it. I am sorry for it. My sympathies, active and reactive, should have been much at your service. . . .

I hope I am not to understand you literally, that your conceptions are "only proper to yourself." I hope you are not so finished a monopolist. Nothing is more inimical to the restoration of cheerfulness and activity, than this obstinate silence. Let me add, that it seems a particular refinement of pride, of which I should not have suspected you, to resolve to be uneasy, and that the world shall know nothing of the matter.

[He then goes on to urge him to remember his talents and rouse himself, and continues.]

Do not waste your youth in langour. Do not resign

Sir T. Lawrence

EMMA

yourself to discontent and melancholy, when you may by so slight a variation of the point of sight, be filled with so many spirit-stirring and soul-enlivening conceptions. . . . W. GODWIN.

SOMERS TOWN,
Feb. 20, 1796.

Eighteen months later Maria died, after extracting from her sister that tragic promise not to marry Lawrence, which Sally tried to evade, but which once given she religiously persisted in observing.

One sentence in this correspondence, in a letter to his brother William, and the rest is silence :—

"Maria S. is dying! Perhaps e'er this dead! I am half distracted. God bless you."

The following extract from a draft letter of Lawrence's of this year shows him blinded by the charm of Lady Hamilton to the merit of the great artist to whom she so largely owes her immortality.

LAWRENCE *to* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT.

[*May* 1796.]

DEAR SIR,—Lady Hamilton has left her best portrait with you. I found her in town, too much engaged to give me the time I wished for and was necessary, but I must put it down to a good motive, viz., the gratitude to Mr. Romney, whose portraits of her are feeble,—more shew the artist's feebleness than *her* grandeur.

This assertion to one who has been accustomed to hear me speak my mind I trust will not appear impudent. . . .—Your obliged friend,

THO. LAWRENCE.

There are about this time several notes to Lawrence from Joanna Baillie, the Scottish dramatist and poetess, which make it very evident that Lawrence had more than a little reputation as a man of literary taste and judgment. From one dated December 20, with which she sends him "the Mo.[1] play," the following sentences seem worthy of quotation for more than one reason :—

"I ask advice, and like many people in this world, seldom follow it, but let not this discourage you (if you be so kind) how it strikes you as a play intended for representation. Tho' I never expect to have any of my Plays produced upon the stage in my lifetime, yet I should like to leave them behind me in a state to be so produced when circumstances may be more favourable for it.

"I see by the direction of your letter to *Miss* J. Baillie that you have no mind the servant, who takes your letter to the post, should know it is *not* a young Lady you correspond with. Pray give up this vanity. If he should read on the back of your letters to *Mrs.* Joanna Baillie, he will only guess that you have an Aunt or God-mother of that name, and it will not bring you any discredit."

From the year 1796 to the year 1804 there are no letters in this collection which call for quotation. During this period Lawrence had, for the last time, ventured on a painting in the "grand style," which now hangs, for the judgment of all and every, on the staircase leading to the Diploma Gallery in Burlington House. This representation of "Satan" met with partly deserved, though too exaggerated,

[1] *De Montfort*, produced in 1800 by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons at Drury Lane.

ridicule from the pen of "Antony Pasquin," who compared Lawrence's presentment of the enemy of mankind to "a mad sugar baker dancing naked in a conflagration of his own treacle," and proceeded, with characteristic impertinence—"the liberties taken with his imperial majesty are so numerous, so various, so insulting, that we are amazed that the ecclesiastical orders do not interfere on behalf of an old friend!"

It is true that this "sublime" effort was succeeded by several pictures with fancy titles, but these titles merely served to differentiate the portraits of John Kemble the actor in his various histrionic characters.

This same year Lawrence lost both his father and mother, to whom he was most tenderly attached, but, as was usual with him in the presence of pain or distress, he allowed himself no respite from work. His activity and industry at this time, as indeed all through his career, were astonishing. He was now a full Academician. Reynolds and Gainsborough were dead. The fashionable world was flocking to his studio, and he feared but one rival, John Hoppner.

The Academy was at this time the battle ground of many conflicting interests, and the correspondence bristles with hints of quarrels and dissensions, which in most cases succeed in raising, without satisfying curiosity. One letter there is, however, which goes far to explain the fact stated by Williams, that Lawrence does not appear to have "imbibed the bitter spirit of the disputes, or at all entered into the cabals of the artists."

On April 15, 1803, the *Morning Post* made the sensational discovery that the then President, Benjamin West, had, contrary to the rules of the Academy, exhibited his picture of "Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness," notwithstanding the fact that it had been previously exhibited in the year 1776. On the circumstances being brought to West's notice, he explained that he was in the habit of altering and repainting his pictures, and admitted that he had done so in this case, and added the date 1803. This explanation the Council of the Academy, of which neither Lawrence nor his friend Farington were members, accepted, but the general assembly of the Academicians took a different view, and marked their disapproval by taking the law into their own hands and appointing Wyatt to the Presidency, to the exclusion of West.

This would appear to be the moment when Lawrence wrote the letter to Farington, the draft of which is given below. There is a lack of independence about it, which is somewhat disappointing, but it goes to prove the depth of his affection for, and trust in, his friend.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*August 4th*, 1803.]

When I tell you that I voted with you last night against my own opinion, I but tell you what you know. You will always guide and direct me if you *chuse* to do so, and I can hardly conceive that *possible* case in which you may not. Still I ask you to think of the state in which this business stands—a total want of

unanimity and concert—a great part of the Academy still keeping back in a case in which it seems to me complete co-operation almost to a man is wanting, and totally different *in its appearance to the World* to any Academical Business.

Some good has been done, but the *greatest,* that of abandoning the plan, cannot be done while you give it your support, but it is you *only* who keep Life in it—I wish, I confess, that you would not.

I embark as I said with *you,* but so unwillingly, that I hate to suggest an "if" that might tempt you to go farther. If however you determine to do so, *Determine* likewise to *act,* for my disgust at the whole manner in which this is brought forward is extreme.

You are not Young, and will die before me, and I say the truth which is in my Heart when I say that except Mr. Lock *no* one will be so mist, so regretted by me! But if from *individual* feeling (in which reflection and taste, if I have anything of it in me, have equal force with gratitude) if from these I must feel the loss, *how irretrievable must I think it when I look at the Academy!* It is *I* think gone—gone—for all that is pleasant to the quiet and decent mind, for those who could gain estimation, and can feel Ridicule. The sport of Talents without Tact, Integrity without Judgement supposing the *best* to happen, the worst presents nothing but discord and confusion! While then you stay with us, exert that influence and *Authority* which is so justly yours, and make us the more indebted to your presence though it be to lament your loss.

Farington was apparently a leader in the revolt of which Lawrence disapproved. Lawrence was an advocate of peace for peace's sake.

The upshot was that George III., who was a great admirer of West, took the matter into his own

hands, and directed the Resolutions passed by the General Assembly to be expunged. The revolting Academicians thereupon swallowed their pride, were outwardly reconciled, shook hands all round, and hated each other ever after.[1]

That Lawrence himself was a supporter of West is borne out by the fact that he soon after painted the President's great full-length portrait, which now hangs in the entrance to the National Gallery.

In the following letter we again find Lawrence assuming the rôle of literary critic. That he had himself a very pretty knack of versifying is evident from the examples given at the end of Williams's first volume. But the chief importance of this letter lies in the fact that it introduces us for the first time to a lady about whom and Lawrence a good deal has been said, and a good deal more assumed. Williams treats of this important friendship with great propriety, and in considerable detail, and satisfactorily disposes of the insinuations of such scurrilous rags as the *Literary Gazette* that this lady, Mrs. Wolff, was no better than she should be, and that Lawrence was something more than her friend. At her death Lawrence wrote to Mrs. Angerstein, "her purity and exalted piety were such that you would have found in her a congenial spirit"—surely hardly the words of a lover writing of his mistress!

Williams showed good sense in facing a question which, if wholly omitted, would, to quote the words of one of his correspondents, have left "an opening for some literary scavenger to make a book on the

[1] Williams, vol. i. p. 248.

subject, and mingle truth with falsehood in a way which it may be difficult to disprove." I do not say that the difference of sex in this friendship was a negligible quantity. Indeed, with a man of Lawrence's temperament this would have been an impossibility, and is even emphasised in a letter of a later date, but I do say, despite his inclination to philander, everything points to Lawrence's being a pure-living and pure-minded man.

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. WOLFF.

14 *Oct.* 1803.

DEAR MADAM,—I cannot send the verses. They are mine—(I trust you remember my panegyric?)—and I have so little wish to be known as a tagger of Rhyme that you will oblige me in never mentioning my having repeated them. . . .

Sterne's passage of "the Cant of Criticism" will be popular as long as the language lasts, and if we wanted proofs of the fallibility of critics in their own writings, the severest of them would not stand the test. In the four lines quoted by Mr. Wolff from Goldsmith, but really given him by Johnson, there is as gross an inaccuracy as in any poor Author whom he lashes.

> "That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
> As Ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away."

First, here is a voluntary act (hastes) compared to an unresisting effect, and then comes a greater blunder in making the thing compared not the "Mole" that is swept away but the Power that sweeps it away. In other words: that Trade *is ruined* as Ocean *ruins*." . . .—I am, with great esteem, Dear Madam, your obliged Servant,

THOMAS LAWRENCE.

It has before been said that Lawrence was, notwithstanding his large income, continually in a condition of pecuniary embarrassment.

The following letters will show that in 1804 and the succeeding years a determined effort was being made by his friend, Thomas Coutts, the eminent banker, to put his financial affairs into some order.

THOMAS COUTTS *to* LAWRENCE.

Saturday, 25th August 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you propose to come to me on Monday, I send you inclosed for your consideration (*to-morrow*) a view I have made of your affairs.[1] It is accurate so far as I have the materials to make it so,—but it will be proper, if you please, to make a correct List of the new debts, amounting, as is supposed, to £1451, 19s.; which includes (you will observe) £330, which you stated (from memory only) to be the amount of those which you was to refer for to your solicitor.

I propose you should, as an approbation of the plan, sign the undertaking at the close of it, and agreeable to my note of yesterday I hope you will bring with you to-morrow the List of pictures finished or begun, but as yet unpaid for.

I hope you will look forward with as much eagerness as I sincerely do to the prospect of complete emancipation, and think how soon two years pass away, when there seems, on my plan, to be a very fair prospect of your being able afterwards to employ the whole fruits of your labour as you like best.

I have endeavoured in forming this plan to meet your wishes and to respect your feelings as much as

[1] The enclosure is missing.

possible; and I flatter myself you will believe it is your happiness and your benefit alone that has moved me to do it.—I am, my dear Sir, yrs sincerely, T. COUTTS.

I wish you to settle all soon, as I do not know whether I may not leave Town in a few days.

THOMAS COUTTS *to* LAWRENCE.

BOCONNOC, CORNWALL,
The 3d May 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,—Here I have received the very kind letter you addressed to me the 29th.

Be assured nobody can enter more warmly into your feelings as therein expressed than I do,—or has it more at heart to see them gratified with honour to your name and character, and comfort and happiness to your life—which makes me only the more anxious that you should fulfill your engagements at my House, on which in my opinion everything depends.

One point I must beg you may never again deviate from; and you must permit me to add I never can think well of you if you swerve from it in the smallest degree. I mean that you shall never fail to pay into my House every sum you receive for or on account of Portraits or other pictures painted by you.

And of this I expect you will assure me, in your answer to this, you will conscientiously perform, let the sum be more or less—as it may happen.

There is no going on without this point being agreed to be settled. You have never found, nor ever will find any want of liberality on our part in assisting you, if we find conditions observed on your part,—when in your power—as is the case in regard

to the point alluded to; and if we see a progressive advancement to clearing off your incumbrances,—we shall not be unwilling to enlarge the time for accomplishing, however much on your account it is desireable to be made short.—I am, Yours with very sincere Regard and Esteem, T. COUTTS.

On October 21 of this year Nelson had been killed by a musket shot from the mizzentop of the *Redoubtable*, of which his ship, the *Victory*, had run foul. The news, inaccurate in detail, had just reached Lawrence, and he hastens to inform his friend. The variation on Nelson's famous message is interesting.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

Nov^r 6, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I deferred writing to you till after Monday that I might tell you who was elected. I find it is Mr. Westmacott.

But let us leave this subject odious to us both to rejoice and mourn for England, and, mid the cowards that are disgracing the cause of freedom, contemplate the fate of its defenders. Its noblest is now gone!!

After an engagement with the combined Fleets, just at the close of it Lord Nelson was killed by a shot from a Rifleman in the Tops of the *Santissima Trinidada!* The enemy had thirty-four sail of the Line; the English twenty-five. Nineteen sail of the Enemy struck to us and one was blown up. It is feared, from the impossibility of maiming them all, that some may have escaped.

The immortal Man who will live to all ages the admiration of the Universe, when the Reptile of France

is remembered in its execrations was shot in the shoulder.

His last *orders* were "The Country will expect that every officer does his Duty ! ! ! ! !" A sentiment of as grand simplicity as antiquity can boast. He lived to know the nineteen Flags struck, and to send round his farewell to the officers of his fleet.

> "How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
> With all their Country's wishes blest."

Sir Robert Calder[1] arrived in town yesterday.

Since writing the above the Secretary at War has been here and written down his private account of the Action. Villeneuve is taken, stupified with dismay and unable to ascertain how the "impossibility" was effected. Lewis had been dispatched from Lord Nelson's Fleet with six sail of the Line and the Enemy knowing this came out confident of victory. The *Santissima Trinidada* was blown up and could not therefore boast of the Hero's death. . . .—Ever and most affectionately Yours T. LAWRENCE.

It is interesting to discover from a letter not in this collection that Lawrence was himself later on dazzled by the splendour of the "Reptile of France."

"No man," he writes, "can see France or Paris without bowing to the greatness and extent of this man's conceptions. I use a phrase that is forced upon me, I speak of him as present and everywhere he is; and it is as impossible that he can ever be separated from the past greatness of his country as for human efforts to blot out the sun."

[1] Who had dispersed his ships and fallen back before Villeneuve on August 6, leaving England exposed to attack. He was now recalled and censured for error of judgment.

A letter of a month later shows that the cabal against West was still active, and that Lawrence was still faithful in his support.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

rec^d Dec^r 9—1805 *in morning.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Much as we have reason to be disgusted with the very name of the Academy, I still think (and with no *affected* feeling) that where there is a fair chance of saving it from degradation we should be wanting in a *Duty* not to attempt it. You seem'd to think that Mr. West might be still secur'd in the chair, and with credit to himself. Surely in the present circumstances there can be no measure so beneficial to the Academy, or honorable to those who have its welfare at Heart, and are known to have had the confidence of the President.

I submit this to you who are better acquainted with the movements now making and always quick to make the best use of them.—Ever faithfully yours,

T. L.

The following year, 1806, was the year of what is generally spoken of as the "Delicate Investigation," in which a charge of undue familiarity with the Princess of Wales, on the occasion of his painting her portrait in the year 1800, was formulated against Lawrence. The report of the Commissioners completely exculpated him, but the incident is said by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse to have temporarily checked the influx of lady sitters.

That Lawrence was greatly perturbed at the unfounded charge goes without the saying, but that he was not overwhelmed is evidenced by a light-hearted letter written at the very crisis of his

examination, from which I quote the following good story about Rogers the banker poet.

"You are *not unacquainted* with Samuel Rogers. He has been ill, and his Physicians prescribed Viper's broth. Some one said in Spencer's company, 'That must be very expensive.' 'No—not to *him*. He brings his *own Venom*.'

"What a zest Truth gives to Wit!"

Later on, when Lawrence had grown into high favour with George IV., he had a great opportunity of proving his courage and independence, and took it. The unhappy Queen had died in London broken-hearted and disgraced. Sympathy with her was generally held to be fatal to any future patronage from the King. Nevertheless Lawrence, now President of the Royal Academy, regardless of the risk he ran, and the evil construction which might be put upon his action, ordered the schools and library to be closed until after the Queen's body had been removed from Brandenburg House, prior to interment at Brunswick.

The next batch of documents shows us Lawrence still in the throes of monetary difficulties. Amongst them a list in his own handwriting records an indebtedness of between £17,000 and £18,000 upon which he is paying nearly £1000 a year interest. His chief creditors are the bankers themselves. Amongst others who have advanced him money appear the names of his patrons, John Angerstein and William Lock.

From the following letter it will be seen that

Thomas Coutts' patience is, not unnaturally, almost exhausted.

Copy Letter from T. COUTTS *to* LAWRENCE.

Feb. 19, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have perused with infinite grief and concern the statement of your affairs. You have not reckoned among the outgoings the Life Insurance we pay for you of £115, and a further Insurance would cost ab^{t} £235, were it possible to do anything for your relief; but even on this face of the account, supposing the debts to turn out no more than they are set down—that none of the private List were to make their claims,—that no interruption should happen to your labours and the success of them from ill-health, indolence, or fashion, or any other cause, that you should live always within the Income of £850 p^{r} annum, I say, supposing all these various points to answer completely, still the sinking Fund would not clear you in less than twenty years and upwards.

Besides, how could you live within £850 a year, paying £200 Property Tax; House Rent, say only £120: and other Taxes, £30; your colourman and frame maker, &c.

In short, there is no means of extricating you but by a Commission of Bankruptcy.

Sorry am I to name it, but you will find, if you can make up your mind to submit to the humiliation for a short period, it will save you an infinity of future mortification, and you may, when it is over, make a great sinking Fund, and do justice to those who are losers by you at the moment, which may clear all in time, and add a lustre to your name and character hereafter that will never be obscured.—I am, yours very sincerely.

The next step is to call in the ever-faithful Farington to his assistance, to whom he undertakes to make a clean breast of everything.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

March 30th, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Think dear Adviser of something to be said respecting the ballance "to be *accounted* for by me."

£80 of it as you know will be paid out of my Income—of course made *good* in the course of the year, still this cannot be mention'd.

But your discretion will do the best possible for me. Whatever power is given to *you* is given with my whole Heart and Soul with more than content—with pleasure, and the most perfect satisfaction. I cannot but be the happier for it, BUT whatever the *smallest* is given to another, even to Lysons,[1] is given *most* UNWILLINGLY.

Try that this year may pass without it. With all his worth there is something of the Woman and a country coarseness about him that would make his acquaintance with this vexatious detail a horror to me!

I am provoked that to keep Mr. Allnutt[2] in good humour I must dine with him to-day, tho' with great inconvenience.—Ever ever yours, T. L.

LAWRENCE *to* T. COUTTS.

July 26, 1807.

I have here truly and conscientously given to my Friend the amount of every extra debt which I now owe. He will perceive that to have been enabled

[1] Samuel Lysons, the well-known antiquary.

[2] He owed Allnutt £1950.

to pay the sums I have it was necessary for me to apply two sums received for Professional labours.

I have received only those two.

The first of them, Mr. Shaw's, I should have sent instantly to him but it came on a day when but for that I must have applied to him, and I paid it away, reserving an explanation of the circumstance to a future day.

Mrs. Macdonald's came on the 17th of this month.

The sums I have received for frames (none of them adding to my frame maker's debt) tho' properly speaking a part of General Income, is not of that Income derived from Professional labour, which I have considered myself bound to deliver to my Friend. Their receipt and the occasions to which I applied them were casualties on which I had not built. I applied them to the payment of unlooked-for but fair demands.

I am not insensible to the vexatious trouble that I give. My Dear Friend must reflect on the long arrear of negligence and disorder that is working up and not be offended tho' grieved his Instruments are *as yet* less perfect than his Plans.

The following extract from a letter refers to John Landseer, the father of Sir Edwin, who had just published his "Lectures on the Art of Engraving." Lawrence's challenge will commend itself to the Society of Painter-Etchers.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

April 27, 1807,
GREEK ST., *Monday morning.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Mr. Landseer has just sent me his Book. He seems to write with some

cleverness and spirit, but I see makes that same attack on the Academy, which I hope it will always deserve, viz: the not admitting Engravers to be Academicians. His argument is that Engraving is no more dependant on Painting than English is on Greek, which just expresses Ideas in another Language.

Let then Engravers give us *their own compositions in* their own Language. We may then be enabled to decide the matter.

At the Exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1807 Lawrence was only represented by two pictures to Hoppner's eight. That which attracted chief attention was the portrait-group of Sir F. Baring, J. Baring, and C. Wall directly challenging comparison with Reynolds's celebrated group of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton, and Colonel Barré. That it did not meet with unstinted praise and that Lawrence could sometimes prove a trifle ungenerous to his great rival is evidenced by the following letter. He clearly hints that Hoppner was on too friendly terms with the critics.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

May 5, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am vex'd to find myself not so indifferent to Newspaper Criticism as I was. Mr. Perry,[1] sagacious gentleman, has found out that my Picture is flaring and gaudy and *of course* makes me second to H[oppne]r. He has them.[2] A dinner or two serves them. I remember once a droll circumstance respecting this.

[1] James Perry, editor of the *Morning Chronicle.*

[2] *I.e.* the critics.

At the Academy H[oppne]r was disclaiming all knowledge or connection with *them whatever*. "Blackguards from the highest to the lowest." Two days before Hamilton had din'd with him at Perry's! . . .—Ever and faithfully yours,

T. LAWRENCE.

At the same time he had his great posthumous portrait of Pitt on the easel, not to be exhibited till the following year. It was composed from a death mask of the great statesman, and a portrait by Hoppner. Here is Lawrence's account of the Committee of Taste which had sat upon it.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

June 5*th* 1807.

. . . Sir Joseph Banks has seen the Picture and thinks that "for all the money in England it ought not to be again touch'd." Col[l] Taylor, Col[l] Fitzroy, the Duchess of York, all think the same and instantly draw the comparison. The Duke is coming to see it—Gen[l] Brounrigg[1] thinks so. He will do——. 'Tis a curious thing to know that Mr. Adams would have given up to £400 for it. He and his Family *separately* have declared it as his *intention, believing* the price would be infinitely beyond my Portraits!

The picture was bought by Mr. Angerstein and met with well merited applause. Pitt's face was poor and mean in repose. It required much more than a servile likeness of the man to suggest the dignity and nobleness of his character, and Lawrence succeeded where Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Nollekens had failed.

[1] Afterwards Sir Robert.

The following letter is eloquent of the kind of suffering endured by a painter at the hands of incompetent amateur critics.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

July 30*th*, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Mr. and Mrs. Phipps call'd here and I believe are well satisfied that it is generally very like Mr. Pitt. . . . What provokes me is that they seem insensible to the merit of having given the power and grandeur of his Character,—of having *rescued* them.

Mrs. Phipps indeed said how very *like* him the Figure was, but perhaps has no notion that to make an awkward Figure strait and erect and grand without stiffness is any difficulty!

In the following letter we find Lawrence, alive to his financial obligations, foregoing an offer which would have satisfied his vanity, and made strong appeal to his sense of the fitness of things.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

JOSEPH ANGERSTEIN'S, ESQ., WOODLAND,
August the 17*th*, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I beg the kindness of you to express the sense I have of Lady Thomond's[1] goodness in communicating to me through you the terms on which I might have the House in Leicester Square. It is on many accounts so desirable a situation and from its having been the residence of Sir Joshua so interesting to a Painter's mind that nothing but the serious consideration of Expense would make me hesitate to embrace the offer.

[1] Sir Joshua Reynolds' niece, to whom he left the bulk of his property.

That however effectually prevents it and till the Lease of my present House is out I have determin'd to remain in it, having expended some money in alterations to make it tolerably convenient to my purpose, tho' as you know it is still inadequate to my wants. I relinquish the Proposal with sincere regret and intreat that you will communicate my answer with my expression of my Respect and Thankfulness for this attention which Lady Thomond and the Marquis have been pleased to shew me. . . .

THOMAS LAWRENCE.

The following letter, the writing of which must have caused Lawrence the liveliest pain, speaks for itself. Hitherto in all probability his family, whose main support he had been since he was a child, had had no suspicion of his pecuniary embarrassments.

LAWRENCE *to* HIS BROTHER.

GREEK STREET, *August the* 31*st*, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter in which you request me to accommodate you with £100 for the purpose of enabling you to enlarge your House, a measure render'd necessary by the increase of your Pupils.

It is very painful to me to inform you that difficulties which have been long accumulating have plac'd me in a situation which no longer allows me to gratify the wishes I have always felt to assist those who have a natural right to my affections.

Many circumstances with which they are unacquainted, the *amount* of my embarrassments with which I myself till lately was unacquainted.

A confidence ill plac'd when difficulties have occur'd

and endless imposition on my inexperience in money transactions have together subjected me to a weight of demands upon me which only length of time and very strict economy and constant Industry can enable me to answer.

Thus situated and *pledg'd for the application of all the money I receive to the liquidation of those claims*, you will yourself see that it is out of my power to afford you the assistance you require.

In stating this to you I suffer more than I hope you will do from the disappointment. It is a very bitter and mortifying reflection to me that I cannot now tender those benefits to my Family which in my earlier Life was my strict endeavour.—I am, my dear Sir, your sincere Friend and Brother,

THOS. LAWRENCE.

The following story, quoted from a long letter from Lawrence to Farington, shows what poor fun in the mouth of a great man passes for wit :—

"I close my letter with a *Pun*, but that one of Pitt's. A Mr. Ferguson, a Friend of Lord Melville's, was often with them—a good Drinker and good Companion. He din'd with them one Day, would drink only water and was unusually silent, upon which Lord Melville said, 'What's the matter with Ferguson? He has made no way to-day.' 'No,' said Pitt, 'He's *Water-logg'd*.'"

The following shows that Lawrence has a pretty knack of touching off a character. Humphry Repton was the well-known professional landscape gardener who was employed by the chief noblemen of the day; John Ireland, of course, the pompous biographer of Hogarth, and erstwhile watchmaker of Maiden Lane.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

STRATTON, *Monday Night.*
[*Nov.* 9, 1807.]

. . . Dance is here and *Repton* just gone. A pushing, impudent, coarse Fellow, with quick lively Talents, and from all that I have seen and talked with him, of good Taste and Judgement in his particular Study, which he treats very much as a Painter. Another proof that when a Man has Talents and applies exclusively to one thing, that one thing he will understand better than the man of abler Talents who has consider'd it but loosely.

Repton's worst side (his impudence) has disgusted Dance, and besides he has a passion for building Houses as well as improving Grounds, in which I have little doubt he would be deficient.

A Dr. Ireland is here. A Friend of Giffords. A man who has written ! ! ! A *dear* Character, for a laugh at whom I want you excessively. I like him the better for his being the sort of Man I conceived him to be from his Writings—precise, accurate, minute, pompous, and Johnsonian in every thing but *Thought.* Very amusing (to your Ears and mine) when he is *very* serious, and most dull when he is lively. Very ponderous, black brows, very full *close-set* sagacious under-Lip. Thick head of hair, and (tho' a little thinner) the Figure of Dr. Slop. This is Dr. Ireland ! . . .—Yours,

T. LAWRENCE.

We now come across a sheaf of figures in Lawrence's handwriting, which, dull on the face of them, as figures are apt to be, yet have an underlying pathos and significance which it would be difficult to exaggerate. "His own fault," those who have never done anything but stick in the mud

of their own self-righteousness will say, and, so far as they are concerned, there is an end of the matter. But here was a tragic condition of things which I would ask those who are not "too hard to heed distress" to consider for a moment. Here was a man endowed with enormous gifts, but of a constitutionally self-indulgent, indolent, and procrastinating nature, who had never yet allowed himself to be idle—had, so far as I can discover, never taken a holiday, and had sacrificed at the shrine of his Art most of the pleasures which successful men of the world consider themselves entitled to. From almost a baby he had been the mainstay of his father and mother and their enormous family. He had been petted and flattered by the loveliest women of the day, but had refused to be spoilt. He shone in society, and had every temptation to glut himself with its fashionable pleasures, but never gave up to it any appreciative portion of the energy that could be devoted to his chosen occupation. And now at the age of thirty-eight, chiefly through generosity and ignorance, he finds himself sinking more and more hopelessly into debt. Bankruptcy stares him in the face—a bankruptcy, mind you, by which he might be cleared of his embarrassments and start afresh with an undiminished income, but a bankruptcy which would injure those who were his benefactors, and would in his own eyes sully his honour. That is too much for his proper pride. Rather he will buckle to with renewed energy, and wipe off his debts by unceasing labour. Years must pass before he can hope to find himself free—years in which he will

grow old; but what is that against the preservation of his self-respect, the meeting of his proper obligations? That at least is his ideal; how far to be lived up to is perhaps another question. Surely there is something of pathos in this man of genius, with the keenest enjoyment of art for art's sake, sitting down to consider from every possible point of view how the mistress which he loves as his life can be turned into the vile instrument of mere money-making, and coolly taking stock like a haberdasher of his mass of unfinished and unbegun portraits—three-quarters, kitcat, half-length, whole-length—as though they were so many lengths of calico, and portioning out his time to its utmost penny-making capacity. To me, I confess, these sheets of dull-looking figures are charged with a pathetic meaning hardly to be expressed, and it is a growing matter of astonishment with me that he continued through all this pot-boiling to turn out such increasingly excellent work.

From a letter of this same month it would appear that Coutts, who however still remained on friendly terms, and had received in at least part payment of his loans Lawrence's portraits of the King and Queen, had abandoned the conduct of his monetary affairs, and that Farington and Lawrence were about to consult Sir Francis Baring, the great financier, who was now one of his chiefest patrons.

"The review," writes Lawrence on the 23rd November, in a letter to Farington, "has made my Heart ache, but Sir F. shall know it all. That is a point on which I am decided, and would to God

that a false shame years ago had not prevented the like confidence towards you."

NOTES FOR FARINGTON IN LAWRENCE'S HANDWRITING.

1 *Nov^r.*, 1807.

Calculation for Pictures begun.

Suppose one three quarters Picture begun to require three Days for finishing, and allowing 27 Days in a month for such employ, each Month would produce (allowing the Receipt to come upon each Picture to be £20) as Nine Pictures could be finished in that time,	Annually £2160
Suppose one kitcat Picture begun to require four Days for finishing, allowing 28 Days in a Month for such employ—each Month would produce allowing the Receipt upon each Picture to be £24, as seven Pictures would be finished in that time,	£2016
Suppose one Half-length Picture begun to require no more than five Days and a half for finishing. Five Pictures would be finish'd in each Month, and allowing £35 for each Picture it would be	£2100
Suppose two Wholelength Pictures begun to require one Month for finishing, at £80 each it would be	£1920
Average of what might be got by finishing the Pictures. Annually . . .	£2040

Calculation for Pictures at my resent Prices not begun.

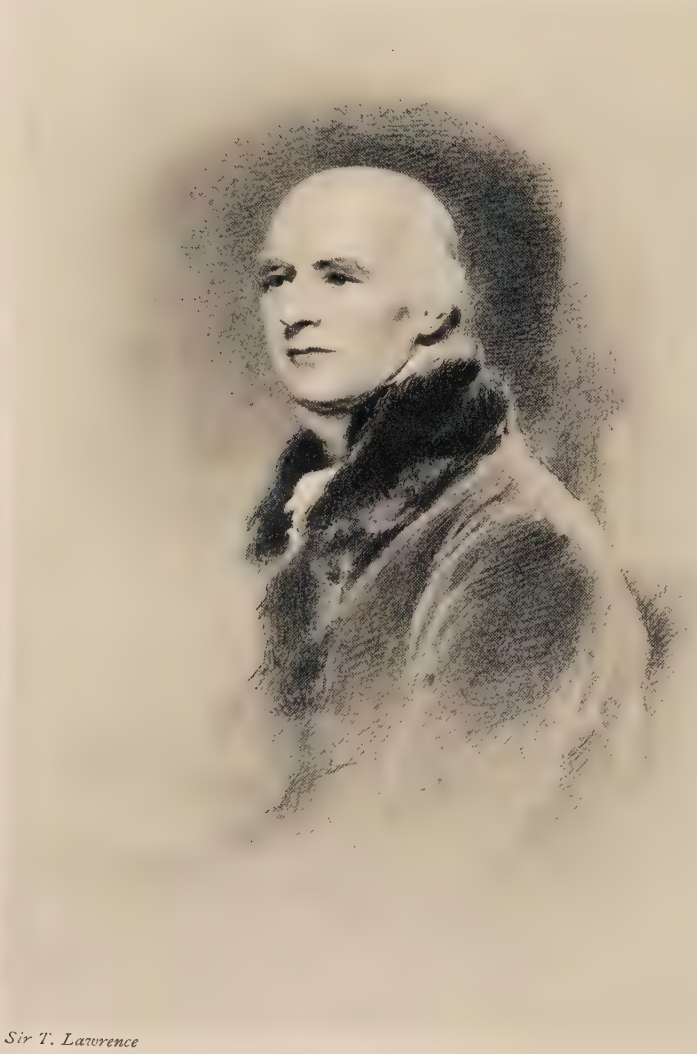
Suppose one threequarters Picture to take about four Days and a Half and the Price to be £42. Six Pictures would be finish'd in each month, and would produce	£3151

Suppose one kitcat Picture to take five Days and a Half. Five pictures would be painted in each Month and would produce at 60 guineas each	£3780
Suppose one Half Length Picture to take seven Days, Four Pictures at 80 guineas each would produce	£3990
Suppose one Whole Length Picture to take three Weeks. Seventeen Pictures might be painted in one Year, which at 160 guineas for each would produce	£2835
Average of what might be gain'd by finishing new Pictures annually	£3412 10s.
Suppose upon this Calculation of the application of Time, that six Months be employ'd in finishing Pictures begun it would produce	£1020 0 0
Six Months in beginning and finishing new Pictures would produce	1706 5 0
The Annual Income would be . .	£2726 5 0

FARINGTON *to* LAWRENCE.

Nov^r. 17*th*, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND, . . . The total amount of the debts stated by me in the account sent is £19,383
Add money last had from Blakeney . 300
do. from Mr. Cowley 170
do. Wansey Rivington, say . . . 60
Five notes due to [name indistinct], £60 each 300
Two notes due to Edwards . . . 100
Two notes due to Middleton . . . 256
£20,569



Sir T. Lawrence

JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A.

. . . It is for you from your recollection to specify as exactly as you may be able to do whatever can be opposed to this amount. . . . You can also recollect what pictures you painted for him [Mr. Angerstein] to go to the general account. It w^d be very satisfactory to be able to judge how you stand with him upon the whole, and it can only be done in this way, as you feel a difficulty in requesting him to have the account made out. . . . The next article which I wish to draw your attention to is the calculation of your probable professional income, which in my calculation given to Mess^rs. Coutts & Co. was stated at £2700, and in that I sent to you yesterday at £2500, but I am fully convinced that if it be calculated at £2400 it would be as much as you would obtain till you have worked off much of the heavy load of unfinished pictures begun at lower prices than you have at present. . . .

In doing this [viz., explaining his financial troubles to Sir Francis Baring] you will do yourself the justice to represent to him the manner in which you began to incur debts—the family claims you had upon you, your inexperience in everything that related to money concerns, and what heavy expences the necessity of having recourse to the law has subjected you to.—You can also justly add, that though not in many respects provident, yet that you have never by gaming, or by licentious expenses, brought yrself into difficulties. . . . My d^r friend, very truly yours,

JOS: FARINGTON.

Touching the matter of unfinished portraits, it is not uninteresting to notice that that of my grandmother, reproduced for the first time as frontispiece to this volume, is still, so far as the dress is concerned, in the unfinished state of so many of his pictures of that period.

In the following letter Lawrence draws a comparison between Sir John Moore, who had just been killed in the moment of victory at Coruña, and his hero Nelson, much to the former's disadvantage. It is worth quoting, as showing that public opinion at the time was far from being unanimously in favour of the hero immortalised in Charles Wolfe's too often parodied poem.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

GREEK STREET, *Jan. the 25th*, 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—At a moment of deep public Interest like this, I wish I could send you any details of this late action or of the circumstances leading to it. The general sentiment however check'd by Respect for the memory of a brave Man, is against the conduct of Gen'l Moore; and this sentiment comes from and is common to the whole Army—some few Individual Friends excepted.

It is considered as fortunate for his Reputation that he fell. The mildest disapprobation is of his Talents, which *now*, it is said, have been always overrated, his power consisting in laborious application to details, but prov'd to be greatly deficient when task'd by the command of a large Army. His Indecision and *ruinous* Retreat (in which they say Thousands were sacrific'd from absolute Fatigue) produc'd everything short of Mutiny, so that when the Men were congratulated after the Victory by their Officers they loudly exclaim'd, "No thanks to others, why didn't we do this before?" And indeed when one sees the noble stand they made against such infinite superiority of Numbers and still more the confirm'd Panic struck into the Enemy so incontestably prov'd

by the quiet embarkation of the Troops fourteen hours after, it is impossible not to think that more might have been done by such an Army in the full *completion* of its Force, and Vigour of its Hope and Spirit.

This is the language of Ministerialists, of Military Men, and of those in Opposition, who are too powerful to be influenc'd by the policy of the moment.

Sir J. M.'s mind was in one great Respect the very opposite to Nelson's. With the latter, his Ships, his Officers, his Men were always he "knew the best that could be spared him, and he'd do all he could with them." Sir John was always discontented, always complaining, and this tendency to see the worst must have effect on the Talents and Enterprize of the Hero. . . . With the warmest attachment, Respectfully yours,

T. LAWRENCE.

A letter from Coutts in the following June, asking him to paint portraits to his order of his three daughters, Lady Burdett, Lady Guilford, and Lady Bute, shows the great banker still concerned to help him indirectly.

Industrious himself, he is ready to suspect a lack of industry in others, and cannot resist a sly dig at the overworked painter. "I have desired (Lady Burdett) to sit to you? and if you undertake it, I hope you will exert yourself and finish it out of hand and well!"

By a curious coincidence the very next letter of this series in point of date makes it more than clear that any idleness that there was, and it is difficult to believe that Lawrence ever was idle, was due to inherent constitutional weakness.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

June 12, 1808. *Sunday morning.*

MY DEAR FRIEND . . . I have past a very restless Night. My cough much worse, and for the first time decidedly on my chest. I have now a Blister on.

. . . On the third day and while my Cough was on, he [the Doctor] gave me *Bark!* which the next day he discovered was wrong and recurr'd to the lowering System.

Now I do know *from internal Sensations* that mine is not a case (common as it seems) to be trifled with at this Stage. I have no *stamina* of Constitution to resist Disease as you must have had at my Age. My habitual temperance has kept it from me, but not my Strength, for half of my past inertness has been constitutional Languor, I think one of the heaviest visitations that Man can have. . . .

There is nothing pleasanter to contemplate in Lawrence's character than the unostentatious sympathy shown by him for his dependents and persons of humble condition. Much has been made of his courtesy—to women. That is so piquant. But what if this deference were also shown towards those upon whom the wiles of the serpent would have been lost, those who were hardly worthy of a professional Don Juan? Yet there are a thousand indications that, in the pompous diction of his biographer, Lawrence owed his "perfection of manner to nothing but the elegant mould of his mind." The following letters admirably illustrate this amiable side of his character. The "Robert" referred to was his body-servant.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

GREEK ST., *August the* 22*d* 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND . . . You will be sorry to learn that poor Robert's thoughtlessness will so soon be terminated. I do not think he can survive. He is confin'd to his Bed, and with the very worst symptoms of rapid Decline. I shall miss him more, much more, than abler Servants; for he had a guileless Nature and an affectionate Heart — his Worth his own and his faults his Master's.

Carlisle,[1] ignorant or unfeeling, never inform'd me of his danger or of the slightest tendency towards it. The poor Fellow tells me himself that he told him there was something the matter with his Liver and at *that time* his Lungs must have been affected.

He is now attended by a Man of Humanity and Knowledge, but it is all too late.

In a Day or two he will be got into the Country, his last only chance. A Month ago had I been in Robert's station I too should have shar'd his Fate and this is a cutting reflection, but God knows I was ignorant of his state, and the moment his Cough appear'd worse (and it was suddenly so) I sent him to a Physician. . . . With the truest Attachment and Respect, very faithfully yours,

T. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

GREEK ST., *September the* 2*d* 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND . . . Robert's is a confirmed Consumption. He may, *will* linger, but I fear it is a hopeless case, and all that regard for an honest

[1] Apparently (Sir) Anthony Carlisle, who was this year elected Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy.

Nature, and return for zealous tho' imperfect Service can do, is to make peaceful his closing hour, and in this thank Heaven I am greatly assisted. . . . Yours, T. LAWRENCE.

Another example of his kindness to an old servant is given by Williams. Also while living in Greek Street he had an old female servant, who fell into a rapid decline. It was suggested that she was a useless encumbrance, and had better be sent to a hospital. But Lawrence would have none of it. He had her nursed in the house, attended by his own doctor, and for the last three weeks of her life gave up his own bedroom to her, sleeping himself at a neighbouring lodging-house.

In a former letter we have surprised Lawrence when telling a rather spiteful story about Hoppner. It is only fair to say that as a rule he was scrupulous to err on the side of generosity in his estimate of his fellow-artists. Here is what he says of Robert Smirke the architect, not the painter, on his election to the Academy.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*rec^d. Nov.* 10^th^ 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND . . . The more I see of Robert Smirke, the more I am certain that no Election for many years will have prov'd so creditable to the Academy. He seems to have fix'd Integrity of Character, with great simplicity; and (what belongs to the Tone of his Understanding,) an even Steadiness of Principle, that will never lead him to prefer the Expedient to the Right, or at least as seldom as can be expected from our imperfect Natures. As he gets on, I think he may

have Pride, and Ambition belongs to his Talents; but they will both be regulated by Honor. This is a true impression on my Mind, and not an idle flourish of the Pen . . .

Then comes a story of Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, who had just been removed from the head of the Army owing to the Clarke scandals, and was in consequence the target for every sort of imputation.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*May* 23, 1809] *Thursday morning.*

An Anecdote of the *private* honor of the Duke of York—

Sir Frank Standish was last Year invited down to Oatlands. Play was introduc'd, and he lost to the Duke £500. *He paid it down. The next Evening at* Oatlands, he won from the Duke £800 and long after his return was so unreasonable as to exclaim publicly against the Duke, for giving him *neither* the £300 ballance, *nor* his own £500 that he had paid him! . . .

And next a legitimate crow over Hoppner, who was now approaching the end of his brilliant career, leaving Lawrence, in his own words, "without a rival."

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*May* 20, 1809] *Sa^bt. morning.*

Your praise of the beginning of Lord Melville[1] gave me increas'd spirit, and I have finish'd the

[1] This was Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, whose name had been erased from the roll of the Privy Council in 1805, who had been impeached for, but acquitted of, malversation in 1806, and had been restored to the Privy Council in 1807.

Resemblance with great force and truth. Lady Melville is highly gratified with it as the only likeness of him yet done. Hoppner gave it up after many sittings . . .

The following letters give a lively account of the O. P. riot at Covent Garden Theatre, which had just been rebuilt from the designs of Robert Smirke, who largely owed his election as architect to Lawrence's influence, and an interesting side-light upon John Kemble's character from one who knew him well. As will be seen, the proprietors eventually had to give way.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

(*Sept.* 19, 1809)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I shall now give you (tho' in some little hurry) my promis'd recital of the circumstances attending the opening of the Theatre.

I had invited Mr. and Mrs. Wolff to dine with me, and in the Morning had some expectation of their being join'd by the Miss Smirkes (I *cannot* write the Misses Smirke,) and one of their Brothers; for the business of securing a Box for them had been so long delay'd, that it became doubtful if they could see the Play in comfort by another means than going with us; however in the course of the Day, a Box was secured for Smirke and his Friends, consisting, (with one Lady attending the Miss Smirkes) of the Daniells.

Mrs. Wolff's female Friends were too much alarm'd to go, so that at Six O'clock we Three set out for, and arriv'd soon at, the Theatre, round which a great Mob had collected, but were quite inoffensive in their conduct, allowing us to pass without the smallest molestation.

When we went up the great Stairs, the effect was strikingly beautiful, and still more so on entering the Box. The Theatre was admirably lighted, and was even at that time nearly full, but presented a formidable appearance for the Women being so thinly sprinkled.

We heard however but one general buz of approbation, which increas'd to general *applause* on the rising of the Stage Lights, and of the green Curtain. . . .

When the Music came in, they play'd "God save the King," which was join'd in rapturously, tho' all began to call for the Song. The Singers were much too long in coming (ill-manag'd, for these little disappointments create and aggravate ill-humour). The Audience joined in it waving their Hats and Handkerchiefs, and all seem'd so animated by the two sentiments of Admiration and Loyalty, that I believ'd the thing secure, and only long'd that Smirke should be call'd for, and that Mrs. Kemble should be present.

When however Kemble appear'd to speak the Address, tho' met with a tumult of Applause from a most decided Majority, the hisses of a few, join'd by Plaudits that were intended to drown them, prevented his being heard, and this conflict is the history of the remainder of the Evening, every now and then the Pit and Boxes rising up and expressing their indignation, and protesting by waving of Hats and Handkerchiefs, repeated cheers, and cries of "bravo!"

As the Play, however, went on, the certain effect of a lawless, hir'd, determin'd, and persevering Minority, began and continued sensibly to tell, while the respectable Majority, wearied out with opposition and disappointment (for not one word from the first scene of the Play to the last of the Farce, was heard), sat in silent chagrin, thinning gradually in

their numbers, and every vacant place immediately occupied by blackguards, evidently marshall'd for the purpose.

At intervals, a Fellow attempting outrage was dragg'd out, and others silenc'd by Parties near them, but all attempt to check the general Tumult was totally in vain.

The Cries were "Off—off," "No Catalani," "No rais'd Prices." And the Curtain dropp'd on the Entertainment amid loud Huzzas from both Parties, the one as an expression of continued support, and the other as that of their fancied Victory.

Within a few minutes we left the Theatre, but Numbers of the Enemy remain'd, repeatedly calling out for Harris and "John Kemble," and at length imagining themselves in full possession of the Field were proceeding to Outrage, when the appearance of the Magistrates on the Stage soon quieted them, and after joining in "God save the King," sung out from the Gallery, about two O'clock they retir'd.

To-night they act the Beggar's Opera. Neither Kemble nor Mrs. Siddons chusing to be again insulted, nor indeed would it be wise to *throw away* her Talents and attractions in this her last Season.

The Proprietors determine not to bend, but I think will give up Catalani as the Peace-offering, and in a Night or two all will then be quiet.

One thing was remarkable. I suppose there never was so great an Uproar and Tumult with so little attempt at Violence. The small Glasses of a few Doors were broken and one or two of the latter split, but this was all. No knocking on the fronts of the Boxes with Sticks, no flinging Apples. Nothing of usual Riot. A sense of propriety and respect for the general beauty of the Building appearing to check them in their most licentious fury.

I will send you the result of to-night's Performance, and now Subscribe myself, My Dear Friend, ever and most faithfully Yours,

T. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*Sept* 23rd 1809.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—. . . The confusion at the Theatre still goes on, tho' I trust to-night will go far to its termination.

Kemble last night address'd the Audience, as you will see by the Newspaper, (and with considerable impression), but the great thing will be giving up Catalani. I urg'd him to it strongly last night, and a fair opening was given him, but he waited for another, which never came; and the only defect in his fine Understanding expos'd him to a very unpleasant rebuke. He shuts himself up too much, and it leads to self confidence, and little subtleties of conduct, and reserves in Trifles, that, long continued in, produce their last certain effect—an Impression on the Minds of others that seems to justify the harsh opinion given of him (as Taylor told you) by Richardson, Tickell's Friend. The general cry every Night has been, "The Old Prices"—reiterated in Shouts—thrown on the Stage in Letters—Written on Papers four Feet long, and hoisted upon Poles.

Kemble advanced and said, that "he came for the purpose of knowing what was their desire"!!! Every hand was instantly pointed to the Banners with Shouts of Indignation! He made two mistakes of the like Nature — one a flattery not to *an* Audience, but to *the* Audience, "To YOU Ladies and Gentlemen," and this (for the first time), half of them a *pack'd* Audience, which was met with a laugh and groan, and the other an exaggerated expression

of the motive (the benefit of the Performers) for raising the Prices ; and yet with these drawbacks, he afterwards went on with so much manliness, such firm Propriety, and at times commanding Power, that though from the reception Charles Kemble met with you would have imagin'd the Audience would have torn Kemble himself in Pieces, he procur'd a silence that was absolute and, at moments, had them as completely in hand as a Coachman has his Steeds.

Perhaps it is as well that he forbore to speak of Catalani. The facts he last night stated *greatly weaken'd* their ground of opposition. They will be driven to (in their Minds) the most popular topics of Abuse—Catalani will be again brought forward, and, (as it is the intention to give her up) the measure will come with its full force, and in its proper time.

It may give you some notion of the ill-will of the public Prints, that in quoting an expression of the Orator, they make him say, "d'ye think John Kemble doesn't know the value of Money?" Now from the moment he appear'd, he was never mention'd but as "Mr. Kemble."

The Gentlemanly "Perry" can do this in *his* impartial Paper![1]

The Post is come.—Yours ever and Faithfully,

T. L.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[10 *Oct.* 1810.]

. . . The proceedings at Covent Garden as you see are terminated by the submission of the Proprietors. It was the only measure to be adopted. The address at the close of the last Season and the acting upon it were, as it has appear'd to me, equally improper and unwise.

[1] The *Morning Chronicle*, of which Perry was editor.

Fair and public notice should have been given in the Papers of their intention to address the Audience upon the subject, and to imagine, without that necessary respectful and just preparation, the public Mind after having been so greatly agitated was to be lull'd by the sanction of one Night's Audience, and that the last, was such wanton-ness of Conceit and Absurdity as fully invited the Rebuke it has receiv'd.

The same utter ignorance, less of the temper of the Town, than *of Human Nature* clung to them to the last. For it was imagin'd that the Public might be sufficiently appeas'd by the promise made to them for the next Year, and that then the Boxes might be *let out for the Night.*

The Phrase therefore of "nightly Boxes" was it appears adopted as sufficiently guarded and evasive to soothe them for the present and to justify next Year the measure they secretly intended, but it was seen through instantly and *on the rising of the Curtain* (Robert Smirke and I wently privately there) such a storm commenc'd as we never witness'd during the last business for overwhelming Clamour, systematic arrangement, and indeed the apparent respectability of the Parties. It seem'd in short a complete *City* opposition.

They soon insisted on a clear *explanation* of the term "Nightly Boxes," and then instead of saying in a manly Manner that "certainly it *had* been their intention to let them out as Boxes for the Night, but that as it met with their disapprobation it should be now abandon'd," Kemble unblushingly said "the meaning was to throw them open to the Public as the other Boxes."

How can you wonder that after such disgraceful weakness, he was not listen'd to with patience and attention?

No—his conduct has been anything but wise or

manly, and much as R. Smirke and I both regard him, we think of it alike in this business—tho' of course we speak of it only to each other. . . .

In January 1810 Hoppner died. According to Williams, Lawrence called several times during his illness, but Hoppner "always denounced the visits as merely the gratification of a rival's joy at his approaching dissolution." Williams's account, however, is only partially borne out by the following letter. The latter part of the communication is eloquent of the dissensions by which the Academy was rent at this time. "Thomson" is Henry Thomson, the historical painter, elected A.R.A. in 1801 and R.A. in 1804.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*Rec^d Jan^y* 27, 1810.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Before I answer your Letter, I must inform you, what indeed you will have learnt, that poor Hoppner is dead! He died between Eleven and Twelve on Tuesday. I could say a great deal on this subject that wretched Northcote would pronounce to be insincere; amongst other things, that it is a pain to me, *when in my Bed*, not to have call'd on him, and ended our long competition in peace—but to the last, I found that his soreness to me, and his amiable Friends, would have prevented the good I wish'd, and turn'd it on me as Evil. . . .

You know how Flaxman and his Wife spoke of me the *last* time of my application to him.

This however did not prevent my endeavouring to serve him about a Scotch Commission in Sculpture, but the little, false, stupid Coxcomb was all pomp and gravity, and told me that he had given up

Competition (this was not wanted) because—(now I shall fly beyond your guess!) because—"It went to the *Heart* of him that every successful touch on his Model, might prevent some worthy man from gaining the reward of his Talents!" . . .

With respect to Thomson and what Dance says of him, I have—have *had* but one opinion. Hoppner might be violent—Opie brutal—Soane venomous; but for *envious Hatred*, and low, busy, TOILING, *crafty*, Mischief, there has existed in the Academy no Iago like that Man. Is he friendly to Owen? The feeling is invigorated by Hate for others; but were it not, it proves only that he is a Character in *Nature*. Humanity cannot exist without some object for the Mind's repose, and if it can, it will fasten on a plain and honest Nature; which with some selfishness and ambition (food for the other) I still think is Owen.

Dated March the 6th of this year, we find a long document written in what is suspiciously like Lawrence's own handwriting, but signed "Lavater." It professes to be a reading of Lawrence's character by the great physiognomist; but in view of the fact that that remarkable man was already dead some nine years, it can hardly be regarded as genuine. From this and internal evidence we may, I think, safely presume that it is Lawrence's own idea of what Lavater might have said of him. It is too long to quote in full, but the following is readable as an essay in self-revelation.

[6 *March* 1810.]

This Head compos'd of too many jarring parts has in it nothing of Grandeur, to constitute which Union and simplicity are essential. In the upper

part of the Forehead indeed there may be something of promise and the bones of the Brow and formation of the Eyes indicate what might be Genius were it not infected by romance and wasted by Indolence and Languor.

The outline of the Nose presents a blank. In the nostrils I see some quickness of Taste and a nice perception of the beautiful that ought to operate more upon the general countenance.

In the lower part of the Cheeks and the play of Muscles round the Mouth there are Passions powerful to ruin to debase or elevate the Character. The Mouth itself has strong but impetuous determination and there is some appearance of Fortitude in the Chin but wholly unconnected with Reason. Indeed of that Philosophy which can mould wishes to circumstances and subdue the influences of Passion to those of Fortune this Countenance has not a Vestige.

Yet it is not a Character to be despised nor (give it but one Hope) to be lamented. The power of the Senses certainly is great yet the Traits that mark the Voluptuary stamp him not with grossness. They speak him *Man* but not unmindful of his purer nature. Might the latent energies of this Character rouse themselves into Virtues and gird it for the race of honor? The Ithuriel that effects it must be Love! . . .

In this connection it is interesting to remember that in 1787 Lawrence, though only eighteen years of age, had been engaged to draw the head of Fuseli to illustrate the splendid edition of "Lavater's Physiognomy," then first translated into English.

The following excerpt from a letter to Farington, containing a shrewd reflection on the danger of rivalry between those who are near akin, refers, of course, to the sisters, Harriet and Sophia Lee,

Sir T. Lawrence

CHARLES MALTON

joint-authoresses of "The Canterbury Tales." Harriet's play, "The Three Strangers," was produced at Covent Garden fifteen years later.

"They are the very oldest Friends I have and very essentially good. Harriett has brought up a Drama, part of which is very fine, and from her 'German's Tale.' Do borrow it. It belongs to their 'Canterbury Tales.' I hope it will appear at Covent Garden. There are two very good Parts for Kemble and his Brother Charles; the latter perhaps the best, and therefore I fear the former will not be accepted. Fame separates like money the nearest Interests, in some more certainly.

"My Friends here live for each other and in everything are Sisters, but I know that both are *jealously* tenacious in Authorship of their powers and rights."

Farington had been ill, and Lawrence writes, "I can afford to lose no more Friends." Nor indeed could he, for, "though shining in society," as Mr. Monkhouse says, "he was not a sociable man." He had few other male intimates, J. J. Angerstein and Lysons perhaps alone at this time properly being included in that category.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

GREEK S^{T}., *October the 19th* 1810.

. . . Again I thank God for your recovery — I can afford to lose no more Friends — the number becomes too limited. I am very glad . . . you have been paying increas'd attention to Colouring. I am myself unalterably convinc'd of the advantage of making color'd sketches from Nature, and tho'

the Water Color Painters exhibited most defective Art (as from ignorance and inexperience), the Charm they had with the People came from the crude but vivid hints of Nature, which their Sketches convey'd, and the consequent *recollections* they excited. . . .

Of myself I can only say that I am not *ill*, but at times the pain in my breast tho' very slight, still continues. . . .

I must never *blink* a question from you, and you put one about Arnold.[1] You know what we have suffer'd—that we have suffer'd *all* in the Academy from its smooth-tongued oily Incapables. Perhaps Arnold is a little, *very* little, better, but a Fawning Insincerity like his cannot belong to a good, an honest man. . . .

A year later (October 15, 1811) we find him reverting to the subject of the water-colourists.

"They might be ignorant of the principles of Art, and too *wanton* in their selection and imitation of what they saw before them, but it was *the smack and relish of Nature*, with all their defects of Ignorance, that gave the sure and strong charm to the Works of the Water Colour Draftsmen."

This year (1810) Lawrence was painting his portrait of Warren Hastings, now nearing his eightieth year. Hastings was small in person, and Lawrence is said to have failed to such an extent in reproducing his "fine lion-like repose" that the portrait was taken for that of an old lady! All I can say, after examining it in the National Portrait Gallery, is that either the story is untrue or the person who made the mistake was blind or

[1] George Arnold, elected A.R.A. this year.

idiotic. The portrait is a dignified presentment of a great man.

WARREN HASTINGS *to* LAWRENCE.

DAYLESFORD HOUSE, CHIPPING NORTON,
18*th Nov*r. 1810.

DEAR SIR,—The length of time that has passed since I first sat to you for my portrait begins to press upon my mind with the consciousness of something like a culpable neglect, to you for the trouble which I have ineffectually given you, and to another for a promise unperformed. I am therefore anxious to go to town, for the purpose of attending you to its completion: but having no other object of immediate urgency requiring my presence there, I desire to suit the time of my going thither to your conveniency.

I beg the favour of you therefore to inform me, by a line directed, as above, whether if I am in town by the end of this week, I shall find you at leisure; or that you will point out to me some other time that will be more suitable to yourself, to permit me to trouble you till the portrait is finished.—I am, Dear Sir, Your most obed^{t} humble servant,

WARREN HASTINGS.

In the year 1810 Lawrence had raised the prices of his portraits. He now charged one hundred guineas for small heads and four hundred guineas for full-lengths. Yet it will be seen from the following excerpt from a letter to Farington he was as overworked as ever.

. . . "not a Day, save Sunday, has past without my having Sitters; and purpose what I will for

the Evening, when it comes, I am opprest with fatigue and lassitude.

"I employ greater attention in my labours than I did, and without affectation I know that proportionately it wears my Spirits and Frame."

And again, on the 29th :—

"I painted exactly ten hours and five minutes since I saw you (on the whole lengths of Lord and Lady Charlemont and Child)."

In the year 1806 Lawrence's portrait of Lord Ellenborough, well known by its repeated reproductions, had been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

In 1789 this vigorous, browbeating, overbearing lawyer had married the beautiful daughter of a commissioner superintending store accounts in the Victualling Office. This is the lady of whom Lawrence, in one of the following batch of letters, speaks as ill-bred and coarse—a description which may be accepted with a grain of salt when we realise the circumstances of the case, and remember the state of tension in which the artist's nerves were from incessant overwork and worry. Lady Ellenborough's portrait had been painted by Reynolds in the year of her marriage, but had been lost at sea whilst being conveyed to Russia, and now, in 1811, the services of Lawrence were requisitioned.

Soon after the portrait was begun Lawrence wrote to Lord Ellenborough asking for half-payment of one hundred guineas in advance. To

this not unusual and in no wise improper proposal his lordship returned the following answer.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH *to* LAWRENCE.

Lord Ellenborough presents his Comp^s^ to Mr. Lawrence, he was not aware of the increase in his terms for painting a picture of the size of that which he painted for Lord E. till he rec'd the favour of his note. The sum which Lord E. paid sometime back was 80 g^s^.[1] The sum mentioned in Mr. Lawrence's note for one of the same size he observes is 200 g^as^.

This sum Lord E. will however pay the moment the picture of Lady E. is finished and sent home—and it depends on Mr. Lawrence how soon that shall be.

The payment of a large deposit beforehand operates so much and so generally to the delay of the performance of any work, and particularly to the completion of pictures, that Lord [Ellenborough] feels extremely indisposed to accede to the proposition suggested in Mr. Lawrence's letter.

Mr. Lawrence may render it a Stipulation of no importance by compleating the picture very soon at this season of comparative leisure.

S^T^. JAMES's SQ^RE^., *August* 12, 1811.

Such a response to one in his unassailable position as an artist Lawrence not unnaturally resented as a piece of gross impertinence, and

[1] This probably refers to his own portrait, painted five years before. It would be interesting to compare the great lawyer's accounts with those of the great artist, and discover at what rate the former raised his own charges during the five years of *his* fullest practice.

determined to show his independence by dispensing altogether with the browbeating lawyer's patronage.

This he determined to do in a roundabout way, shrinking, in his own words, from the "Indelicacy of acquainting a wife that it was owing to her husband's coarseness that she was deprived of her picture." He therefore wrote to her expressing dissatisfaction with the progress of his work, and begging her ladyship on these grounds to discontinue her sittings. On August the 12th, Lady Ellenborough called at his studio, only to find the painter "not at home." Not unnaturally in high dudgeon she returned home and wrote as follows:—

LADY ELLENBOROUGH *to* LAWRENCE.

Lady Ellenborough was much disappointed at not finding Mr. Lawrence at home when she called this morning, for altho' he may not be entirely satisfied with the View he has taken of the Countenance, yet, as Lord Ellenborough and several of Lady Ellenborough's friends are anxious to have it finished, she begs Mr. Lawrence will fix an early hour for her next sitting, as she had rather have the present picture reduced to the *smallest* size, than relinquish the idea of having it *completely* finished before she leaves Town, and next Spring, if Mr. Lawrence should be more at Leisure, Lady Ellenborough hopes to be able to afford Mr. Lawrence the opportunity of taking a likeness according to his *own* Taste.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, *August ye* 12*th* [1811].

To this Lawrence replied two days later :—

LAWRENCE *to* LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

Mr. Lawrence presents his Respects to Lady Ellenborough, and is sorry that he must decline obedience to her commands respecting the further progress of a defective Work. He is always happy, when the labours of his Pencil are sanction'd by the opinion of those who would employ it, but he cannot continue them against his own.

GREEK ST., *August the* 14*th*, 1811.

In the meantime Lawrence would appear to have felt some doubt as to the wisdom of this action, and determined to seek the ever-ready counsel of his friend and adviser, Farington.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*August* 13, 1811.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Before you read these Letters, I must ask you to read this explanation of them. On the day after I wrote to Lord E. for the half-price, and to Lady E. to appoint a sitting for this Day, Her Ladyship call'd on me,—was (as she is) ill bred and coarse in her manner—said she staid in Town only for a fortnight, and would not sit, unless I engaged to complete the Likeness in that time.

Her rudeness would have justified me in an instant and the most abrupt negative, but the circumstances of the moment, and my determination not to act hastily, made me assent to her wish. On Saturday however I wrote the enclosed Letter intending then to send it, but not certain that Lord E. was in Town,

. . . I resolved to wait till I saw the result of the Monday sitting.

In the interval, I discover'd that Lord E. was in Town, for two or three days. My letter was directed and seal'd. About Ten this morning Edward brought me Lord E.'s Letter and said a Gentleman in black deliver'd it who was looking at the Picture. He was then shewn into the Parlour, and I, thinking it was his upper Servant went with the Letter to Lady E., that he might know it had already been written, and intending then to ask him to stay while I wrote an answer to his Lordship.

I found it was Lord E.!

I then stated shortly that the Letter I put into his hands would inform Lady E. that I could not have the honour of receiving her, because I found it impossible to finish her Portrait in the time she mention'd.

I said as his Lordship might not be instantly returning to Lady E. I would send it to her.

He said "No," he would take it. He thought the present Picture "very like, very." I again requested to spare him the trouble of conveying the Letter, and Lady E. the chance of waiting too long.

He said "no. He should be home in an Hour," and so we parted bowing, He very courteous and I vastly respectful.

His Face was blank surprise when I announc'd my Letter.

Tuesday morning.

I am return'd from Blackheath, Mr. A[ngerstein]'s . . . I found the enclosed Letter from Lady E.

Think of all this, dear Friend, before I meet you. Only don't think I have got the Coxcombry of poor

Hodges[1] about me, but that I act *on the* WHOLE view of my situation for the best.

Farington's reply to this letter is missing, but the following from Lawrence sufficiently indicates its purport.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*Aug.* 15, 1811.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your reasoning upon this advance towards conciliation had its effect upon me, and besides, I did not like till farther push'd to leave it in the power of any one to think I had acted with Indelicacy in acquainting a wife that it was owing to her Husband's coarseness that she was depriv'd of her Picture.

My correspondence about the *money* part, has hitherto been solely with him. I have sent the enclosed letter.—Ever and faithfully yours

T. L.

The "enclosed letter" *from* LAWRENCE *to* LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

[15 *Aug.* 1811.]

Mr. Lawrence presents his respects to Lady Ellenborough and fearing that from the number of his engagements it might not be in his power to complete the likeness of a Second Portrait within the limited time prescrib'd by her Ladyship, he determines rather to forego the honour of painting Lady Ellenborough, than run the hazard of subjecting her to a disappointment.

Mr. Lawrence is dissatisfied with the Picture he has begun, from being convinc'd that it has not the best view of Lady Ellenborough's Countenance that might have been selected ; but having given Her Lady-

[1] Charles Howard Hodges, mezzotint engraver and portrait-painter.

ship the trouble of many sittings for it, he feels that he has no right to retain even the imperfect produce of those hours ; and as he still thinks it like Lady Ellenborough, and understands that the resemblance was approved of by one of the Mr. Laws,[1] he means to reserve it for him, or for the Lady who accompanied Lady Ellenborough to Mr. Lawrence's painting Room ; or (he should rather say), for any Person, who shall have Her Ladyship's order to receive it.

But Lady Ellenborough is not disposed to accept Lawrence's refusal to paint a second portrait as final, and writes :—

LADY ELLENBOROUGH *to* LAWRENCE.

[20 *Aug.* 1811.]

Lady Ellenborough presents her Compliments to Mr. Lawrence, and is sorry to find that he persists in his resolution of not proceeding with the present picture, as she fears there is no chance of his being able to finish *even* a small one in the short time she is still to remain in Town ; but if that is not practicable, as Lady Ellenborough is unwilling to forego the present opportunity of availing herself of the skill of Mr. Lawrence's Pencil, from the great uncertainty which attends the period which may again offer for that purpose, If Mr. Lawrence will fix upon any hour either to-day or to-morrow for the first sitting of another Portrait, Lady Ellenborough will take care to keep the appointment and hopes he will have the goodness to exert himself to get it as forward as possible before she leaves Town.

Lady Ellenborough is commissioned by Miss Locker, the friend who accompanied her to Mr.

[1] The Ellenborough family name.

Lawrence's painting-room, to say that she most thankfully accepts his very obliging offer of the unfinish'd Picture, for which she will have the pleasure of sending at any time Mr. Lawrence will have the goodness to appoint.

Lady Ellenborough takes the liberty of offering the enclosed Note for Mr. Lawrence's acceptance in consideration of his obliging present to Miss Locker.

Lawrence, however, still persists in his refusal to paint another portrait, and returns the bank-note.

LAWRENCE *to* LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

August 15, 1811.

Mr. Lawrence presents his Respects to Lady Ellenborough, and regrets that from the number of his present engagements he is prevented from having the honor of receiving Her Ladyship for the second Picture.

Mr. Lawrence has the strongest sense of Lady Ellenborough's liberal intention, but begs leave to return the enclos'd Note, which he does not think himself entitled to retain. Miss Locker's name occurr'd to him as that of a Lady for whom the unfinish'd Sketch might still have interest, but he consider'd the sole right of disposal of it to be Lady Ellenborough's; the act, therefore, of presenting it is entirely her own.

If, indeed, Lady Ellenborough will enable Mr. Lawrence to *add* to the limited satisfaction Miss Locker may have in possessing it, he thinks that if Her Ladyship can oblige him with a sitting for it on Saturday at twelve, he may do something to the upper part of the Face and to the Hair that may improve its general effect, and he knows that he may depend on Miss

Locker always mentioning that it was consider'd as a defective attempt by the Painter, and therefore left unfinish'd.

Lady Ellenborough, with quick intuition, recognises Lawrence's offer of a further sitting as a sign that his resentment is relaxing, and sends the following gracious and insinuating reply :—

LADY ELLENBOROUGH *to* LAWRENCE.

[*Domicile date.*]

Lady Ellenborough presents her compliments to Mr. Lawrence, and will do herself the pleasure of waiting upon him at twelve o'clock on Saturday next. Miss Locker desires to express her thanks for Mr. Lawrence's obliging intention of bestowing his time for one more sitting on the present Picture, and Lady Ellenborough hopes to induce Mr. Lawrence to contrive to find leisure at least for *one* sitting before she leaves Town for the new Picture, that she may have the opportunity of telling Lord Ellenborough that he is in Mr. Lawrence's debt.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

The upshot was that her ladyship did sit on Saturday, and did induce Lawrence to begin a second portrait, which portrait was duly exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1813.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

(*August* 24, 1811.)

. . . Lady Ellenborough sat to me on Thursday, and at her renew'd request I began another Portrait. It was but a sketch, but she said, "All I want is to be able to say to Lord Ellenborough that the new Picture is begun." She left town at six yesterday. . . .

Thus ends the episode of the Ellenborough portraits. Fourteen years later we find the lady writing in the politest terms to Sir Thomas Lawrence, begging him of his courtesy to do her the great honour of allowing her to bring some friends to see his pictures!

In a letter of this year we obtain an interesting glimpse of Lawrence's artistic creed.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

(*Recd. Oct.* 6, 1811.)

. . . You write in the very pleasantest Mood of yourself, situation, and feelings about our most difficult Art. We may be too much wedded to it to hold it in fair comparison with others, but if ever there was—if there can exist an exercise of the faculties that more than any other should give the true Christian *feeling*, and make us "*walk humbly before our God*," it is surely that which is perpetually defeating all our calculations of Experience, Knowledge, Dexterity, and Skill.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom"; and an essential in the attainment of it is the fear of oneself (not of what we are capable).

I am quoting much too gravely, but on this subject my own eternal mistakes compel me to be serious. . . .

In the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for 1891 and 1892, Monsieur T. de Wyzewa wrote four extremely interesting articles on "Thomas Lawrence et la Société Anglaise de son temps," in the course of which he speaks of "Son *Satan*, qu'il a toute sa vie tenu pour une œuvre de génie." The following peculiarly interesting letter shows that this

statement is as true as it is astonishing, and goes to prove, once again, how dreadfully bad a judge a man is of his own work. It is true that "neither Mr. West, nor Sir Joshua, nor Fuseli, could have painted" it, but surely not in the sense which Lawrence intended. Certainly we cannot share his regret that he had given up to portrait-painting the talents which would have otherwise gone to the multiplication of such futile enormities.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

(57 GREEK ST., *Oct.* 29, 1811.)

. . . I have miss'd a good opportunity of getting a large Room near me in Dean Street, which might have made my present residence very comfortable —the Auction Room opposite Mr. Lane's. One good Room in which I could well stow my Pictures and finish them would make me contented with this House, for its comparative retiredness is both pleasant and advantageous. The free communication of one's thoughts and feelings is one of the greatest blessings of Friendship, and as I am now one and forty, I shall neither speak nor write with the deference of Youth, but only with that sincere regard and respect which your confidence in and kindness to me and your Character demand.

Since I wrote the first part of this Letter I have been out with Lord Mountjoy (sitting to me this Morning) to shew him my Picture of Satan and to see Cosway's Drawings, &c., and I am return'd most heavily Depress'd in Spirit from the strong impression of the past dreadful waste of time and improvidence of my Life and Talent.

I have seen my own Picture with the Eye of

a Spectator—of a Stranger—and I do know that it is such as neither Mr. West, nor Sir Joshua, nor Fuseli could have painted. I will request *you* to go with me and confirm this judgement.

I have since been to Cosway's, and have seen *an Artist's* House, such a Mass of his FIT *Materials* and so much Talent and Information in its Possessor (tho' not seeing him in Person), as to make me asham'd of the injustice which prejudice, or say *just* opinion of his Weaknesses or positive faults of Character as a Man, have led me to commit against the general weight of his estimation as an Artist.

What are Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Owen, and Sir William Beechey, and Mr. Shee's practice in their Art, with all their acknowledg'd superiority in mere Colouring, when compar'd to the knowledge, the familiar acquaintance with, study, and often happy appropriation and even liberal imitation of the Old Masters, the fix'd Land-marks of Art, of this little Being whom we have been accustom'd never to think or speak of but with Contempt?

I know that the first feeling of your mind on reading this will be something of surprise at this strange disproportion'd praise of Cosway!! but I know likewise from the ingenuousness of your Nature, that had you been with me, the impression had been mutual.

You say of me that I pursue my Profession as an Amateur, and I seem to come home to the *House* of an Amateur; so little of the proper Character of an Artist's dwelling does it seem to have.

The Post Bell is ringing, and my paper is fill'd, so that I must finish—but destroy instantly, or keep this Letter; it expresses the sincere mortification and sincere as bitter regret of your attach'd and oblig'd Friend, T. L.

The following letter goes some way to substantiate the fact, upon which I have felt bound to be somewhat insistent, that Lawrence was exceptionally industrious, was sparing in social pleasures, and placed the practice of his art in the forefront of his duties and occupations. Mrs. Siddons had first played Volumnia in 1788, and was now playing the part to her brother's Coriolanus in her farewell appearances at Covent Garden Theatre.

I purposely refrain from dwelling upon Lawrence's friendship with the Siddons and Kemble families, as I hold that we have of late had more than enough on the subject.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

(*Dec^r* 20, 1811) *Friday morning.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Will you hold yourself engag'd to me for Monday Night to go with me and see Coriolanus?—the best got-up Play that has been acted.

The Town is fashionably and I had almost said rationally mad after it. I have seen it but once. It will give you the best specimen of Kemble, and a fine one of Mrs. Siddons.

It is a long time since I saw you, but my fair and true excuse is occupation; in the Days and the Evenings. An Invitation from whatever quarter has with me three chances for refusal to one for acceptance, and this to excess is wrong, I know; but there is no enjoyment like that held out to us by our Art however we pursue it.

How do the Exhibition Pictures go on? Ever and most faithfully yours, THO^S. LAWRENCE.

On the Monday he writes inviting himself to Farington's instead, and concludes: "I need not tell you that anything you like is best food for me. For the love of simple living I can match myself even with the simplest."

Towards the close of 1813 Lawrence determined to remove from 57 Greek Street to 65 Russell Square, and writes:—

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

GREEK ST., *Dec^br* 8, 1813.

. . . My House goes on admirably; with great zeal and kind attention from our Vitruvius,[1] and as much Economy as is consistent with usefulness and just Taste; by which I mean that which is at once suited to my Circumstances and necessary appearance. I look for our first Dinner in it with the GREATEST pleasure; and as the tendency of my Nature and Habits is rather to limit (perhaps too much) the Circle of my Friends, it is a most solid Comfort and Delight to me to have them of such Character and Principle, for if I go even to that class of [word missing] that belongs more to the Patron and Acquaintance, such as Lord Abercorne and Mountjoy, there are in them, with all their alloy, such essential qualities as must be valued by every honorable and worthy Mind.

The feeling in which I write this is of one species of Egotism, I confess; but at least it is one of the most pardonable, and that which leads to the best result . . .

The following letter shows that, although Lawrence was now, owing to the arrangements

[1] Probably Robert Smirke.

he had made regarding his earnings, unable to render pecuniary assistance to his relations, he was still mindful of their interests.

THE RT. HON. JN°. MCMAHON *to* LAWRENCE.

Private.

CARLTON HOUSE, *Friday*, 23 *Dec^r.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If the Circumstances are such as Mrs. Stuart has stated to you, and the Vacancy of a full pay Majority in the 72^d. made in Consequence, the Duke of York has just made a Knot on his Handkerchief, and promised me that your Brother shall *positively have it.* Ever sincly. yours, J. MCMAHON.

P.S.—The *P. R.* don't leave Town till Thursday next.

THOS. LAWRENCE, Esq.

That the knot on the Duke of York's handkerchief proved effectual is shown by the following letter:—

LAWRENCE *to* HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

RUSSEL SQUARE, *Jan^y. the 9^th^*, 1814.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Your Promotion tho' tardy is at length come, and whilst I congratulate you upon it, I cannot but hope that it will ensure your speedy return. . . .

It is possible that your Majority was mere matter of Right—but the strictly just is not always done, where Power is sway'd by some opposite Influence of greater Interest. Col^l. McMahon has been very much and zealously your Friend in speaking to the Duke of York on two occasions—One previous to your brevet Rank,

the other on this last vacancy, and through him I had twice the Duke of York's promise of your promotion some Days before it took place.

I have called on my Friend Col[l]. McMahon, and have written my letter of Thanks to the Duke of York, who is indeed one of the most benevolent Men breathing. I should be very glad therefore if I receive a Line from you before our Meeting, that you would in it acknowledge this kindly conduct in Col[l]. M——n, and the gracious manner with which His Royal Highness has conferr'd this obligation, whatever may be the general Routine of advancement that renders it strictly proper.

I have omitted no opportunity of endeavouring to promote your welfare, both by personal application and writing. . . .

God bless you, my dear William! You will find me in constant Labour, but I trust with increasing Fame. We are both of us older than we were and a little balder. I am prepar'd to see some change in you from years and Climate, but all reports agree that there is no change in your Nature or Character, and if your Health be re-establish'd our Joy in seeing you will be complete.—Believe me, ever Your Affectionate and Faithful Friend and Brother,

THO[s]. LAWRENCE.

[On envelope.]

To

Major W. R. LAWRENCE,
72[d] Regiment,
Cape of Good Hope.

The following fragment of a letter was probably written to Farington, notwithstanding the allusion to him by name. It was a playful habit of Lawrence to write *to* Farington *of* Farington himself in the third person. The early part of the

letter refers to his new house. The picture is of course the portrait of Kemble, as the Royal Academy Catalogue of 1812 curiously had it, "in the character of Mr. Addison's Cato." Lawrence himself in a letter calls it "a generalised portrait of Kemble in Cato."

(5. *Jan.* 1814.)

Group of Laocoon—beyond it the Bacchus Torso, and lastly next the Door the Venus de Medici. I have Floor Cloth round the Room and in the Centre a Turkey Carpet, on which my circular Dinner Table will be always plac'd—there will be perhaps half a dozen Chairs in the Room.

My back parlour will be a common Living Room very neatly furnish'd and strictly in that Character. The small Room to the right of it is for Edward, and all his Luxury of Oils, Varnishes, Colors, &c. &c.

There is beyond it a still smaller Apartment—a mere temporary sitting-Room, appropriated exclusively to no one.

My Front Room is my Show-Room, over the Chimney of which is already plac'd my Cato. This is the only part of my House about which I feel disquiet, for I do not like to appear unreasonably fastidious to Robert Smirke and Farington, and thus I suffer a Yellow Paper to remain that I know is hurtful to my Pictures. I should have suffered it in my Painting Room but for looking at a Man's Countenance, when by closing my Window-Shutters I had made it a Study, and that determin'd me to have it chang'd. It is now a rich crimson Paper with a Border, one gold Moulding of this size [here is a small drawing] fix'd to an Inch Flat of Black.

My little Room beyond it is fitted in the same way, and is a sweet, precious Room, or would be, if the

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Sitting-Room

lonely was not its Inhabitant. But enough for the present of my House. It will never be completely mine till you have enter'd it. . . .

About two months ago, as I was passing near Mr. Coutts's in the Strand, a large Coal Waggon came up out of one of the dark Streets leading to the River. A large, stout, black-looking Fellow between Thirty and Forty coming boisterously with it.

It pass'd me, and then I heard the People calling out "stop." On going back to it I saw behind it on the Stones fresh Blood! I then prest through the Crowd in front of the Waggon, and saw this (before) brutal looking Man, leaning his Head down over the Shaft, and his Cheek on the panting convuls'd Body of his small black Dog, just fallen from the Top of the Waggon and Kill'd by the Wheel!

The poor Fellow cried in silence for a time, till a Boy said, "I hope it's not dead," upon which he turn'd round as fiercely as Grief would let him, and said, "'Twas YOU, you young Rogue; 'twas your provoking him that made him fall," and then he turn'd to it again, saying, "O! my poor," I know not what, for the Name was smother'd in his sobbing Kiss.

In the following letter the "Intelligence from the Continent" probably refers to the entrance of the British Forces into France, to be followed by the abdication of "the Tiger," Napoleon, in the April following. "The Monkey" refers to Louis XVIII. When peace was concluded, Lawrence proceeded with other English artists to Paris to see "the most magnificent collection of the most difficult of all arts that the world has ever seen," which Napoleon had brought together from every quarter of Europe.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

No. 65 RUSSEL SQUARE,
Janv. the 11th 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I date my Letter from Russel Square, because I am writing in it and paint and sleep in it ; but I am not yet entirely remov'd to it, and even your continued absence is on this account pleasant to me—when the little things still necessary to be done are finally completed, I shall regret every Day that you remain at Hastings ; . . .

All who have seen are pleas'd with my new Residence ; and its obvious professional advantages (distance alone excepted) appear fully to justify my choice, and the increas'd expence which may be *suppos'd* to accompany it. I enter it at the most unfavorable time, the most vacant and comfortless Season, and the bitterest Weather ; and still it is comparatively cheerful.

What Intelligence we have from the Continent !

You will not mistake the source of my Feelings, tho' at first you may wonder at them, when I tell you that the vastness of the sacrifices of the last Twenty Years, the enormous waste of Human Blood and Human Suffering, with the sudden-ness of this change, which makes the whole so visionary, so empty in its result, if only to restore Profligacy and Imbecility, gives an oppressive and gloomy feeling to my Mind, by showing the NOTHINGNESS of this scene of exertion, toil, and misery, and folly !

The "*Tiger*" is indeed gone, but with him that exciting power that has so rous'd one's faculties, and seem'd indeed to have shot new activity into the human Mind. Great part of his Career had in it something grand, noble, and comprehensive. It seem'd to embrace all that is splendid and wise in Government, all but that

happiness of a People that can only arise from virtuous Freedom; and with it the safety of surrounding Nations.

Art and Science (from whatever craft of Policy) never were so distinguish'd as under him; till the cursed thirst of universal Power swallow'd up every other effort of human Genius, in the bloody necessity of military strength, and the savage carelessness and ferocity that accompanies it. He now appears in his last throes, and it seems impossible for him to escape his Fate.

He dies then, and "the *Monkey*" takes his place (I mean no allusion to the Individual), and one consequence of it will most probably be the breaking up and dispersing the most magnificent Collection of the most difficult (and with Sculpture one may almost say the most ennobling) of all Arts that the World has ever seen.

I appear to write with impressions on this subject different to that of many on our side of the question, with whom it is all matter of triumph and rejoicing; but I never write to you with affected feelings, and what I have now said has arisen from real pain of Mind, perhaps a little arising from being too much alone, and not partaking of the joyfulness of Friends. . . .

The following letter, apparently dated "May 1, 1814" by some other hand, from Lady Caroline Lamb, is highly characteristic of the infatuated authoress of "Glenarvon." "William Lamb" is of course her husband, afterwards second Viscount Melbourne, from whom she was separated in 1825. The "one I hate" is Lord Byron, to whom, in the preceding year, she had caused so much annoyance by her amorous attentions.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB *to* LAWRENCE.

I do indeed thank you for so kindly remembering your promise. I have been rather ill with something of a low fever. Otherwise you would have been troubled by several more intrusions, for I am, with many hundreds, a most enthusiastic admirer of your works. There is in them a degree of beauty, a spirit that I never see elsewhere. You seem to take even from ugly faces the one bright smile or look that now and then appears, and what perhaps is more difficult, you make real beauty more beautiful. Tell me how came this on you; it is a rare gift, and must come from Heaven—for on earth to imitate what we see or to pourtray the strong lines in a rough manner—and to exagerate defects is all that mortals can attempt.

William Lamb however is handsomer, thinner and more interesting out of than in his Portrait—you had your master hand there—but not that light of which I speak—in the Duke it quite beams forth—and had I brought one I hate to you—Good heavens, what a head you had painted—I see it now—all that others exaggerate you would have softened off—and a beauty would have arisen that sometimes for a moment exists, and that none have attempted even to seize that I remember.

* "Oh 'tis light that never will shine again on life's dull stream."—Yours, CAR. L.

* My quotation refers to your talent.

Whether Lawrence would have been inclined to "soften" what others exaggerated may be doubted, in view of the following quotation from a letter[1] of a slightly later date.

". . . Lavater's system never asserted its truth more forcibly than in Lord Byron's Countenance, in

[1] This is one of the letters to which Williams had access.

which you see all the character. Its keen and rapid Genius—its pale Intelligence—its profligacy and its bitterness, its original symmetry distorted by the Passions, his laugh of mingled merriment and scorn. The forehead, clear and open, the brow boldly prominent, the Eyes bright and *dissimilar*,—the Nose finely cut, and the Nostril *acutely* form'd—the Mouth well form'd but wide, and contemptuous even in its smile; falling singularly at the corners, and its vindictive and disdainful expression, heighten'd by the massive firmness of the Chin, which springs at once from the centre of the full under Lip,—the Hair dark and curling, but irregular in its growth.

"All this presents to you the Poet and the Man, and the general effect aided by a thin, spare form and (as you may have heard) deformity of Limb."

The following letter from the unfortunate Benjamin Robert Haydon is eloquent of Lawrence's kind-heartedness. This gifted but erratic painter's "Judgment of Solomon" was now on exhibition at Spring Gardens, and had been awarded a prize of one hundred guineas by the directors of the British Institution. The price at which it was sold, through Lawrence's good offices, was six hundred guineas. Lawrence's advocacy was the more honourable to him, seeing that Haydon had adopted an attitude of direct hostility towards the Royal Academy.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON *to* LAWRENCE.

May 3rd, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I feel great pleasure in telling you who have so kindly interested yourself in my favor—that my Picture is sold. I cannot conclude without

saying, that your conduct throughout has been noble and generous in the highest degree, and I shall always feel and always acknowledge it as long as I have existence.—D^r^ Sir, your faithful Servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

T. LAWRENCE, Esq^r^.

So long as Hoppner was alive Lawrence had found little favour with the Prince Regent. Now, however, probably through the good offices of Lord Stewart, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry, with whom he was for the rest of his life on intimate terms of friendship, the First Gentleman in Europe began to shower upon him those commissions which were destined to give him European fame.

In July of this year he received the following laconic but pregnant communication :—

LORD STEWART *to* LAWRENCE.

MY DEAR MR. LAWRENCE, — The Prince has fix'd tomorrow, about 2 o'clock, for me to accompany him to see yr. Portraits, and perhaps to sit.

He may however disappoint, but you had best be prepared.—Ever yrs. most Sin^ly^, STEWART.

Lawrence's first portrait of the Prince Regent was exhibited in 1815.

Truly to outward seeming Lawrence was one of the happiest and most successful men in existence. But there was below the surface that dread of financial ruin that was for ever destined to shadow his happiness and take the edge off his full enjoyment of life and work.

Again a public exposure seemed inevitable, notwithstanding the fact that, judging from some rough notes in his handwriting at this period, he had in the course of the preceding eight years paid off liabilities to the tune of £10,000. And what made it the harder was that there were large sums still owing to him for work done which he could not recover. The desperate state of his affairs is sufficiently plain from the following excerpt from a letter:—

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

RUSSEL SQUARE, *April the 6th*, 1815.

. . . I have some news of very distressing nature to communicate, which you will doubtless hear of from our Friend in Charlotte Street, not mentioning it *till* you hear it. The past temporary expedients have but retarded the general Ruin that I am told by W. and Mr. J. A[ngerstein] is not now to be averted, but to be met in the wisest way. If it is, tho' occasioning present Affliction and very painful Feelings and exertion of Mind, the final result—the future may yet be happy, and complete release from thraldom. . . .

Even Lawrence's knighthood with which he was honoured at this time had its pecuniary sting, and we can well imagine his irritation at the rather impertinently jocular tone of the following demand:—

W. MASH *to* LAWRENCE.

MY DEAR SIR,—If you will have Honors conferr'd upon you, you must pay for them; I enclose

you my card that you may know in what capacity I have call'd upon you. Send me a Draft before Eleven o'clock to-morrow morning for £108 2s. 8d., upon the receipt of which directions will be given for your knighthood to be announc'd in the *Gazette* to-morrow Evening.—Ever yours faithfully,

W. MASH.

Friday morning.

Here is one specimen of the many letters of congratulation which flowed in upon him.

R. SMIRKE *to* LAWRENCE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though I may be late in my congratulations I trust you will not suspect me of being less Delighted than the rest of your friends with the intelligence of your well-deserved honours.

No act of our Regent Sovereign was ever more just; and if he keeps up to that, the country will have cause to be grateful. It must be a source of great satisfaction to you, to be assured that all those who can best appreciate your deservings will be the most forward to approve of what you have received—I mean those of your own profession. . . . I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours, R. SMIRKE.

UPPR. FITZROY ST.,
Ap^l. 23^rd^, 1815.

Lawrence's stay in Paris mentioned above was cut short by a summons home by special order of the Prince Regent. After the conclusion of the war Royalties of all sorts and conditions, together with representative statesmen and officers of the Allies, flocked to England. "This," in Williams's pompous words, "may be pronounced if not the commencement, at least the full tide of the Prince's

patronage of Mr. Lawrence, and from this era it flowed in one powerful and undeviating course. Nothing could be more fortunate to a great artist than his living at a period of such extraordinary events; for the latest posterity to the end of time will derive their ideas of the persons of these great characters from the pencil of Lawrence. The Prince Regent enjoined Mr. Lawrence to lose no opportunity of taking the portraits of the Autocrat of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Blücher, and the Hetman Platoff." The Duke of Wellington was also amongst his sitters. No wonder Lawrence's correspondence suffered.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

RUSSEL SQUARE, *Feb^y. the* 17^th^, 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — My professional exertions have been very unremitting since your departure from Town. . . . I have painted more by Lamp Light than I have done for many Years, and many an Even'g have determin'd to close the employment of the Night by communication with you, when very weariness has render'd me unfit for the attempt. . . .

I am glad to tell you that I succeed in the completion of Lord Wellington's Portrait. From its size and necessary accompaniments it has been a great Fag to me, and demanded more constancy of Labor, and vigilant attention than, I think, any Picture I have painted. . . .

'Tis hard to toil and struggle for some subtle refinement of a Tone or harmony of Lines that shall unite a whole, where the *Parts* have been of arduous execution, in order to meet the prompt decision of one rapid glance of Ignorance! But this must comparatively be the case with Literature

as well as Art—with every effort of the Mind or Hand, and we must bend without repining to the common Lot. All is for the best, so we pass Life without Crime, and end it at the last but justly. . . .

A year later we find his friend, Lord Stewart, Ambassador at Vienna during the Congress, promulgating with characteristic energy a scheme which was destined to bring Lawrence into touch with all the most celebrated personages in Europe.

LORD STEWART *to* T. LAWRENCE.

MILAN, *March 6th*, 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—. . . Your last letter treated of your *still* anxious desire to paint the Autocrat. I am always desirous, in-asmuch as in my humble power lies, of meeting the wishes of those I love.

As He would have sat to You at Dijon—*a fortiori* —He would be more ready to give you *at Your leisure* sittings at St. Petersburg. I admit it is a tremendous journey, but more so perhaps in idea than in reality.

Listen to my plan.

You once yielded to my Counsel before, and you have had candor to say You have not repented it. My Schemes are like those of a Hussar at the Outposts, very short, very decided, and very prompt.

When the Gay Scenes in London close, and the Sittings of your beautiful Women languish from their emigration to the Verdure and Shades of the Country —Furnish Yourself with Letters from our Royal master to the Emperors F[rancis] and A[lexander], representing H.R.H.'s desire that You should proceed to their Capitals to take their pictures for H.R.H.

Place Yourself next with a Messenger going to Vienna, and You will arrive with me in 10 Days. At Vienna You shall have every thing as in *Russell* Square.

You shall paint the Emperor and Empress. If you will, Schwarzenburg, Metternich, *Madame Murat*, and *Young* NAPOLEON.

From Vienna I will despatch you with despatches to Russia. It is even more than probable I will take a Trip there with You myself. I don't further descant on all this, because I have ever found in Life that the only difficulty is to put your Shoulders to the Wheel. Once there, one forces the Carriage to roll, and in one way or other.

If I could win a Lady by Leap frog or by vaulting into my Saddle with my Armor on my Back, I could soon leap into a Wife.

So If I could persuade You by such vivid Colouring as You put into Your pictures, I should not buffet for your acquiescence. As it is—Hear, Mark, and inwardly digest — and Let me know Your Ideas. . . . God bless You ever, Believe me that I [am] affectly Yrs, STEWART.

About this time the Roman Academy of St. Luke's made application to Lawrence for his portrait. This was his answer in a letter to Canova:—

MY DEAR MARQUESS,—. . . The Academy of St. Luke, whether it be matter of Custom or not, does me but too much honor in deigning to request my Portrait. I have never painted myself, and except when a Boy have never been painted by others. I could wish indeed to defer the task till Age had given my Countenance some lines of Meaning, and

my Hair, scanty and grey as it is, some silver hues, like those of our Venerable President Mr. West; but in some way or other, if I *have* any power of improving an ordinary Face, your Friends may depend on my exerting it in this instance, and tho' I have many causes to dislike myself which may have stolen into my Countenance, not one of them shall appear in the Picture if I can help it. . . .

In a playful letter of this period from an amateur painter, Sir Foster Cunliffe, of Din Bryn, to whom Lawrence had given help and advice, we perhaps obtain some idea of the sobering effect that time and hard work were having on the painter's never too buoyant spirits. After thanking Lawrence for his help he goes on to speak of—

". . . That most agreeable and entertaining Young Lady, Miss Hayman, . . . who says she has some slight recollection of your youth, when she says you used to talk pretty talk and write pretty Letters, all which accomplishments you gradually lost as you grew old and stupid."

This is followed at a short interval by a letter from Lawrence to his brother William, whom he had not seen for many years, in which he himself alludes to his "change towards Age."

LAWRENCE *to* HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

[3 *May*, 1815].
RUSSELL SQUARE, *Friday*.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Thank God that you are safely arriv'd, and since Andrew informs me that you are in

Sir T. Lawrence

LADY BURGHERSH AND HER SISTERS

good health, I care not for any changes that time may have produc'd in your Form ; so that it has not alter'd your Nature.

You will find me, grey, wrinkled, tho' not as yet weaken'd in Constitution. In looks, I know myself to have chang'd towards Age very rapidly within this last Year.

Let me have the happiness of seeing a Brother whom I have always so truly lov'd and esteem'd so soon as your Business will permit you to quit Portsmouth ; . . . .—Believe me to be, My dear William, your Affectionate and Gladden'd Brother,

THO^{S}. LAWRENCE.

The following letter from the Duke of Wellington would seem to be the sequel to an unfulfilled promise made so long ago as October 1814, but apparently forgotten. On that date we find Lady Burghersh writing : "I have not failed to mention to Ld. Wellington your desire of shewing the French your painting of Rolla, and he will be delighted to have so fine a production of English art seen in his house, if its dimensions . . . will allow of its being placed there." After discussing the size of the rooms of the Palais Borghese, she proceeds : "The Duke and I have fixed upon his dining-room as the best calculated to contain it, and he would admit all persons to see it. . . . I have seen Mr. William Lock, who highly approves of your showing French artists that correctness of drawing is not exclusively their own."

"Rolla" was of course the portrait of Kemble in that part exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1800.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON *to* LAWRENCE.

June 3rd, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—The Duchess has acquainted me with your wish to send to Paris to my House two pictures ; with which I comply most willingly, and I will take care they shall be plac'd in a situation to do them Justice and to convince even the vain Parisians of the superiority of our English Artist.—Ever dear Sir, Your's most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Three days later he received the following letter on the subject of a second portrait of the Princess Charlotte, who had been but a month married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Eventually the sittings were postponed to the following year, when Lawrence stayed nine days at Claremont. A month or two later and the poor little Princess was dead.

BISHOP OF SALISBURY *to* LAWRENCE.

SEYMOUR ST., *June* 6, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I had the honor of seeing the Princess Charlotte yesterday, when I communicated to her Royal Highness your wishes that when she sits to you for her Portrait she would be so gracious as to sit in your house. This her Royal Highness has promised to do, but she cannot at present fix on any time.—I am, dear S^r^., your faithful Servant,

I. SARUM.

The circumstances of the painting of this portrait of the Princess, on whose approaching

accouchement the hopes of the direct succession depended, are of such poignant interest, and are so intimately and tenderly described by Lawrence himself, that I feel compelled to depart from my rule of avoiding the ground already traversed by Williams. The following extracts from Lawrence's letters are eloquent of the great painter's humanity, and incidentally present a picture which should not, I think, be left to moulder in the classic but practically unread pages of his official biography. By great good fortune the Princess's etching referred to has been preserved amongst this correspondence.

Immediately after his visit to Claremont he wrote :—

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. WOLFF.

I AM now returned from Claremont, my visit to which was agreeable to me in every respect ; both in what regarded myself, my reception, and the complete success of my professional labours, and in the satisfaction of seeing the perfect harmony in which this young couple now live, and of observing the good qualities which promise to make it lasting.

The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her : her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse ; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good

King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does everything kindly.

She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think that, in his behaviour to her, he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet ; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slily humorous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure.

Their mode of life is very regular : they breakfast together alone about eleven : at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time : about three she would leave the painting room to take her airing round the grounds in a low phaeton with her ponies, the Prince always walking by her side : at five she would come in and sit to me till seven : at six or before it he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past : soon after which we went to dinner, the Prince and Princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Colonel Addenbrooke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them.

After coffee, the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know *my superiority* at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players ; I therefore did not obey the command, and from ignorance of the delicacy of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit there next week, which indeed must be a very short one.

The Prince and Princess retire at eleven o'clock.

After the Princess's death he wrote :—

Popular love, and the enthusiasm of sorrow, never towards greatness perhaps so real, saw in her a promised Elizabeth, and while yet she lived it was a character which I should sincerely have assigned to her, as that which she would most nearly have approached : certain I am that she would have been a true monarch, have loved her people, — charity and justice, high integrity (as I have stated), frankness and humanity, were essentials and fixed in her character : her mind seemed to have nothing of subtlety or littleness in it, and she had all the courage of her station.

She once said, " I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger's over." I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said in answer to some inquiries, " She's doing very well ; she'll not die of fear : she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter." She had a surprisingly quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of : whilst playing whist, which, being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the Baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end

of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations.

I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the businesses of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns.

How often I see her now entering the room (constantly on his arm) with slow but firm step, always erect,—and the small but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see, were beautifully cut; her clear blue eye, so open, so like the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to *lie*.

I was stunned by her death: it was an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba! Waterloo! St. Helena! Princess Charlotte dead!—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half enough for her: yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her, without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, as though she now saw me, heard me: and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past, and meditated kindness.

Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple: "My Love"; and his always, "Charlotte." I told you that when we went in from dinner they were generally sitting at the pianoforte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

I was at Claremont on a call of inquiry the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to

give to Prince Leopold upon his birthday, the 16th of the next month.

The etching was given me in a grateful moment, a sad one, too, (for he was in tears) by Colnaghi. He was her printseller, and she had made a large collection—all Sir Joshua's, Vandyke's, &c. He used to attend her when Miss Knight was with her, and saw her execute the thing, the first impression of which she gave to him.

I eagerly caught at his saying, "I was more worthy of it," and more than half asked him for it. . . .

If I do not make reply to different parts of your letter (always satisfactory in a correspondence), it is because I fear, having no long time to write in, that I may lose something by delay, in narrating the circumstances of my yesterday's visit to Claremont, when I was enabled, through the gracious kindness of my sovereign, to fulfil that promise so solemnly given and now become so sacred a pledge.

It was my wish that Prince Leopold should see the picture on his first entering the room to his breakfast, and accordingly at seven o'clock I set off with it in a coach. I got to Claremont, uncovered and placed it in the room in good time. Before I took it there, I carried it in to Colonel Addenbrooke, Baron Hardenbroch, and Dr. Short who had been her tutor. Sir Robert Gardiner came in and went out immediately. Dr. Short looked at it for some time in silence, but I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes filled to overflowing. He said nothing, but went out; and soon after him Colonel Addenbrooke. The baron and I then placed the picture in the Prince's room.

When I returned to take my breakfast, Colonel Addenbrooke came in: he said, "I don't know what to make of these fellows; there's Sir Robert Gardiner

swears he can't stay in the room with it; that if he sees it in one room he'll go into another." Then there's Dr. Short. I said, I suppose by your going out and saying nothing, you don't like the picture. "Like it," he said (and he was blubbering), "'tis so like her, and so amiable, that I could not stay in the room."—More passed on the subject, not worth detailing. I learnt that the Prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of recollections that it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the Prince, and returning shortly, said, "The Prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention, that he shall always remember it. He said, 'Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would I shall be very glad to see him.'—I replied that I thought you would: so if you like he will see you whenever you choose, before your departure." Soon after I went in to him. As I passed through the hall Dr. Short came up to me (he had evidently been, and was crying), and thanked me for having painted such a picture. "No one is a better judge than I am, Sir," and he turned away.

The Prince was looking exceedingly pale; but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the *effort* at composure. He spoke at once about the picture and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection by adverting to the public loss and that of the Royal family. "Two generations gone!—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte has gone from this country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her! It was my happiness,

my duty to know her character, but it was my delight." During a short pause I spoke of the impression it had made on me. "Yes, she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick—she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting, but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true. You saw her; you saw something of us—you saw us for some *days*—you saw our *year!* Oh! what happiness—and it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other—except when I went out to shoot, we were together always, and we *could* be together—we did not tire."

I tried to check this current of recollection that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old King. "Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young (as if it had really lived in childhood). For one so young it was surprisingly like—the nose, it was higher than children's are—the mouth so like hers; so cut (trying to describe its mouth on his own). My grief did not think of it, but if I could have had a drawing of it! She was always thinking of others, not of herself—no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—she was in that situation where selfishness must act if it exists—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not—any grief could not make her so! She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and I could not support her mistake. I left the room for a short time. In my absence they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, 'Call in Prince Leopold—there is none can comfort him but me!' My Charlotte, my dear Charlotte!" And now looking at the picture, he said, "Those beautiful hands, that at the last, when

she was talking to others were always looking out for mine!"

I need not tell you my part in this interview; he appeared to rely on my sharing his thoughts. . . .

Towards the close of our interview, I asked him if the Princess at the *last* felt her danger? He said, "No; my Charlotte thought herself very ill, but not in danger. And she was so well but an hour and a half after the delivery!—And she said I should not leave her again—and I should sleep in that room—and she should have in the sofa-bed—and she should have it where she liked—she herself would have it fixed. She was strong, and had so much courage, yet once she seemed to fear. You remember she was affected when you told her that you could not paint my picture just at that time; but she was much more affected when we were alone—and I told her I should sit when we went to Marlborough House after her confinement. 'Then,' she said, 'if you are to sit when you go to town, and after my confinement—then I may never see that picture.' My Charlotte felt she never should."

More passed in our interview, but not much more—chiefly, my part in it. At parting he pressed my hand firmly—held it long, I could almost say affectionately. I had been, by all this conversation, so impressed with esteem for him, that an attempt to kiss his hand that grasped mine was resistless, but it was checked on both sides. *I* but bowed—and he drew my hand towards him: he then bade me good-by, and on leaving the room turned back to give me a slow parting nod,—and though half blinded myself, I was struck with the exceeding paleness of his look across the room. His bodily health, its youthfulness cannot sink under this heaviest affliction! And his mind is rational, but when *thus* leaving the room, his tall dark figure, pale face, and

solemn manner for the moment looked a melancholy presage.

I know that your good nature will forgive my not answering your letter in detail, since I have refrained from it but to give you this narration of beings so estimable, so happy, and so parted.

Prince Leopold's voice is of very fine tone, and gentle; and its articulation exceedingly clear, accurate, and impressive, without the slightest affectation. You know that sort of reasoning emphasis of manner with which the tongue conveys whatever deeply interests the mind. His "My Charlotte!" is affecting. He does not pronounce it as "Me Charlotte," but very simply and evenly, "*My* Charlotte."

After the portrait was finished, but before there was any anxiety on the Princess's account, Lawrence had written to Farington—

". . . You will see a Portrait of Princess Charlotte on your return, and a Sketch of Prince Leopold. I am under the same lassitude of Spirits that I feel after my Exhibition Labours. I have in appearance completed my Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, and have outwork'd myself. To use a common Metaphor, the Bow is unstrung, and I am uneasy at finding it so; but a short time will again tighten it."

One other letter I find in this collection, which throws an interesting light on this royal tragedy, and serves as an introduction to a lady who played an important part in Lawrence's life.

The writer is Sir Richard Croft, the celebrated accoucheur, who was in attendance upon the Princess; the recipient, his sister, Miss Elizabeth Croft, through whom Lawrence and

Mr. Keightley became acquainted. Living with some cousins in Hart Street, Bloomsbury, hard by Russell Square, she was for thirty years on terms of intimate friendship with the artist, and after his death wrote the "Recollections," which are published in this volume for the first time.

SIR RICHARD CROFT *to* MISS CROFT.

CLAREMONT, 19*th Oct*r. 1817.

DEAR ELIZTH,—This is the first day I could by reason expect H.R.H. to be put to Bed, therefore, as I shall not go far from home, I will in the first place write to you many thanks for your report of the House that was Peel's near Derby. I recollect seeing it going between Derby and Burton, but I did not like it. Nothing can be more comfortable than I am here, having my own Man, a close Carriage and Horses, and my riding Horse and Groom. Breakfast hour is nine, when you join Col[l] Addenbrooke and Baron Hardenburgh or order it in your own room, their R.H.'s breakfast at 11, when I am sent for to see her, and then I see no more of her till dinner-time; therefore I go to Town, or shoot, or do just as I like. They take one side the dinner-table, and yesterday the Duchess of York was between 'em. Mrs. Campbell, Dr. Hart, and myself opposite, Col[l] Addenbrooke at the top, and Baron Hardenburgh at the bottom of the table. The Prince retires with the Ladies at half-past eight, and when we join them at 9, he is generally singing to her playing, and after Coffee, we sat down to short Whist, sixpenny points; last night I played with the Duchess of York for my partner, and I never recollect to have laughed more. She told the following of Baillie.[1]

[1] Matthew Baillie, Physician Extraordinary to George III.

Some very large overgrown lady asked him if she might put two leeches to her Head, when he said, "Yes, Madam, two Crocodiles, if you please."

They leave us at about half-past ten, and he reads to her every night till twelve, and I think you agree with me that they are very reasonable people. He appears to me a remarkable kind-hearted, steady, sensible, firm-minded man, and I told her the other night what I really think, that she wants no one thing but a little of his steadiness. I was with him alone for three hours the other day, when amongst many other things, he told me he never knew what it was to be in debt, though he had been accustomed to a very small income, and that he determined on three things when he married—never to be in debt, not to ask for favours, and not to become a party man, and I doubt not but he will abide by 'em all.

To my mind he is full as free from pride as any nobleman I know, but he has not the disgusting familiarity of our Princes. It was not my intention to have sent this till H.R.H. was safe, but as it 's possible she may go on several days, and as I hear from Tom, who is with his Uncle at Derby, that you have left Egginton, I shall direct it to Mrs. Geo. Chawners.—Yr. ever affectionate brother, R. CROFT.

The following appears to be the draft of a letter written to the keeper of the Prince Regent's purse, as a gentle hint that His Royal Highness was in Lawrence's debt.

RUSSELL SQUARE, *Jan^y. the 4th* 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of laying before you the enclos'd List, with their Prices, of Pictures that I have painted by command of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

By a general regulation of my Painting Room,

which has the past sanction of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the professional practice of more than a Century, half the Price of the Portraits is paid on their commencement; but I have not presum'd to apply this rule to Pictures begun by me for His Royal Highness.

My Price for the size of the greater number of these Portraits has been for this last year £525 instead £420.

I have received too essential Benefit and Honor by His Royal Highness's gracious notice of me to make it in my own Mind just to apply this alteration to any other Pictures that I am so fortunate as to paint for His Royal Highness. They will remain at that Estimate of the compensation for my Labors which I had form'd, when I first receiv'd the distinction of his Commands.—I remain with very high Respect and strong sense of Obligation, my dear Sir, your very obed^{t} and Faithful Ser$^{t.}$ THO^{s}. LAWRENCE.

The writer of the following amusing letters was solicitor-general to the Prince Regent, and a celebrated wit. The first is one of the many protests at Lawrence's procrastination to be found in this collection, but it is one of the few which treated that procrastination with good-tempered banter, and as will be seen, it had its desired effect. Jekyll's portrait, afterwards engraved by W. Say, was finished in time for that year's exhibition.

JOSEPH JEKYLL *to* LAWRENCE.

DEAR S^{R} THOMAS,—This Day it is exactly a Twelvemonth since I sate last to You—am I totally forgotten?

Lady Ellenborough says, however, you sometimes

speak of my Memory—and talk of an Exhibition —probably "in another and a better World."

Why is my Beauty neglected for hers?

My official Duties now detain me daily till past two—But I say this in total Despair of hearing from you.

The Prince Regent likes the Portrait, and I must get H.R.H. in the Name and on behalf of his Majesty to command you to proceed. The Court of Chancery would have finished the Picture with ten times more Dispatch. If ever I catch you there I will revenge myself for all this Delay. But I know you think it does me a great deal of Good to mortify my Pride in supposing you could not forget me.—Y^rs. ever, JOSEPH JEKYLL.

SP. GARDENS, *Jan^y.* 18 [1817].

JOSEPH JEKYLL *to* LAWRENCE.

DEAR S^R THOMAS, — You Painters, like your Brethren the Poets, I know have no Creed but that of the Heathen Mythology, and probably are [not] aware that the second of February, the day you appoint me to sit, is the Sabbath of the Christians.

I have no other Objection to sitting on the Sunday you propose except that I apprehend some Difficulty will occur in catching any Resemblance of Features on that day, Inasmuch as the Parson of your Parish will then be pronouncing, "Thou shalt not make to thyself the *Likeness* of anything that is on the Earth beneath."

I omit the *Likeness* of anything that is in the *Heavens above*, because that would apply only to Mrs. Arbuthnot. . . .—Y^rs. ever,

JOSEPH JEKYLL.

SPRING GARDENS,
Monday, Jan^y 20^th^, 1817.

The following may stand for an example of the exalted society in which Lawrence moved on the rare occasions when he allowed himself relaxation from his pressing labours.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

[*May 11th* 1817.]

. . . Our Dinner Party consisted of Lord Lonsdale, the Marquess of Stafford, Lord and Lady Mulgrave, Sir[1] George and Lady Beaumont, Sir Abraham Hume,[2] Mr. Watson Taylor, Mr. Rogers,[3] Mr. P. Knight,[4] Sir Thomas Baring, Mr.[5] and Mrs. C. Long, Mr. G. Dance,[6] and myself. Sir George amazingly courteous! . . .

The Duke of Wellington kindly ask'd me to come to the Princes Box to see Miss O'Neil[7] on Friday, his last night of staying, and Lord Burghersh and myself were with him the whole night. I mention this to my true Friend, because it has been pleasure to one, for whom he is always so kindly interested. . . .

The following from the Kembles is further proof, if proof were needed, that, notwithstanding the Siddons episode, there was no lack of cordiality on the part of the unfortunate girl's relations. Indeed, Mrs. Siddons showed her regard for Lawrence in the most marked manner, by a request in her will that he should act as one of her pall-bearers.

[1] Art patron and landscape painter.
[2] The well-known virtuoso.
[3] The banker-poet.
[4] Richard Payne Knight, the numismatist.
[5] Afterwards Lord Farnborough.
[6] The younger, architect of Newgate.
[7] Married two years later to [Sir] William Becher.

Mrs. Kemble *to* Lawrence, *with Postscript from* J. P. Kemble.

Haddo Hall,
Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire,
October 29th, 1817.

My dear Sir Thomas,—Out of sight is not out of Mind with me, for I very often think of the pleasant Hours your Evening calls have occasioned to Mr. Kemble and myself, and live in the hope that we shall see those Hours again.

It will give you pleasure to hear that Mr. Kemble has been in perfect Health ever since we came to this place—indeed the pure Air and perfect regularity of our lives will, I hope, lay the foundation for some comfortable years.

. . . If you do write, do tell me a little news in my way; such as—How do you like the lighting our Theatre with Gass?—That I really wish to know from such authority as yours—I mean, whether it injures the Theatre in appearance—or the Performers; and if it is an agreeable light. We have seen a Gentleman here who admires it very much, but another says it has a mean appearance. . . .

. . . We see no persons here but Gentlemen who never stir farther from their Estates than Aberdeen or Edinburgh, who consequently talk of nothing but Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, and sometimes though not often venture upon Farming. . . .

Mr. Kemble says he wishes to write a Postcript. . . .—I am very truly your oblig'd friend,

P. Kemble.

Instead of my Wife's troublesome enclosure to one of her friends, I beg you to accept of one of mine for yourself, and to believe me, my dear friend, ever yours, J. P. Kemble.

I have shot my Partridge, coursed my Hare, lamed my Horse, and jockied the Gout—for this time—And all I ask of you, in return for this lively flight of mine, is that you will tell me, you like the Duke and his Boiardo better than any of your former works.

That Lawrence was still, as ever, so overwhelmed with commissions that some of his sitters might almost be said to grow old in the process of getting painted, is evident from the following naturally indignant protest. I find no record of the date on which Lord Downe got his picture, but that it did get finished is proved by the fact that it was eventually engraved by Thomas Lupton, and lithographed by W. Sharp.

LORD DOWNE *to* LAWRENCE.

COWICK HALL, *near* SNAITH, *Dec^r.* 20, 1817.

SIR,—It is of course my wish to have my picture completed, as my unavailing applications for these last eight years must have *convinced* you. I once more earnestly request that you will keep your engagement and have it finished by the meeting of Parliament, when I will send you directions where it shall be sent.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient serv^t, DOWNE.

Apropos of Lawrence's besetting sin of procrastination, the following passage from an otherwise unimportant manuscript of "Recollections of Sir Thomas Lawrence," by a lady signing herself "Incognita," is worthy of quotation.

"I had copied one of his pictures and waited

on him with it. He was engaged, and Alfred (his then confidential servant) shewed me into his gallery, where gentlemen, to whom he had lent his own look of intelligence, and ladies, who perhaps had not worn such bright smiles had he been less entertaining, seemed almost starting from the canvas. In looking behind some of his new pictures, I discovered many still unfinished, the costumes of which told that five, ten, or perhaps twenty years had elapsed since they were commenced. I said to Alfred, 'Are not the proprietors of those pictures very angry at being deprived of them so long; for surely some of the originals are so much altered since they sat, that they are no longer likenesses?'

"'Some of them, Miss,' said he, 'do come in a huff, but they always go away pleased, for my master brings out the picture, and says it need only be altered in the dress, and then they think they are handsomer than ever, and so all's right. One old lady came the other day and asked to see a picture of her begun twenty years ago, and when she saw it, said, "Do finish it, Sir Thomas, it is such an excellent likeness!"'

"I saw Alfred was a wit."

We next find Lawrence in one of his lighter moods.

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. HILL.

RUSSEL SQUARE, *Dec^br. the* 21^st^, 1817.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Whilst my Servant was this Morning putting on my Cannon Curls, and dressing my Toupee, I was cogitating on Mrs. Wolff's question to me in her last Letter, "How I lik'd my new Coffee set of China, given me by Mrs. Hill?"

A question of this sort is in some peculiar cases extremely puzzling, for you are call'd upon to like that which you are not conscious of ever having seen!

"I have had all the dispositions to like my Coffee set of China," thought I, "ever since I receiv'd the hint to do so, and only want to set eyes upon it to fall into becoming admiration of the Gift and Gratitude to the Donor," when lo! from ruminating on all the probabilities of its coming, and possibilities of its being lost, mis-sent, or mislaid, I suddenly recollected that there was a small ordinary looking Basket (like Aladdin's old Lamp) lying in the back Parlour, that my Brother (whose property I thought it was) had not yet claim'd; and that under this homely appearance my Treasure might be lying.

My Hair, as you may imagine, was drest quicker by half an hour than it usually is on this conjecture being started, and sure enough, never was Bachelor more delighted on first glancing at the contents of a Basket laid at his Door, than I at the sight of these dear little Bantlings that had been so long neglected and famishing in my Parlour. Their rosy cheeks seem'd beautiful as they ever could have been, and had they "*been all twins*" they could not have borne a more striking resemblance to each other.

If every thing about me were but of equal Elegance, I am quite certain that to be Lady Lawrence would be thought an object of fair ambition; and everything hop'd for in the Husband, who was so distinguish'd as a Bachelor.

But let me seriously thank you, my dear Madam, for this kind proof of your Remembrance of me, and of that Friendship, which it will always be my Pride and Happiness to merit and enjoy.

I shall be every way the better for the Present. My Coffee will be finer that is to fill *such* Cups, and my spirits lighter for their recalling your Memory . . .—Ever your oblig'd and Faithful ser.,

THO^{S}. LAWRENCE.

That Lawrence, though hardly to be called a delicate man, was not robust, that his general health was not on a very high plane, there has been in these letters sufficient indication, and he was now to find what was the cause of the lassitude to which he would not allow himself to succumb, but which blunted the point of his pencil and took the edge off his appetite for work.

On January 28, 1818, he writes to Farington:—

". . . You will be a little surpris'd to learn that my capricious Indisposition has at last chosen to be Gout! for which no Man can have fewer claims.

"The Fit is slight—Pain over, and only an open'd Shoe and worsted Stocking its present result."

And again four months later:—

". . . Since I saw you I have been very unwell, but Dr. Baillie, tho' frankly telling me I should not soon be wholly recover'd, has very much reliev'd me. . . .

"Tho' I am not in health I cannot call myself Ill, whilst I can paint without fatigue as I have been doing this morn'g—a good four Hours and half on Lord Exmouth, making his Portrait one of my best. . . ."

And again on June 2:—

". . . 'Tis too long a time since we met and

yours is a Life of such Independance that the blame must lie with me, but my professional labors (not amusements or engagements with Acquaintance) have this Year so occupied my time and fatigu'd my Mind and Spirits, as between Business and Lassitude to have denied me the power of enjoying Society that I most esteem and love. . . ."

Had Lord Nugent and Lord Bath realised the "Business and Lassitude" with which the great painter was struggling, they might possibly have modified the not unnaturally indignant sentiments expressed in the ensuing correspondence.

LORD NUGENT *to* LAWRENCE.

Lord Nugent presents his compliments to Sir Thomas Lawrence. He cannot but express his astonishment at finding that, (after Sir Thomas Lawrence's respected assurances to him, that Lady Nugent's picture should at length be finished in time for the Exhibition this year,) not only the picture is not to be exhibited, but, that not a touch has been put to it since the assurances were first given.

His own Picture, about which Lord Nugent was never so anxious, Sir Thomas Lawrence, after repeated and unexplained delays, promised should be finished and in Lord Nugent's possession at a time which has now for several months elapsed.

Lord Nugent is extremely sorry to be obliged to be now at length explicit with Sir Thomas Lawrence, and to say that, unless he will mention a short period, at the end of which he will pass his word that both pictures shall be finished and

Sir T. Lawrence

LADY NUGENT

delivered, he must consider the pictures as not his, the purchase at an end, and the half price already paid, returnable.

If however Sir Thomas Lawrence will state that, at the end of a short time named, the pictures shall be finished and delivered, Lord Nugent will still be happy to forget the numerous and unexplained difficulties and dissappointments he has hitherto had to encounter in getting these pictures finished.

PALL MALL, *April* 22^{d}, 1818.

LORD NUGENT *to* LAWRENCE.

PALL MALL, *May* 6, 1818.

Lord Nugent presents his Compliments to Sir Thomas Lawrence. Lord Nugent's object certainly is to endeavour to persuade Sir Thomas Lawrence to, at length, finish for him the two pictures which he has so long ago and so repeatedly received Sir Thomas Lawrence's promise, should be finished immediately.

Lord Nugent cannot help reminding Sir T. L. that it was only in consequence of Sir Thomas's own wish to exhibit Lady Nugent's picture that he agreed to leave it to Sir Thomas's own time and leisure to complete it for that purpose.

Sir Thomas will allow that, considering no delay or dissappointment has ever taken place from Lord or Lady Nugent's neglect of sitting, they have pretty strong cause of complaint that engagements have not been kept with them . . . Lord N. must leave to Sir Thomas the option of either putting an end at once to the whole engagement and returning the half-price, or retaining the half-price, to allow Lord Nugent to get the portraits finished however imperfectly by some other hand.

LAWRENCE *to* LORD NUGENT (*Draft*).

Sir Thomas Lawrence presents his Respects to Lord Nugent. He receiv'd the honor of his Letter, and learns by it that the proposal which (on mature consideration of other unavoidable engagements and the difficulty and uncertainty of his professional labors) he took the liberty to offer, viz., of completing the Portraits by the end of the present Year does not meet with His Lordship's wishes.

The amount of Time and Attention that Sir Thomas Lawrence has already devoted to the Pictures may reasonably justify [him] in so far Departing from the alternative accompanying that offer as to propose that the Portrait of His Lordship already near completion should be finish'd and sent home to him in the next Month, for which the sum Sir Thomas Lawrence receiv'd according to the Rule of his Painting Room would be then the exact Payment, and as he slights the execution of no Picture, it may be some palliation of his past unintended delay that the Portrait of Lord Nugent receives the benefit of that Experience in Painting which has justified Sir Thomas Lawrence in fixing the present value of his labors, at double the Price of those [of] Lord and Lady Nugent's Portraits.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is sorry that he must decline to obey His Lordship's wishes in sending the Pictures, as he cannot consent that his Works should be finish'd by other Artists however competent they may be to [accomplish] infinitely more arduous tasks.

But more than two years were to elapse before Lord Nugent received his Lady's portrait, and even then the picture was unfinished. Happily there was some very real excuse for the further

delay, and it is not unamusing to notice the change of tone in Lord Nugent's final communication. In these two years Lawrence's fame, from being merely national, had become world-wide. He had made his triumphant descent upon Aix-la-Chapelle, Vienna, and Rome. He had painted the portraits of, and been received almost on terms of intimacy by, the King of Prussia, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Pope, and the beautiful and noble men and women of their courts. Titian may have had an emperor to pick up his pencil. Lawrence had had a pope to run his messages, and an emperor to peg his easel and hoist his picture into its place. These were but incidents in a triumph which it would be hard to parallel in the history of any painter of any age. And, as I say, his immense accession of fame had a marked effect upon the tone of his noble client. Lord Nugent is still not a little nettled on the subject of Lady Nugent's picture, but now his roar is the roar of a sucking dove. An extract from his letter of August 20, 1820, will suffice:—

"Sir Thomas Lawrence will not be surprised at a little impatience on the part of Lord N. to become possessed of a picture which on every account is highly valuable to him, and which so eminently does justice to the subject, and Lord N. feels sure he will do him the justice, considering all this, to own that he has not been very importunate in urging Sir Thomas Lawrence to the completion of a work which has now been seven years in hand, and which has never been delayed by Lady Nugent's foregoing an opportunity which Sir Thomas Lawrence ever gave her of a sitting.

"Lord Nugent cannot, however, but express what he really feels, of the liberality of Sir Thomas Lawrence's proposition, and, in availing himself of it, he looks forward still to the possibility of Sir Thomas Lawrence at some future time finding himself at sufficient leisure to undertake the finishing of it."

And so on for three closely written pages, in which the stiff back of the great noble unbends in homage to the great painter.

That was altogether satisfactory, but in the case of Lord Bath I find no such happy solution of the matter.

It ended, so far as this correspondence shows, with the following uncomfortable missive. Nor is the Marquis's indignation to be wondered at, since I find a letter from the Marchioness which proves that her picture was on Lawrence's easel so long before as June 1816.

LORD BATH *to* LAWRENCE.

GROSVENOR SQUARE,
June 7, 1818.

Lord Bath presents his Compliments to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and he must confess that his disappointment has been great on account of Lady Bath's Portrait being so long unfinished, indeed such a length of time has elapsed since its commencement that it has now become almost indifferent to him whether it is finished. If however it should be completed Lord Bath would prefer it without a frame, as the place he destined it for is in a room where all the Pictures have frames of the same pattern.

Letters from the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Normanton of the same year show that other great personages could be more courteous in expressing their vexation under even more aggravated delays. Indeed Lord Normanton must have had the patience of a Job wedded to the politeness of a Grandison; for, although in 1818 Lady Normanton had already been sitting off and on for three years, I find him still in 1824, six years later, discussing in the politest manner what the background of her Ladyship's picture shall be, and only venturing in the mildest way to remind Sir Thomas that he has also himself been sitting to him ever since the year 1815!

A letter of August 4, 1827, eventually acknowledges receipt of the portrait, and returns a cheque for fifty guineas, to which amount Lawrence had considered himself overpaid. A pleasant enough ending to a rather awkward episode. It would be interesting to know to what extent the lady had altered in appearance since she first began to sit a dozen years before, and what latitude Lawrence allowed himself in retaining her more youthful aspect. On its completion, Lady Normanton's portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

It is, of course, right that we should sympathise with Lawrence's sitters, and reprobate him for undertaking more commissions than he could cope with. At the same time we may, I think, spare a little pity for the overwhelmed painter. And we shall be the more disposed to do so when we find him, in the midst of his own engrossing occupations, finding time to forward the interests

of his fellow-artists. The following letters are amongst the many proofs of this amiable characteristic. Wilkie was now growing in favour with Lawrence's royal patron, a fact which might well have aroused jealousy in one of a less generous disposition, but jealousy was almost wholly foreign to Lawrence's nature, and as in the case of Haydon, cited above, so in the case of Haydon's friend. Wilkie's "Blind Man's Buff," painted about 1814, had been purchased by the Prince Regent, and Wilkie desired to have it engraved. Lawrence had the *entrée* to Carlton House: would he see what could be done in the matter?

LAWRENCE *to* WILKIE.

RUSSEL SQUARE, *August 12th*, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having occasion to call at Carleton House to-day, I have taken care that your wish should be made known to His Royal Highness through the proper channel, and it is most probable that an answer will be sent either to me, or directly to yourself, in the course of to-morrow, or on the morning after. . . .

Your Picture *is* hung up. It was shewn to me in its Place by the Prince Regent on Saturday. It hangs in one of His Royal Highness's private Rooms upstairs.

If the weather continues fine I propose doing myself the pleasure of riding out to you [1] on Friday evening about seven o'clock, if that time be not inconvenient to you. — Believe me to be with high Esteem, My dear Sir, Your oblig'd and Faithful Ser[t], THO[s] LAWRENCE.

[1] Wilkie lived in Kensington.

LAWRENCE *to* WILKIE.

[15 *Aug.* 1818.]
RUSSEL SQUARE, *Sunday Morn'g.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to acquaint you that His Royal Highness has been graciously pleas'd to accede to your wish, respecting the engraving of your Picture of Blind Man's Buff.

When you send for it, be so good as to apply for it to *B. Judsham, Esq^r., who has the care of the Pictures at Carleton House;* and to whom I am going to write on that subject.—Believe me to be with high Esteem, My dear Sir, Most faithfully yours, THO^S. LAWRENCE.

P.S.—If it is not an inconvenient trouble, will you write the shortest Line of acknowledgement when sending for the Picture to Fred^k. B. Watson, Esq^r., &c. &c. &c., Carleton House, who spoke to the Prince for the Picture, and on the authority of whose Letter to me I now write.

WILKIE *to* LAWRENCE.

KENSINGTON, *August 17^th*, 1818.

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I have been much gratified by your obliging note conveying to me the information that the gracious permission of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent respecting the engraving of my picture had been obtained.

The Picture will be applied for in the way you have directed, and I shall also be happy to express my obligations to Mr. Watson, through whom you made application to the Prince. In the first instance, however, I beg to express to yourself my warmest and most hearty thanks for the very friendly interest you have taken in obtaining for me so important a favour.—I am, My dear Sir, Your very obliged and faithful Servant,

DAVID WILKIE.

To Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE.

This same year Wilkie painted "The Penny Wedding" for the Prince Regent. Both it and "Blind Man's Buff" now hang in Buckingham Palace.

We have seen how, on the occasion of the visit of the allied sovereigns to England in 1814, Lawrence had been commissioned by the Prince Regent to paint the portraits of some of his illustrious guests. But time had proved too short for the completion of the task, and now in 1818, when, in Williams's words, "the allied sovereigns, with the principal military and diplomatic characters of the age, were to assemble at Aix-la-Chapelle to . . . render the earth a millennium, and prevent the occurrence of war for ever," Lawrence was despatched thither to complete the series of portraits which now hang in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor.

The story of Lawrence's triumphant progress has been often told, and especially at great length by Williams. I shall therefore merely supplement his account by letters in this collection to which he had no access. At Aix-la-Chapelle, besides the Emperors of Russia and Austria, he painted, amongst others, Prince Metternich, Count Nesselrode, and the Duc de Richelieu. In Vienna, the Emperor of Austria for a second time, Prince Schwartzenburg, Count Capo d'Istrias, Generals Tchernicheff and Ovaroff, and his friend Lord Stewart, besides many other noble men and women. In Rome, where he was hailed a second Raphael, the Pope, Cardinal Gonsalvi, and Canova.

The first letter is important, merely because of

the writer, whose doubts we know were to be proved groundless.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON *to* LAWRENCE.

Sept^r. 16^th^, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I have received your letter of the 8^th^, and I now enclose one for the Provost of Eton, which I beg you will send him with the Picture.

I shall be very happy [to help you] in every way in my power when I shall meet you at Aix-La-Chapelle. I confess I wish you was certain before you will leave London that the Sovereigns would sit to you. I should doubt it. But we must do all we can and prevail upon them.—Ever your's most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

The following letters speak for themselves :—

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

RUSSEL SQUARE, *Sept^br.* 17^th^, 1818.

. . . Your kind wishes are realiz'd, and whatever the result, I *am* going to Aix-la-Chapelle ; and never did I more want a long Evening in Charlotte St. than this moment.

I confide to you the terms on which I go. My usual price 500 guineas for large whole lengths, smaller size in proportion, and £1000 for loss of time, Expence, &c. &c. These were the terms I gave in, and they were accepted.

I go to paint the two Emperors,—the King of Prussia—their first Ministers and Generals ; and I am happy to tell you that it appears to be felt as a very desirable circumstance by the chief members of Government.

I was call'd upon to give in my terms on the last Day of the Duke of Wellington's stay in Town, and on my using the freedom to call and consult him upon it, he entirely approv'd of my Proposal, and told me I must paint one Portrait of the King of Prussia for him.

I have no probable means of accommodation but by erecting some temporary Rooms, and for these Lord Castlereagh has offer'd to give me a part of his Garden.

The Duke and Lord Stewart will be likewise at Aix, so that I shall have all encouragement and support from zealous Friendship; giving additional triumph to success, or solace to disappointment; for I naturally prepare myself for the latter; growing, I think, more nervous and apprehensive every Day I live. Yet I have recently been painting my best in this last Portrait of Mr. West, of Lord Castlereagh and Sir William Grant, &c. &c. . . .

FARINGTON *to* LAWRENCE.

POST OFFICE, HASTINGS, SUSSEX,
Sept. 18, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter just rec[d] has afforded me most sincere pleasure. The period has arrived for your receiving a full reward for all your professional labours. By judicious management of the great opportunity now afforded you, the reputation you have acquired will be established at the highest point, your persevering industry rewarded, and your domestic comforts secured.

The terms you propose appear to me to be made proper by the additional *thousand pounds* for *time and* expences. But this agreement I consider only as a commencement of pecuniary advantages.

Having in your possession Portraits of the highest Personages of this age in respect of rank and of so many of the distinguished Political and military Characters on whom the attention of the world has been so long fixed, you will be able to *form an Exhibition* that will bring you thousands of pounds. There is not a People existing who take a deeper interest in public events than the British nation, and the public curiosity would be moved in the extreme to see authenticated Portraits of the characters of the principal nations of Europe, who have acted in the late great struggle to rescue the world from tyranny and oppression.

Your representation of these distinguished men will, from your known ability, be viewed with all the confidence of certainty that, as far as pictorial power can go, they have a faithful portrait of each character before them. I can scarcely notice what you write about your being successful. You are so matured in your art that it is impossible for you to fail. All that you have to do is at your command, and you will have the happiness of proceeding to Aix la Chapelle with all the tranquility that can be felt when important business is to be done without difficulty.

Upon this subject of essential advantages to be derived from this great occasion I must go farther. The known kind nature of the Prince Regent, and the liberality of his disposition, and His particular regard for you, will ensure you His approbation of any proposal that may be made to Him for your benefit and for the *gratification of the Public.*

You will have His ready consent for an exclusive Exhibition, and for engravings to be made which would sell in every part of the world.

By proceeding upon the plan you adopted with Bowyer and Colnaghi . . . you may . . . make the

latter period of your life a state of ease and comfort. . . .

I think you have judged well in positively declining to receive any more sitters at present. The great undertaking you are preparing to commence will be a work of great labour, and you have besides a large stock on hand which require completion. . . .

You propose to leave London ab^{t} the 22nd inst. I shall remain here with my friends till the middle of October, and shall hope for a letter from you from Aix la Chapelle. . . .—I am, my dear friend, very truly y^{rs},

JOS: FARINGTON.

To Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE,
N°. 65 Russel Square,
London.

Fragment of Letter from LAWRENCE.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE [21 *Oct.* 1818].

. . . At Eleven the next Morning my constant Friend [Lord Stewart] was with me at the Emperor's Hotel, and we were usher'd into the Room where the Drawing was to be made. Windows down to the ground and the Sun blazing full upon it, so that our Eyes were blinded by it.

We remain'd about five minutes, when Lord Stewart was call'd into the next Room and soon came out for me. The Emperor [Alexander] was alone with him. He advanc'd very courteously and said, "I am glad to see you. I am very glad in forming my acquaintance with you."

In a minute or two he said, "Well—shall it be here?" I had my choice of three Rooms, but they were all of the same Aspect, and of course the same flaming Sun upon them. I chose the first, and had great difficulty in placing him out of the Sun, and

myself in tolerable light. He was drest in Uniform and He had expected to stand, but on my explaining my view in making the Drawing he acquiesc'd and sat down. I said, "Sir, Your Majesty must pardon me that I sit in your Presence." He said, "Certainly—no Ceremony."

He then question'd me as to how he was to place himself; and bidding Lord Stewart sit down enter'd into Conversation with him for a long time in English. Lord Stewart had his Arm on my Table. He motion'd to him to take it off. In about ten minutes the Arm was there again. The Emperor look'd at me and smil'd, and then, as if he was touching a *Lady's* Hand gently pull'd it down.

His Conversation was rapid, but not hurried. He express'd himself with great clearness and Force, and various but true expression of his Countenance. He could not have chosen Sentiments better adapted to produce favourable Impression of him, as a Sovereign in the hourly habit of Legislating for a great but in some respects backward Country, and as a Man, deeply sensible to high moral Obligation; and this in speaking of his Views for Russia; he spoke of the formation and *correction* of his own Character; there was in it nothing that had the appearance of Egotism or of attempted display.

After some time I was engag'd as intently upon my Work and as entirely as I have been on any other, or nearly so. It was half past One O'Clock and he had manifested no impatience; but I began to think that I was trespassing on the Monarch's time at a harrassing period, and when the Conversation paus'd a little, I ventur'd to say, "Sir I *can't* be reasonable. Your Majesty must give the signal."

"Why," he said, "I'm afraid I must now. You don't want me more."

Lord Stewart was looking—"Oh no, Sir"—so I said immediately "*much* more, Sir, but I know Your

Majesty cannot grant it to me—One Quarter of an hour!" "Well," he said, "I don't know how that can be. I go off early to-morrow, and I suppose it can't be by Candle Light!"

"Any Light, Sir, and any moment."

After a short pause he said, "If you like coming after Dinner, come exactly at Four O'Clock, and I'll sit till the Dark comes."

I made my obeisance of Gratitude, and then he look'd at the Drawing. He said, "You have done a great deal—I am very well satisfied. My Lord Stewart look." He did—lik'd it but found a fault.

The Emperor said, "but it is one sitting only. Call in Volkouskie" (I think that is the Name) His Adjutant General, whose Picture had been begun by Dawe.[1] He came, lik'd it, but thought the Expression of the Brow too severe. "I don't see that; I am very well satisfied. You will come at Four." He then bow'd to both of us after talking for a Minute to Louvouski (who is a very estimable Man) in Russ, and left the Room.

As soon as we could get back I return'd to my Lodgings with my Sketch (churlishly abstaining from leaving it even for the possibility of Mr. *Dawe's* Inspection) and till I again went, work'd upon it from quick *memorandum* Memory, without intermission.

I have forgotten,—Count Lieven came in after the other — spoke positively of the Likeness, and very warmly of me; and at the Emperor's Departure I requested him to have the Room prepar'd for me by closing the Shutters and putting up a green Blind.

At five minutes before Four I went into the Court, having seen Mr. Dawe prowling close to it; (I beg his pardon) *creeping* round it in the street.

[1] George Dawe, who went to Russia in 1819, and painted for the Emperor about 400 portraits of the chiefs of the Russian army who had, with the assistance of the sword, vanquished Napoleon.

I sat down for about ten Minutes, when the Door behind me was suddenly open'd, and the Emperor shutting it fast came in. I was thus alone with him, and remain'd so till the close of the Sitting. He said, "I am late." The Air was rather cold. . . .

Sunday.

The Emperor had appointed yesterday at Eleven O'Clock for the next sitting. At a quarter past I receiv'd a Note from His Physician, Sir James Wylie, acquainting me that His Majesty could not come till Twelve O'Clock.

Twelve O'Clock, Halfpast came. One O'Clock—about two minutes after I heard the Word given to the Soldiers—the noise of the Populace and the rattling of his Carriage. I was down just in time to receive him at the Entrance.

He came entirely alone but full-dress'd. As he pass'd through the Hall he said, taking me by the Arm or rather by the Wrist—"I am afraid I have made you wait. The King of Prussia came to me and kept me."

As he went up Stairs He said, "How do you do to-day. I hope you keep well. Are you not fatig'd yourself with Business?" . . .

He then ask'd if he should now sit, would not suffer me to take his Hat, but went to a Chair at some distance to put it down. Soon after he had seated himself Gen[l] Ouvoroff in plain Clothes came in.

His I. M. sat again remarkably well and I finally succeeded; but certainly I have less and less confidence as I grow old. The waiting and the suspense is a nervous thing. The going down and coming up the Stairs unsettles one, and the first quarter of an hour in agitation and doubt spite of all previous determination.

But Mrs. Siddons said she could never yet face an

Audience without something of apprehension, and I must therefore be well content to endure this Weakness.

I have been quite as successful as in the dear Emperor Francis. He keeps all in awe, but he is still I see greatly belov'd by all his Officers.

His Aide de Camps, fine young Men, quite dance about the Picture, mad with Joy at its being so like him. The Figure is not sketch'd in, and they put themselves into Postures to shew me how he stands, not gracefully (as they say), but he stands so. . . .

He sat admirably, keeping his Head and very frequently his Eye in the exact direction that I pointed out, but all the while, except in short answers or questions to me, engag'd in very animated Conversation with his attendant Gen[l] Ouvaroff in Russ. . . .

You know how long it is before one gets under weigh in Painting—before the Pencil can mould the Color into shape, before that shape has *general* accuracy of form, before truth of Hue and Tone is united to it, and then the fleeting moment of Expression given. These were golden minutes to me, and I happily succeeded; whilst the Emperor seem'd to forget the time in mixd indulgence to me, and enthusiasm on his subject. I should certainly have held him longer, but that the Ministers crept in on Tip-toe from the Conferences and terminated the Sitting.

They all gave their approbation to my Work—the Emperor himself look'd attentively at it, not displeasingly, then appointed to come at the same hour tomorrow; and on leaving me quietly and firmly took me by the Hand. . . .

Fragment of Letter from LAWRENCE.

[25 *Nov.* 1818.]

. . . At Two the Empress Dow[r]. and her Retinue came. Conceive an exceedingly comely rather large

Sir T. Lawrence

LORD STEWART
(afterwards Marquis of Londonderry)

Woman, very fair, muffled up, and walking as if fatig'd or ill, Paying me even in the Entrance Hall the handsomest Compl^ts on the Fame of my Talents, which she was now come to see. Conceive her then when fatig'd to death with the eternal Stairs on the first sight of the Picture, *screaming* with Delight at it! marking how every trick of his Countenance was caught, and his own very own action. She was before it a very, very long time—often addressing me in the most engaging manner—expressing her dread of receiving anything less like than the real Picture which ought to be his Mothers, and finally after frequent Panegyric desiring me to be assured not merely of her Admiration, but her "*Gratitude*" to me.

LAWRENCE *to* SMIRKE.

His Excellency,
Lieut.-General LORD STEWART'S, &c. &c. &c.,
VIENNA, *Dec.* 21^st^, 1818.

. . . The visit of the Emperor of Russia to this City, and the necessary devotion of the time of the great Personages here to His gratification, whether of Business or Amusement (for He seems equally to enjoy both) has rendered it impossible for me to have sittings from Prince Schwartzenburg, but I am established in a very good painting room, a large saloon, a square of ab^t 45 feet, in the Palace, in which I have completed a strong likeness of General Czernicheff. The Emperor of Russia goes to-morrow, and within a day or two after His departure, I hope to begin the Portrait of the Austrian General, and another of the Emperor Francis.

Lord Stewart's friendship is equally zealous and active in securing facilities for my Professional mission, and in making my stay as agreeable as possible at moments when I am not employed upon

it. Comfortable Dinners and the Theatre—Splendid Dinners and High Society—Reviews and Court Fetes, form part of the History of my present residence with Him.

I have been presented to the Emperor and to the Empress, and was last night at the most superb Assembly at the Palace that I ever yet beheld ; the most beautifully splendid in Decoration, the most gorgeous in the magnificence of Dress in the Individuals.

I am greatly indebted likewise to Prince Metternich, whom you may remember I painted in England. . . .

LAWRENCE *to* (?)

LORD STEWART'S,
Feby the 12*th*, 1819.

. . . I am painting the Arch Duchess Charles, a very sweet, amiable, and lovely Being. She came to me yesterday for the third time at a quarter before Ten and left me at One.

Her Husband, his three Brothers, and venerable Uncle the good Duke Albert came with her. They are all fondly attach'd to her, and it was quite delightful to see them standing close to her Throne —the Arch Duke Charles with his Arm round his Brother's Neck, each trying to gain her attention as tho' she had been the young coy Beauty, and they her Suitors. . . . The Portrait of the Arch-Duchess is for the Emperor. . . .

To-day I had two Invitations. One to dine at Prince Metternich's to meet the Persian,[1] another to dine at the French Ambassador's. I accepted the latter, and when there, receiv'd an Invitation to Comte Nicholas Esterhazy to see a French Play by some of the Nobility at Vienna.

[1] Abou Hassan, the Persian ambassador.

LAWRENCE *to* FARINGTON.

VIENNA, *March* 20th, 1819.

. . . You are bald, my dear Friend, and now *to my mortification* have taken to a Wig! and *I* am very *nearly* bald, and my Hair is quite Grey, and other indications of increasing Age are not wanting, and amongst them *de*creasing Strength; so that I am now not equal to that whole Day's occupation of my Mind and employment of my Faculties, which I could once at any time command.

I am glad that I can with truth inform you that my professional success increases. Aware that here is no Competition, I strive to keep my Mind up to our Exhibition at home, and never rest satisfied with my Work, because it satisfies the partial Spectators round me. . . .

From unavoidable circumstances my hours of labor are on the whole fewer than when I was in England. I labor "with all my Mind and with all my Strength," and I must say meet with every encouragement from the candour and liberality of the Artists at Vienna. . . .

But that no Person can be more sensible than myself to the small and subtle Links that unite the great Chain of Events in Human Life, I should now regret that I did not marry at [Smirke's] Age or earlier. It is enough however that I am blest in the notice and Affection of dear and most valuable Friends, whose Regard for me in prosperity is a still surer Test of disinterested attachment, than in times of less cheerful Aspect. It is freer from the weak triumphs of Self-Love; which is too apt to mingle in the services to Misfortune. . . .

His Vienna visit over, Lawrence proceeded in May to Rome, commanded by the Prince

Regent to paint for him portraits of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. This visit has also been so fully dealt with by Williams that it needs little by way of supplement. All that need be said is that as at Vienna Lawrence had been admitted on terms of intimacy into the most exclusive society in Europe, so at Rome he was the recipient of the most dazzling flattery and hospitality. But through it all he moved with a modest dignity which won the admiration of all with whom he was brought into contact.

Three letters only of this period call for quotation. The two first are written to his dear friend in Hart Street, whose lively reminiscences of the artist will be found at the end of this volume.

Lawrence *to* Miss Croft.

Rome, Palazzo Quirinale.
June 18*th*, 1819.

My dear Madam,—I have written this morning a long letter to our dear friend, in which I have apologised for not writing to you, by the same Post. Will you forgive me that I do not? I think it right to ask you the question myself, lest from the known caprice of your nature she should have lost her influence, and I remain unpardoned. Rome certainly is the best place for this unhappy dilemma, but I fear even the power of His Holiness does not extend to the remission of sins against Friendship, especially as all the obligation has been on one side and bestowed upon the Criminal. Before I mention my own affairs let me ask after your own health with that of dear Hester, and my Sister or my Aunt, I forget in which of these permitted Relations

she condescends to let me know her, my sister then or my Aunt Marshall? From my other Aunt Clarissa I have had a short but very kind gratifying letter this morning; it is dated the 1st and written from Senlis. She tells me to write to her at Geneva, and commands me to come to her. I am therefore in the midst of packing and shall set off either to-morrow, or after I have completed the Pope's portrait with that of Cardinal Gonsalvi, and visited for a few days Naples.

I am very happy to tell you that I have completely succeeded in the former Picture, to the utmost of my expectation and almost of my wishes. I think it now the most interesting and best head that I have painted, and the general impression is in unison with this belief; for it is thought the best and happiest resemblance of the Pope that has ever been painted. Of the Cardinal's portrait I have made a very promising beginning, and as a whole have no doubt of these closing labours of my Mission being fully equal if not superior to any of my former efforts. Having sufficiently admired and puffed my own Performances (which I do, however, with sincerity as well as vanity) I refer you to parts of my letter to our dear Friend, for information of the pleasantness of my residence here, and circumstances attending it. Would to God you were all here with me! The air of itself is Heaven! tho' now and then the Devil troubles it with storms; a magnificent one of Thunder and Lightning being now rumbling and roaring over my head.

Rome is and must be still the most interesting spot on Earth, except that which contains within it the Friends we love. Tell good Hannah and Elizabeth—Mary rather, that I am quite well, and Edward [1] likewise, and with this Commission bequeathed to you, I beg you to believe me ever, My dear Miss Croft, and kind loved Friend; with dear Mrs. Marshall, sister to Madame

[1] Edward Holman, his servant.

Wolff of Charing, and Miss Hester Chawner, and the accomplished Georgina Marshall, and my dear Betty whom I never forget (but who I hope is entirely forsaken by that tooth ache).—Ever

Your obliged THOM^{s}. LAWRENCE,
otherwise the CHEVALIER,
otherwise LAWRO.

LAWRENCE *to* MISS CROFT.

PALAZZO QUIRINALE, *July* 15th, 1819.

Though I have power only to write a line to you, my dear Madam, by this Post, you will not be sorry to hear from one whom you have so much obliged that he is in perfect health, altho' in a Season of that intense heat that in a lower situation is sure to occasion malady. I am careful in diet, hours and Exercise, and luckily carry on my professional labours in a pleasantly cool room. They have been successful almost to my wishes. I have completed the resemblance of the Pope, and greatly advanced with the rest of the picture ; and secured an animated likeness of a fine subject in the Cardinal Gonsalvi. I am preparing for Naples and after short stay there and a few days at Rome on my return, shall commence my journey homeward and most happy shall I be to embrace those dear and inestimable Friends who have been so considerate for me in this long absence and whose society for so many years has constituted my rational and solid comfort. Give my affectionate regards to Mrs. Marshall if she is still with dear Hester, to whom I beg you to remember me with esteem and regard.

'Tis long, very long since I heard from our dearest Friend at Charing—Yet I know the perpetual friendly or useful occupation of her Mind, and try to find sufficient Cause in those engagements for her silence. I

mas Lawrence

Allen & Co. Sc

Mrs Wolff

have lately written long and two short letters to her. How is her dear health? That pain that she lately felt in her side?

If you write instantly, I shall get the letter on my return from Naples. I return to England within the year from my setting out.—Adieu, my dear Madam. Believe me ever your obliged and attached Friend,

THOS. LAWRENCE.

A third letter of this period calls for quotation, not only because of the evidence it affords of the terms of intimacy upon which he was admitted into the society of the most distinguished member of the most exclusive court in Europe, but also because in it we find something more than a suggestion of tenderness towards the lady to whom it is written. I have before stated that everything points to Lawrence's friendship with Mrs. Wolff being one that none could cavil at. And my opinion remains unchanged. At the same time I should not be acting with absolute frankness were I to suppress anything which may seem to point to the contrary. The letter, though long, is but a fragment, with neither beginning nor end, as though mutilated with the intention of putting any inquisitive person off the track of its recipient.

But fate dogs the footsteps of those who set themselves to tamper with evidence, and we find here a curious little example of the sort of oversight to which far-seeing persons are liable. "The little Pew at Charing" is all that is needed to earmark Mrs. Wolff as the recipient, or at any rate the addressee of the letter.

The "Marie" of the letter was the Comtesse

Marie Esterhazy, Prince Metternich's daughter. "Kaunitz" was, I imagine, the son of the celebrated diplomatist whose granddaughter and heiress Metternich had married.

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. WOLFF.

25 June 1819.

. . . On our return as we came we stopp'd at the French Ambassadors. I had pull'd off my Dress suit for the Cardinal's Dinner, &c., and was in trousers. I told him therefore that I could not accompany him, and it was then Twelve o'clk. I was getting out of the Carriage, but he said, "No—no—stay and take Marie home," and Marie joining in it and moving into the corner I remain'd, and left her on the great stairs of the Consulate (the Palace immediately opposite to the Quirinal) assign'd as the Residence of Prince Metternich. This little detail, trifling or vain to any Eyes but those of affection will show the confidential intercourse with which Prince Metternich has honour'd me,—the justness therefore of my regret at perhaps having lost sight of him for ever, and the state of domestic Harmony in which this successful Statesman of the most arduous Period in the great conflicts of Europe lives with his Daughter and his Family. He dotes upon her, she always travels with him. Her husband, whom she so much loves, goes in the second Carriage. This arrangement, which keeps her to the moment of the Prince's departure, occasion'd her a little vexation on the Night of their going. She had taken leave of his Friends who had assembled to see him for the last evening, and some of them went away. The Cardinal however and the Nuncio, with two or three others, myself amongst them, stayed. The Prince was long in preparing himself for the Journey. After he came,

and whilst he was talking to His Eminence, I saw a Door at the extremity of the Rooms open and perceiv'd that it was the Comtesse. Comte Esterhazy as immediately made a sign and the Door was shut. Some short time after, waiting for the Conferences being ended, I had return'd to the last Room opening on the great Stair-Case, and there I saw the little Comtesse "Marie" in a downright Night Cap and a Dress every way suited to it; Snug enough for the Stage to Barnstaple. I immediately apologised for detecting her and her little Womanish anxieties vanished. "O, pray tell me my Father's coming—he'll *never* come." In a few minutes he did, and we all attended him down the steps to his Carriage, the Cardinal there embracing him and staying till the last of his suite was gone, the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Kaunitz and us. He then attended by his two servants with Lanthorns accepted my arm, and walked home to the Palace and by this time it was near One O'clock. I had a grand parting conversation with the Prince, towards the close of which he said, "We shall meet again—but I do not think it will be in England. You see how I am situated—I am not a free Man—the effort must be on your side. Come to Vienna, a short time brings you to it, and public Affairs must keep me on the Continent. Come if you are not dissatisfied with your friends and with me. I shall always be glad to see you, and I am not indifferent at leaving you." I just mention'd the improbability of my again leaving England and my effort at reply was soon ended. He rather saw than heard my answer, and I return'd to the Party, who by this time were attending to our distant conversation. I had the last Look from him at his driving off, and had pass'd a sweet evening in company with him, having gone with him, his Daughter and Prince Kaunitz to look once more at St. Peter's and drive

afterwards to Monte Mario, a villa near Rome, from whence it was to be seen in its greatest Beauty. When in St. Peter's, and as we were leaving it, we suddenly miss'd his "Marie." Neither Prince Kaunitz nor I could tell him where she was. At length I saw the back of a little kneeling Figure at a distant Altar that we had left; I pointed it out to Pr. Metternich, and he immediately with a grave and significant look to me put his Finger on his Lips, and we waited till we saw her returning. Not a word was said, and we left St. Peter's in silence.

I thought instantly of you and the little Pew at Charing, and long'd for your Society, as I always do whenever Beauty or Virtue present themselves before me.

Do we connect Words with Ideas of Persons or Things when we think of or address them in absence? I think I seldom *name* you—my Feeling, generally has this form, "that you were here now!" "that you could see this!" or, "that she were here now." "How delighted SHE would be."

My Bed Room Window is so small that only one Person can conveniently look out of it, but it looks over the Pope's garden and St. Peters, Monte Mario, &c., and as sweet Even'g closes I often squeeze you into it tho' it *does* hurt you a little by holding your arm so *closely* within mine. . . .

From Rome Lawrence made a short expedition to Naples, whence he wrote the following letter:—

LAWRENCE *to* HIS BROTHER ANDREW.

NAPLES, GRAN BRETAGNA, *July 28th*, 1819.

MY DEAR ANDREW,—I arriv'd on Monday last very safely at this City, and with the highest enjoyment

of the fine Scenery through which I pass'd, and the splendid Coup d'Oeil that awaited me on my first View of this enchanting Spot.

I have already seen much that has interested me in Art—fine Pictures, Statues, and Bronzes. My stay is render'd additionally pleasant by good Society. I dine to-day at our Embassador's Sir William a'Court[1] to meet Lord and Lady Ponsonby, and on Sunday at the Austrian Embassadors Prince Jablonowsky, where I meet with kind Vienna Friends; having others from Rome in the same Hotel with me. I paint nothing here, and my whole stay is confin'd to 12 Days. . . .

I cannot be too grateful to the Prince not only for having so distinguish'd me by this Mission (which fortunately has been successfully executed), but for having at this period of my Life given me so much of rational Enjoyment. It is pleasant on the Continent to be greeted by one's Countrymen, who have all seem'd to consider my presence, or rather my Works, as general advantage to the Character of England, in what relates to the progress of the Arts. It was too much the habit of the Continent to ask, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" so entirely in fancy had they monopoliz'd the credit arising from them. . . .

Amongst the English visitors to Rome during Lawrence's stay was the Duchess [Elizabeth] of Devonshire, with whom he had for many years been on terms of intimate friendship. The drawing asked for in the following letter was a portrait of the Pope. This he executed for her a few hours before he left on his homeward journey.

[1] Afterwards Lord Heytesbury.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to* LAWRENCE.

[*Sept.* 3, 1819.]

MY DEAR SIR,— . . . Pray be assur'd of the pleasure it affords me to contribute at all to your enjoyment of a country and of scenes of which you are so worthy; and of having had an opportunity after a lapse of so many years, of proving to you, in some degree, the very sincere regard, friendship, and admiration which I feel for you. To have seen Rome with a person of your discrimination, fine feeling, and knowledge of the Arts is what I shall always reflect upon with pleasure. . . .

I am sure I need not entreat of you Not to forget your kind promise to me of leaving a drawing with me of that inimitable picture, for besides its value as a likeness, I have an anxious wish to possess something of your doing; I know that your drawings are finer than anything known, and I shall have a pride in having one to show. With your happy facility, an hour or two w^d^ do what would gratify me.

God bless you my dear Sir; I regret your going to Naples, but I shall very much indeed regret your leaving Rome.—Very sincerely y^r^,

E. DEVONSHIRE.

On March 20, 1820, Lawrence returned to England. George IV., of whom Lord Stewart had but lately written, "The last time I saw the Prince he talked in wild rapture of all the delight he expected from your treasures on your return," was now king. Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, was just dead, and

Lawrence was immediately elected to the vacant chair. He had brought with him eight whole-length portraits for his royal master, who signalised his admiration and gratitude by presenting a gold chain and medal bearing his likeness, and inscribed: "FROM HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV. TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY."

Lawrence was now Principal Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty, and had had, or was shortly to have, conferred upon him the diplomas of the Roman Academy at St. Luke's, the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, at Venice, at Bologna, at Turin, of Denmark, of Austria, and of the Fine Arts at New York. Indeed the civilised world seemed to be in a general conspiracy to make him a veritable *enfant gâté.* But to the end we find his modesty invincible, and what is even more to his credit, an honest determination not to rest content with the skill to which he had already attained, but to continue developing his powers to the utmost. As a result, in this, the last decade of his life, he painted quite as well if not better than he had ever painted before.

Soon after his return to England he received the following letter of sound advice from the ever faithful Farington, who foresaw the temptation there would be to accede to the requests of the Mrs. Lion Hunters of the day to exhibit his unfinished pictures, instead of devoting himself steadily to their completion for the spring exhibition.

FARINGTON *to* LAWRENCE.

April 3rd, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though I have so lately parted from you, I cannot refrain from further expressing my sentiments.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the full, leads to fortune." You have now a *spring tide*, a command of everything that can be had in this world. That you may avail yrself of the glorious opportunity afforded you is my warmest wish.

Again accept my advice.

Do not gratify any curiosity, but take full leisure for consideration. You have the strongest plea for reserve. I shall not be quite easy till I know that yr. pictures are *safely lodged upstairs*, to be brought down to your *painting room singly* for you to work upon them *privately and undisturbed*.

I cannot express how much I am gratified with what you have done. Your situation in the Art is decided for future ages. Truly yrs,

JOS: FARINGTON.

The following letter, unimportant in itself, may serve for evidence of the good nature which was so eminent a characteristic of the great painter. This correspondence teems with examples of little requests graciously acceded to.

LORD CLARENDON *to* LAWRENCE.

THE GROVE, WATFORD HERTS,
April 25th, 1820, *Tuesday*.

SIR,—There is hardly anyone more scrupulous than myself in being guilty of any intrusion when I have no pretensions to take that liberty: If I shd.

seem to be acting in contradiction to this declaration in this instance, let me offer as my apology, (which I do not consider as a sufficient *excuse*) that the favour I wish to obtain, I only ask on condition that you have no objection to granting it.

It would be a great object to an elderly Lady, a friend of mine, who lives in your neighbourhood, to walk, for her health, in Russell Square. Would you allow her to call at your house for the use of your key when it was not otherwise occupied?

You might *perfectly* depend upon it's being always punctually returned.

My slight acquaintance with you, allow me to say, would always make me glad to avail myself of any opportunity of improving it.—I am, Sir, with much esteem, Yours sincerely,

CLARENDON.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

LAWRENCE *to* HIS BROTHER ANDREW.

RUSSELL SQUARE, *July 26th*, 1820.

MY DEAR ANDREW,—My time is more perpetually and fatiguingly occupied than it ever yet was at any period of my Life, and from the propriety and necessity of supporting the Credit of the Royal Academy, who have behav'd so handsomely to me, I cannot decline the too numerous dinner Engagements and Parties to which Persons of high Rank invite me; so that the Evening hours which us'd to bring tranquillity and repose to me and some little of leisure, have been as completely fill'd as the Mornings of occupation. But my Nephews saw how I am circumstanc'd.

I have no independant Fortune to maintain the Dignity of the Royal Academy with, and if I do it by Station in Society, (never seeking the distinction

but only receiving it) it is in reality incumbent upon me and particularly in this first Year of my Election and return to England. In the next I shall gradually retire from it, devoting myself to my numerous Works and to necessary but quiet employment in the Evn'gs.

I grieve to learn that you suffer still more from this painful Complaint, and that it even threatens to stop the performance of your sacred Duties.[1] . . .

I hope indeed soon to have conversation with you . . . for I mean to force myself on you as a Guest, or in a Lodging near you for two or three Days, whilst dear Anne[2] is with you.

For a longer time I fear is not possible. It is of the greatest importance that I should hasten the completion of my series of Pictures, and have the benefit both in Reputation and Profit of their Exhibition in the ensuing Spring. I can never expect that the labors of my Pencil will have so great Interest at any future time as they now have, nor their Superiority be so generally acknowledg'd.

You will be sorry to learn that poor Azor is dead! His Age render'd it unsafe to ride him, and I could not bear that he should exist in Infirmity. In London too I could not have him buried with any chance of his remaining undisturb'd. He is buried in Mrs. Marshall's grounds at Charing, and a Volley was fir'd over his Grave in remembrance of his former Life and Master. I have no News to tell you. The Duke of Wellington has been with me this Morn'g. He is deeply impress'd with the present state of Degradation and demoralising of the Country, but speaks confidently of the Soldiery, telling me pleasant anecdotes of the pains taken to enforce the contrary belief. He is gone to a Review of the City Light Horse,

[1] The Rev. Andrew Lawrence died a year later.
[2] Mrs. Bloxam.

Sir T. Lawrence

MISS BLOXAM

who will doubtless be gratified by his Attendance. He was with me at exactly Eight O'Clock. I had an Audience of the King on Tuesday last, who was then (as he still is) affected with Gout. His Majesty look'd thinner and paler, but was in good Spirits, and courteous and kind as ever.

We prepare ourselves for popular Commotion every Day of the Trial, since in defiance of Modesty, the Queen determines to be present. . . .

Remember me affectionately to dear Anne and my Niece, and believe me, my dear Andrew, faithfully yours, T. L.

In June of this year Queen Caroline had entered London amidst popular rejoicings, having rejected the offer of a settlement on condition that she would live abroad and not claim the title of Queen. Thereupon a Bill was promoted in the House of Lords for divorcing her, but was subsequently abandoned. It is to the divisions in the Ministry on this matter that allusion is made in the course of the following letter. A year later the unhappy woman died in London.

Lawrence *to* Farington.

Russell Square, *August the* 30th, 1820.

My dear Friend,—I was very much gratified by your kind letter, and feel very sensibly the goodness of those considerate thoughts which are thus ready to account for my silence by its real cause, the pressure of my engagements, and some diminution of that activity of Mind and Frame that once enabled me to endure much longer continuance of Fatigue than I now can: for after the Day's vigilant employment I could *then* sit up either writing or Reading or

Drawing till two, three, or four in the Morning, and now a few necessary Notes written in the Even'g tire me.

Society has an exciting power which keeps the faculties alive, and even at the close of a Party leaves one indispos'd to Rest; but the weariness resulting from it in the Morning is so painful to me (when I want my Mind clear and fresh) that I have quite given it up and go to none.

From many motives, I did not chuse to reject the flattering Invitations I have receiv'd in the first season of my return. I thought it but due to my Profession to maintain the station which the Arts ought to hold in the Country, and to justify the Election of me to my Competitors, by shewing them that they lost nothing by it in the general opinion; but that done, quiet is a necessity both to my Heart and to my Faculties; and I must now do all that I can to secure it for the short remainder of my Life.

I go on Sunday to dine with Lord Castlereagh[1] at North Cray, but I believe that will be the extent of my recreation in high Society for some considerable time. There is no want of opportunity *now*. London is I think fuller than ever, and such is the extent and excess of the present popular delusion, that I am convinc'd from the Crowds of well dress'd Country People and Gentry about the Streets, that they come up to see this "injur'd Innocence" of "unsunn'd Snow," as before they came up to see the Sovereigns.

If by the unlimited means of Perjury plac'd at her disposal, and new Facilities afforded her for vexatious delay, she should ('tho' it is improbable) finally triumph, I shall be as thoroughly sick of the Weakness and Injustice of Human Nature as any

[1] Father of his friend, Lord Stewart.

Misanthrope whose Life had been the Victim of Folly, Treachery, and Ingratitude.

There must be a future state in which our Perception of Good and Right cannot be thus thwarted, by others and ourselves, or I should be inclin'd to doubt the existence even of Divinity itself.

You the fast Friend of my present, and confidential one of my *past* Life, (at least in some most interesting moments of it) may well guess what must be MY feelings at beholding this daring Farce, at seeing Vice, Ignorance, and innocent Credulity, thus leagu'd against Integrity, Chastity, and Wisdom.

A most vexatious circumstance occurr'd yesterday. You will perceive by the *Courier* that the Ministry have been dividing against itself. . . . The result *may* be good, but only if the Queen be convicted: the result may be *bad*, for it may afford her means of delay, of escape and audacious Triumph.

In the meantime it can be converted by her Friends into proof of the conscious Injustice of the cause against her, when even its supporters are thus vacillating and divided. . . .

The Duke of Wellington . . . was the day before yesterday in danger of his Life from the gratitude of the Country he has sav'd ! ! He was pelted, and they endeavour'd to pull him from His Horse. . . .

You have full confidence in the rare value that I set on your Friendship, and I know believe me ever, Your constant and attach'd, as oblig'd,

LAWRENCE.

The writer of the following letter is the Lord Stewart of former days, who had taken the surname of Vane on his second marriage in 1819. His intimacy with Lawrence continued until the painter's death.

LORD VANE-STEWART *to* LAWRENCE.

VIENNA, *Aug.* 22nd, 1820.

MY D^{RST}. FRIEND,—I have been very remiss in answering Your last Letter, and by the Messenger which arrived yesterday I have another very kind Communication, together with some little Commissions for me to do—; perhaps, the best Service we can perform for our friends is to work for them, and not to bore them with long Scribbling, especially when they have so much to do as You always have.

This I have done, and I have g^{t} Satisfaction in assuring You that P. Metternich, deeply impress'd with y^{r} transcendant Talents and the Affection His August Master bears You, is to move His Majesty immediately to confer upon You a distinguished Austrian Decoration in commemoration of Your great professional Exertions display'd in Germany and Italy and of the high Estimation in which You are held by the Austrian Gov^{t}.

I think I can answer for there being little Delay in this Business, and You may consider the *thing as done*. The Insignia, &c., will be transmitted in due form, and I only rejoice that I am the humble Instrument of acquainting You first of a high mark of Imperial favor, which must give You satisfaction.

Before Mett$^{er's}$ Return and until there was a favorable Moment I thought Silence was best. Now I hope all is as it ought to be. I send your Rings [1] as You order'd safe and sound. My little Wife desires her Love. God Bless, Keep, and protect you.—Ever Your sure and constant friend,

VANE-STEWART.

[1] Presented to Lawrence by the Emperors of Russia and Austria.

A movement was now on foot for the establishment of an Academy of Painters in Ireland, and chiefly through Lawrence's influence the Hibernian Academy came into being. But before taking any decided steps he, as a matter of course, asked his faithful friend for advice. The following excerpts from Farington's reply, dated October 12, 1820, speak for themselves:—

FARINGTON *to* LAWRENCE.

WOODVALE, *Oct. 12th*, 1820.

. . . I have considered the proposal to establish a Royal Academy of Arts in Ireland and approve it. I regret that I am not in London at this time so far as this matter is an Object, as I have the means of giving you most particular information.

I came to the Metropolis in 1763, and the Incorporated Society of Artists was instituted in 1765. I was afterwards a Member, and know the whole history of it and also what relates to the foundation of the Royal Academy. Experience has proved that there is only one safe and lasting mode of forming such a Society. The great points are these. First the number of members shall consist of not more than 40 first-rate members, consisting of Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. This number to be filled up gradually according to rising merit. The Incorporated Society was soon a scene of contest and confusion, the consequence of admitting Engravers . . . and inferior artists, to an unlimited number, who by their quantity were enabled to outvote the really respectable members.

This caused the most distinguished artists to withdraw their names and to apply to his Majesty to patronise a new and select formation, which, wisely

planned, has made the Royal Academy an object of high consideration throughout the Empire. . . .

At the time the Incorporated Society was formed there existed an Old *established Academy* for drawing from *the Life* only, in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. . . .

I thank you for your information respecting the Queen's business. My sentiments are hitherto unaltered. While abroad, she was a roving, careless, and I believe sensual wanderer, and I am confirmed in this opinion by her conduct since she returned to England. Here she has been at least the mouth-piece of brutal railing and sedition, and has shewn her mind to be devoid of principle and decorum. The evidence hitherto given for her does for the most part reflect little credit upon those who gave it. I think it often obviously false, and much of it shuffling. . . . Y^rs. most truly, JOS. FARINGTON.

The following fragments of letters from Lord Vane-Stewart speak for themselves.

LORD VANE-STEWART *to* LAWRENCE.

VIENNA, *Feb^y.* 22^nd^ [1821].

An accident with my right hand, which has lam'd me for this fortnight up to my Shoulder, My dear friend, has prevented my sooner acknowledging Your very kind Letter,—Your remembrances arrive like a genial Sun in a frozen Clime, *seldom*, but always producing warmth and pleasure, and a Momentary gaiety, as recalling past Scenes of Happiness.

It is impossible to look for from you, a Correspondence *suivée*. To hear however that you are well, More Illustrious in Your Art than ever, and more beloved by the *Great*, who have learn't to *know* You, or by the

humble, to whom You have ever been good, affords the sincerest pleasure to Your friend at a distance.

I want no new proofs of Your kindness towards me, You know I am already heavily in Your Debt, and there seems no Settlement to our account, and Yet how can I refuse what will give me the greatest pleasure in Life—to have Your painting of my Boy. Oh, this I can well afford, so upon strict Conditions He shall be at Your Orders and I write to his Tutor to bring [him] up purposely from Eton any days in May that You appoint for his Sitting. . . . If Your Life is monotonous in Y^r. painting room, At least it affords daily the study of new Countenances, new Beauties ; new Charms besiege You, and I own, in some instances, I should think this part of Y^r. Career the most trying and difficult, for how is it possible to contemplate for hours a Beautiful object and not feel inspir'd by it?" . . .

After comparing with Lawrence's the monotony and sameness of his own life, whilst confessing that on the face of things he has everything man can desire, he proceeds :—

"Yet with all this, Why do I sigh after England? and in my gloomy moments think myself wretched, Why do I long for those days of my humble home in Grafton S^t. and my joint of meat dinner, when I liv'd on 2000 a Year, and when I now have near 20,000?"

LORD VANE-STEWART *to* LAWRENCE.

VIENNA, *April* 8^th^, 1821.

. . . You have surely heard the verses written on Talleyrand's House by some Wag. He had lately put up in large Letters in gold over the Door—

"HÔTEL DE TALLEYRAND."

In the night the following verses were *written* :—

Cet Hôtel—Il faut l'avouer
De deux façons se peut entendre.
S'il s'agit de l'Hôtel il faut mettre
S'il est question du Maitre à Louer
Il est toujours *à Vendre.*

Pray put this in the *Morning Post* if not known.

It is to be hoped that Talleyrand, who was such a master of flouts and sneers himself, forgave the cruelty of this witticism for the sake of its cleverness. Anyhow, it was less cruel than his own dry ejaculation, "*Déjà !*" to the sick friend who declared that he was suffering the torments of hell!

Again we find one of Lawrence's sitters who was growing old in the process writing with natural indignation. It is doubtful whether the lady's husband, that distinguished sailor, Lord Keith, ever had the satisfaction of seeing the "vacant space in his Drawing Room" occupied by her Ladyship's portrait, for he died in 1823.

LADY KEITH *to* LAWRENCE.

HARLEY S^{T}., *May* 16, 1821.

Lady Keith presents her Com^{s}. to Sir Tho^{s}. Lawrence. She is so well convinced of his most important and overwhelming Engagements that she may perhaps suspect even *his Abilities* unequal to the Possibility of fulfilling them.

She is also fully aware how unpleasant it must be to him to send an unfinished Portrait out of his House, knowing that under his own Hands it w^{d} become a beautiful Specimen of his Superior Talent. She has no Doubt of his sincere *Wish to* make it so,

and she can even imagine he may for a moment think it possible to be accomplished.

There, however, she must beg to be excused agreeing with him, and in the perfect Conviction that this Year will pass away as the last fifteen have done vexatiously to both Parties—she thinks the lesser Evil at least to Lord Keith would be to take the Picture in its present State,—or in any State rather than leave the Vacant Space unoccupied in his Drawing Room any longer, and have the same tedious Remarks and Replies to hear and repeat that from being incessant are now become ridiculous.

However, as L^d^. Keith seems unwilling to resort to *Legal* Means till every Hope is totally extinguished, no more Trouble shall be given to Sir Tho^s^. Lawrence on the Subject till next Year, when he will send for the Picture.

George IVth's coronation was fixed for July the 19th, and the rough draft of a letter to Sir George Nayler, Clarenceux king-of-arms, dated May 8, 1821, shows that Lawrence had no mind to be left out of the ceremony. After speaking of his "strong claims, altho' not by Right of Precedent," to take his place in the procession, he presses his rights,

As His Majesty's Principal Painter—As President of the Royal Academy, and therefore, *Representative of Art;* and—as having been honor'd by a Mission from His Majesty, of more importance, distinction, and (perhaps) difficulty, than was ever assign'd by their Patron Monarchs to the Hands of Vandyke, Rubens, or Titian, in which Mission, by the Monarchs of every Court and their respective Governments, it has been acknowledg'd that without one exception, I have succeeded.

You do me *privately, infinite kindness*—if in the civilization of past Ages, Art has had distinction, press my Claims, and *publickly, do me Justice.*

I will not be slow to thank you, or *poorly* to attempt it.—Ever yours, T. L.

The following from Lawrence is a good example of his critical letters to Mrs. Wolff. It is only quoted in part by Williams, and that with uncalled for alterations. It is given here in its entirety, saving for one word, which has been obliterated in the manuscript, no doubt with pious, but none the less misplaced, discretion. The work under discussion is Lord Byron's "Cain," which all the world was talking about.

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. WOLFF.

RUSSELL SQUARE, *Dec^br. the 26^th*, 1821.

The Day is here so intensely dark, and has been from early morning, that I fear it must extend to Charing, yet the recent heavy Rains must in their effect have confin'd you, dear [word scrawled over in different ink,] to the House, and the absence of Sun be therefore only felt within it, where many Resources and your Guest may well compensate for it.

Yesterday was a fine Day, and still feeling it Christmas Day and not liking to be lonesome on it, having rejected finer Invitations and less gratifying, I went to Mrs. Angerstein's, where in the Even'g Lord Byron's Work (from a Mother's secret fears of its Influence) became the topic of Conversation.

I don't exactly perceive your opinion of its tendency, and not doing this my own is at present with Clarissa's.[1]

[1] Mrs. Wolff's sister.

I think it is likely to do much harm, and with exactly that Class of Persons whom we should most wish to preserve from it. On those of more intelligence it will fall hurtless, who will see in it the writhings of a proud and rebuk'd Spirit, driven to that last fatal climax of Human Error, in which, as we together agree'd, goaded by the just reproaches of Society it turns upon it with Demoniac Hate, and says, "Evil! be thou my good." It is temporary triumph to the Carlisles[1] and the Hones, who will take full care to destroy the distinction, which, as in lingering remains of Fear or Shame, the Author himself attempts to draw, and who will therefore represent the Arguments of the Evil Spirit and of Cain as the belief and Tenets of Lord Byron, the first Poet and (with this unanswerable proof of it) the first Philosopher of the Age. Still the safe way with young Minds is to insist on the Author's opinions as given *in his Note*, and that these dark speculations on the Nature and fatal Necessity of the Creator, are *intended* to be disgrac'd by him in being assign'd to the Author of all Ill and the first great Criminal and Dispenser of his Hate.

There are many fine Passages of entirely opposite Character, written apparently with great sincerity of transitory Feeling, and so just and beautiful as almost to bear out this most favourable view of the Author's aim. It is impossible, however, that *we* can be blind to the existence of that unhappy Nature, which seems to have *triumph'd* in daring to forge Arguments of Hostility towards its Maker, and in Imagination impiously to be confronted with Him.

For myself, I can say that I never felt from any cause of human suffering more sincerity of Emotion —that I never appear'd to stand so alone and so

[1] Lawrence should, of course, have written "Carliles"—referring, as he obviously does, to Richard Carlile, the writer and printer of free-thought pamphlets.

immediately in his Presence,—that I never (perhaps) never before address'd him with such passionate truth of humble Love and Reverence, as I did after reading the Work, and ruminating on the Frame of Mind and Pharaoh-like hardness of the Heart that had dar'd to pen it.

I cannot but imagine that there is a strange mysterious Union in Lord Byron's Mind of Genius, Passion, and Insanity, and that [in] the moment of highest elevation the first is always excitement to the latter, making the Human Instrument as completely their Slave, as the approv'd victims of Heathen Inspiration.

If you drive this his fatal effort from you and read his Sardanapalus, you will be charm'd with many lovely Passages, and with the sort of Humanity with which he seems to have striven to rescue the Character from its effeminate Infamy of Fame ; making it new in History, yet entirely probable in Nature. . . .

The year 1822 opened with ill news for Lawrence. His friend and adviser, Joseph Farington, whilst on a visit to Lancashire, had fallen and fractured his skull. He died a fortnight later, without ever recovering consciousness. A pupil of Wilson, he was a landscape painter of considerable merit, and was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1783 and Academician in 1785. Having independent means, he soon after ceased to paint, but took an active part in the affairs of the Royal Academy. A newspaper cutting of the period, which might well have been written by Lawrence himself, says :—

" His private character was marked by a zeal for genius, in whatever sphere of art it might appear, and

by a rare union of discretion and liberality. His knowledge of the world, long experience, matured judgment, even temper, and candour, induced all who wanted advice in the important concerns of life, to resort to him for counsel, which he was always ready to afford."

The following letter, written to Eastlake, who was now devoting himself to landscape painting at Rome, contains interesting reminiscences of Lawrence's childish enthusiasms. When in Rome he had written of Michael Angelo's frescos :—

"There is something . . . in those deities of intellect in the Sestine Chapel that converts the noblest personages of Raphaele's drama into the audience of Michael Angelo, before whom you know that, equally with yourself, they would stand silent and awestruck,"

a sentiment curiously akin to Reynolds's early memorandum, "I was let into the Capella Sistina in the morning and remained there the whole day, a great part of which I spent in walking up and down it in great self-importance. Passing through, on my return, the rooms of Raphael, *they appeared of an inferior order*."

LAWRENCE *to* [SIR] CHARLES EASTLAKE.

RUSSELL SQUARE, *Feb. the* 12*th*, 1822.

. . . You tell me that you have the gratification of Sir George Beaumont's society. He is not now to wonder at my recommendation of the study of the Sestini Chapel, since in very early days of my London life his account of its impression upon him, re-kindled my own vague yet *sincere* admiration of it; for when a boy of fourteen or fifteen at Bath, Night after Night, and from Weeks to Months, I

copied the Figures and Details of the Prophets and Sybils from the Prints by Mantuanus,[1] when I had read Richardson[2] and not Sir Joshua; and when no one round me could understand my passion nor indeed *I* its *source*, except that I felt an Image of Grandeur in them that I was impress'd with by no other Work; tho' I had previously made a Crayon Copy of a small carefully painted Picture of the Transfiguration.

They produced an effect on me similar to that which Bouchardon[3] experienced on his first reading Homer, for I immediately afterwards drew in Chalks colossal Heads of Satan, Adam and Eve, Raphael and Michael, which, tho' I am certain they were greatly deficient in Drawing and therefore Character, I know had something in characteristic expression and obvious elevation of aim that spoke a mind however fettered, strongly and singularly excited.

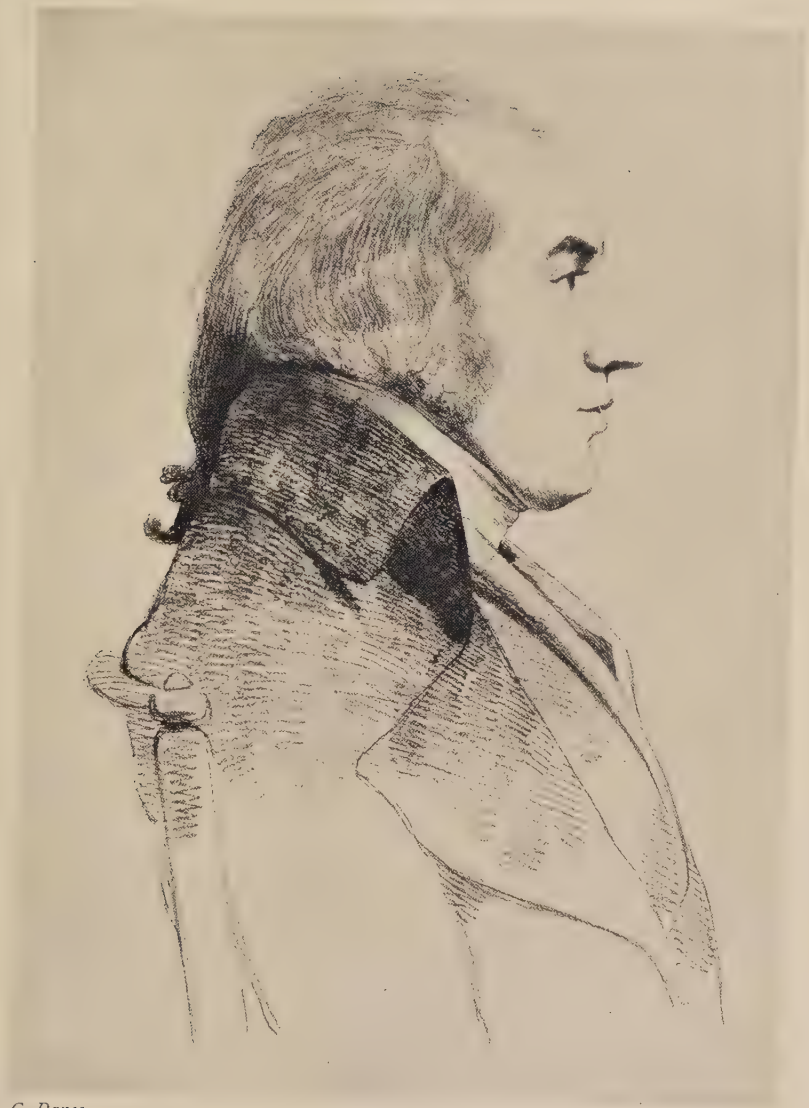
Although therefore I may differ with many of my Friends respecting the master Genius of Michael Angelo (yet I think with no injustice to in-imitable Raffaele), you see that it is no passion of recent date—that it has "grown with my growth and strengthen'd with my strength," and that the conviction of manhood and of age had its origin in the happiness of youth.

We have sustain'd here (I personally) a very great loss in the death of Mr. Farington; an early Friend of Sir George Beaumont, and a most constant one to me. Rome brings him to my mind with fresh grief. My longest letters from it were to him, and some of the most valued that I received there were

[1] Dionisio Mantuano, of Bologna, best known by his painting of the ceiling of the ladies' gallery in the Alcazar at Madrid.

[2] Jonathan Richardson, author of "Theory of Painting," 1715.

[3] Edme Bouchardon, the French sculptor, who died seven years before Lawrence's birth.



G. Dance

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

from his condescending (in Age it is condescension) affection and regard. . . .

The popularity of Lawrence's work at this time is indicated by an agreement which I find this year entered into with Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, under which they agree to pay him the sum of £3000 per annum for two years certain, with the option of seven years more, for the right of engraving his pictures.

All that need be said about the following letter is that it goes to show that dukes and duchesses had to await Lawrence's pleasure equally with common folk.

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON *to* LAWRENCE.

STRATFIELD SAYE, *October 9th*, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been sitting before this paper with my pen ready filled with Ink for at least twenty minutes, meditating upon what words I could employ to induce you to comply, and *immediately*, with a most earnest request which I am now about to make to you. I believe my best way is to say it at once.

Our Library is now complete. The room is a handsome one; the Duke has done every thing to [it] he could do to make it beautiful and comfortable, and my own ardent, earnest wish is to place in that room the Portrait of the Duke himself, that which yet remains unfinished, but which if you are so kind as *really* to undertake it, would in a very short time be completed. As for the background, which I have at different times expressed doubts about, that I Leave *quite* to you, certain that both your Taste and

knowledge are far, very far more to be depended on than the opinion of any other person whatever.

The Duke is now abroad, and I should be everlastingly grateful to you if you would let me have this portrait that I might have it placed in this, his favourite room, before he returns to this country. Will you do this? Pray, pray do not refuse me!!!!

I think I have evinced much patience, I have seen portrait after portrait—but no more of that! It is not in words to express how grateful I shall be to you if you can now finish and let me have this valued Portrait; pray, pray oblige me!—I am, dear Sir, Your obliged Serv^{t}, D. S. WELLINGTON.

I am most anxious for an answer. Will you have the goodness to send me the dimensions of the Portrait as soon as you conveniently can?

Farington had not long been dead ere Lawrence was doomed to lose another of his most intimate friends and generous patrons. The following letter from John Julius Angerstein's son announces the death, at the age of eighty-eight, of that great patron of the fine arts, whose collection, in Williams's unhappy phraseology, "was *doomed* to form the nucleus of our National Gallery."

J. ANGERSTEIN (*jun.*) *to* LAWRENCE.

DEAR LAWRENCE,—My Poor Father died this morning in the most placid easy way at 6 o'clock, and I have the satisfaction to tell you that since He took that affectionate leave of me and mine on Sunday, I have learnt that by his Will, His generosity to me is boundless. My Wife unites with me in affectionate remembrances.—Faithfully y^{rs}, J. ANGERSTEIN.

WOODLANDS, *Wed^{y} Morning.*

Lawrence, who was consulted as to the sale of the Angerstein collection to the Prince of Orange, valued it at £70,000, at the same time praying and imploring "that *at* that price he may not have them," and suggesting to the son that "they should be offered for a less sum to the Government." Fortunately this was done. Lord Liverpool, the then premier, rose to the occasion, and our National Gallery dates its inception from their purchase by the nation for the sum of £57,000. The sequel appears in the following letters :—

SIR CHARLES LONG [*afterwards* LORD FARNBOROUGH] *to* LAWRENCE.

A^y POST OFFICE, *Ap^l* 7^th^ [1824].

MY DEAR SIR,— . . . What I said in the House of Commons respecting yourself was simply that the Angerstein Collection having been chiefly collected under your sanction and advice was a full guarantee to the public that they were particularly well chosen ; this observation I hardly need add was received with very general assent.

The Bill to include you as a Trustee of the Museum is to be brought in on Thursday. I shall be very glad to have you among us. I am just going to the Levee. The King, I hear, is quite well.—Dear Sir, Y^rs^. very sincerely, CHARLES LONG.

GEO. HAMSEN *to* LAWRENCE.

TREASURY CHAMBERS, 2^d^ *July* 1824.

SIR,—I am commanded by the Lord's Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury to request you will undertake the Superintendence of the National Gallery

of Pictures in Pall Mall[1] in conjunction with the following Persons, Viz[t]. :—

The R[t]. Honb[le]. The Earl of Liverpool.
The R[t]. Honb[le]. F. J. Robinson.[2]
The R[t]. Honb[le]. The Earl of Aberdeen.
The R[t]. Honb[le]. Sir Charles Long, and Sir George Beaumont, Bart.

And I am to request you will give such directions as may be necessary from time to time for the proper preservation of them to Mr. Seguier,[3] who will be instructed to conform to your orders.—I am, Sir, Y[r]. obed[t]. Serv[t], GEO. HAMSEN.

Sir THO[s]. LAWRENCE,
&c. &c. &c.

Lawrence had now attained to an age at which death takes constant toll of early friends, and scarcely had Angerstein gone than he was called upon to mourn the loss of John Philip Kemble.

MRS. KEMBLE *to* LAWRENCE.

LAUSANNE, *March 24th*, 1823.

As much pleasure as I am at this moment capable of feeling, I felt on reading your most kind and friendly letter, my dear Sir Thomas, and the greatest happiness I can now know will be to merit the esteem of those he loved. Of that number none stood higher than yourself, nor can any one have had a more true sense of your extraordinary Talents, and he felt a pride in having a conviction that by your aid he should be remembered.

Mine is no common loss. Could you have seen him

[1] For some years they were exhibited at Mr. Angerstein's house in Pall Mall.

[2] Afterwards Earl of Ripon.

[3] William Seguier, first keeper of the National Gallery.

in the three last years of his life, your affection for him would have increased ; it is impossible to describe how he was esteem'd in this place, and to his remains every mark of Respect that could be shewn has been done.

The Blow to me was so unexpected, that I was not the least prepared. I now know from various circumstances that he felt himself a great change would soon take place, but in no one instance did it appear ; the fear of distressing me was his only thought. He wrote a Letter to his agent Mr. Murray about three weeks before his death, which I find was a most desponding one. I sat by him whilst he wrote it, and the whole [time] he talked to me cheerfully upon different subjects he was writing upon. His looks were good ; also his appetite ; and the last week of his life he told me he felt better than he had done for months.

The morning of the attack, I was in his Room at Nine o'clock ; he seemed well and in more than common spirits. I had not left him, I am sure, above a Minute, when he sent for me and said he had had an apoplectick Stroke ; but told me not to be alarmed as it was very slight, and his head was perfectly free. I assisted him in finding his dress. He returned for his Book, walked across three Rooms without assistance, and there was no change but an alteration in his mouth. Death never entered my thoughts.

The Medical Men came, bled him in both Arms, &c., and desired me to leave the Room whilst they laid him in his Bed. When I returned I needed no information to assure me he would never rise from it. I think, and am assured he did not suffer, although he struggled eight and forty Hours, for when in his Coffin his Face was as calm as if he had been in a sweet sleep, and not the least Feature altered.

All this I witnessed, and went through it with a

force that God alone gave me the power to support, and in the Almighty alone I put my trust in attaining that resignation that will be necessary for my existence.

I shall leave this place the moment I have the power, but I have been so ill as to make it impossible for me to set out for eight or ten days. I shall be at Mrs. Siddons's whilst I remain in London. I have bought the grave where his remains are placed. Here no Monuments are erected, but I have a Vault of Black Marble enclosed with Iron Rails with near by his Name on a Stone.

His faithful Servant George, who from the moment of his seizure till he was laid in his grave never left him, has planted it round with Cypress and other Trees, and I have taken care to leave directions for its being taken care of. In a moment of such affliction every thing that seem'd as if I was still doing something for him soothed me. I wrote to Lord Aberdeen of my wish to place a tablet to his Memory in Westminster Abbey, for although a Man as free from Vanity as Man could be, that tribute would I think be grateful to him. Will you say to Lord Aberdeen that I fear my Letter was unconnected, but I had no feeling at the moment but that he would feel honored by his Lordship's appreciation for the permission I requested. I can write no more, and will only add, I am your truly affectionate, P. KEMBLE.

The following epistle is perhaps the most amusing amongst many examples of the same kind to be found in this collection. It reminds one forcibly of the lady who would not be denied access to Mr. Paderewski after one of his recitals, and who then ejaculated, "O Mr. Paderooski, I was so delighted with that Beethoven sonata. My daughter plays it!" One pictures Mr. Counsellor

Ackerley as a person whom Phil May would have liked to meet when walking abroad with his gun. I cannot find that the gallant lieutenant, his son, made a lasting name either as artist or soldier.

Counsellor Ackerley *to* Lawrence.

Grosvenor Place, nr. Bath,
17th *April* 1823.

Counsellor Ackerley begs to present his Compliments to Sir Thomas Lawrence and take the Liberty of forwarding for his View another Original Painting of Two hostile Game Cocks, which were done by Lieutenant Chamberlayne Ackerley of the Royal Corps of Artillery in 1820; from *Life*:—conceiving that Sir Thomas Lawrence, so great and eminent an Artist, cannot but feel highly gratified in beholding from the pencil of a Young Gentleman of Property; painting for his Amusement two such Paintings as this, and the Dead Game piece: in which, to give effect to the inanimate picture of dead Game, is one of the Lieuts. favorite Pointers.

Mr. Ackerley will esteem himself under high Obligation to Sir Thomas Lawrence, if he will have the Goodness to get His Majesty's Opinion of the two Paintings on his visiting the Royal Exhibition.

It is more than Vanity in the Father to make this request. It proceeds of an higher Motive. Mr. Ackerley knows well! that if these paintings receive the Approbation of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the Sovereign will be pleased in having them pointed out to him as the Works of one of his Royal Corps of Artillery. The result of the Approbation of Sir Thomas Lawrence being crowned by the approval of the King; whose Judgment of the fine Arts Mr.

Ackerley has been informed by many is very great; the Lieutenant! who has travelled a good deal in Italy: and while there, on two successive Tours, made good use of his Time in applying his Mind to the Study of the fine Arts: under, Mr. Ackerley believes, some of the best Masters; will receive so much gratification from Sir Thomas Lawrence's Kindness; as will tend greatly to induce him to persevere, and send some Work to the Royal Exhibition every Year.

If Sir Thomas Lawrence can, with perfect convenience to himself, spare a few Minutes of time wherein to favour Mr. Ackerley with his private sentiments of the two paintings; Mr. Ackerley will indeed esteem himself honoured by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, Knt.,
&c. &c. &c.

The English artists in Rome were now starting an academy of their own, and received generous assistance from Lawrence. Amongst the members were Gibson, Severn, Richard Westmacott, Richard Evans (who, by the way, painted a fresco at Rome about this time, which he afterwards discovered hanging at South Kensington as an antique), Kirkup, Lane, Eastlake, and Joseph Gott. There are in this collection numerous letters, hardly adapted to quotation, which go to prove how greatly Lawrence, in the midst of his pressing labours, exerted himself in the matter, not only giving advice, but subscribing handsomely from his private purse and inducing the Royal Academy to do likewise.

The following may stand as a specimen of the correspondence :—

JOSEPH SEVERN *to* LAWRENCE.

ROME, *May* 1st, 1823.

Sir,—I have again the honor and agreable task of expressing to you the warm satisfaction of our Academy at your letter communicating His Majesty's most gracious Gift of 200£.

We one and all feel raised by this Royal Attention, whether we consider it as giving a "local habitation and a name" to our Infant Institution, or as [a] fine Compliment to our noble pursuit.

We pray you, Sir, to present to His Majesty our most grateful thanks and expressions of attachment for His most gracious notice of *us* and our views, when we are so far away from our Native country.

We also pray you to accept our thanks for your kind and voluntary mediation.

We scarce know how much we are indebted to you, and whether it is *most* to your high excellence in our profession, or your great attachment to its welfare. Yet we must hope in anticipation—that at the same time we receive the pecuniary gifts from your hand—we may be honored with the still greater gift of your advice. . . .—Your most humble and obliged Serv, JOSEPH SEVERN.

18 VIA DI ISIDORA.

The following sentence of a letter from the clever authoress of "Auld Robin Gray" is typical of the fulsome flattery which fortunately failed to turn Lawrence's head.

LADY ANNE BARNARD *to* LAWRENCE.

It is a long time, My Dear Sir, since I have anxiously wish'd to get to your house that I might see the Picture of the King, which is the object of universal Admiration as the finest portrait and *most living likeness* that the pencil of man *ever drew*. . . .

In June of this year Lawrence received a visit from two of Napoleon's voluntary fellow exiles, whose faithful and loving service had only ended with his death two years before. Writing to his friend Miss Croft, he says:—

LAWRENCE *to* MISS CROFT.

[6 *June* 1823.] *Sunday night.*

. . . I had yesterday a Visit from the Count and Countess Bertrand, and had the satisfaction of shewing them all the Portraits, with which they did indeed appear much gratified.

She, you know, is a "Dillon," and I perceive has a great pride in England notwithstanding their sufferings from it. He is the same who sat next to you at the Play. Grave even to settled Melancholy of appearance and manner, but very mild and gentle.

She is a really interesting Woman, and would be exceedingly so to our Isabella and You. Very tall, rather thin, very pale, but quick, sensitive, and natural. I have seldom indeed met with so pleasing a Stranger.

They took great Interest in the Drawing,[1] which far more satisfied them as to resemblance, than all the Drawings that had been sent to Bonaparte.

Madame Bertrand seems to me to be completely

[1] Probably the portrait of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's little son, which Lawrence had drawn on his visit to Vienna.

Sir T. Lawrence

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT

"Woman," and you now sufficiently know me to know the sort of Being—of admirable Being—that I mean by that Word. A Creature of Intellect, Benevolence, Principle, and Passion. I can equally conceive her moment of Phrenzy at going to St. Helena, and Years of firm endurance of it with the Beings whom she lov'd. . . .

The following letter from Lawrence's former pupil speaks for itself. Etty was just returning from his visit to Italy, where he had found "Venice, the birthplace and cradle of colour, the hope and idol of my professional life." The following year Lawrence bought his Academy picture, *Pandora formed by Vulcan and crowned by the Seasons.*

WILLIAM ETTY *to* LAWRENCE.

HOTEL DE DUSSELDORF,
RUE DES PETITES AUGUSTINS,
QUAI VOLTAIRE, PARIS, *Nov.* 14, 1823.

DEAR SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,—. . . In about three weeks from this time I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you; and presenting you with something that I think will be pleasant to you; I bring (for your allready well and justly honored brows) another wreath of laurel!—laurel, grown in the country of Titian and Canova!

In plain language, I bring for you your Diploma, making you an Honorary Member of the Imperial and Royal Academy of Venice; they did themselves the honor of electing you about 7 months ago.

Perhaps it may diminish the value of that distinction to you, when I tell you, that at the same time they conferred that degree on me, your pupil.

But the difference is this; by electing you, they honored their own body—by electing me, they honored only myself.

However, it was on their part, on both sides, very handsomely and honorably done; and when you were proposed, I understand it was, with acclamations, unanimously carried!

I did not apprise you of this fact *before*, because I expected myself to be the bearer of the intelligence on this. But now I make no doubt you know of it. It is delightful to hear in every part of Italy the favorable idea of English art your works and name have left. They yet talk with rapture of them; and I have met a number of persons, who seem proud to say they knew you, or had seen your works—In Venice particularly;—the admiration of your works, and gratitude for your munificence go hand in hand.

In France too, they seem beginning to think *we can paint* A LITTLE! Numerous English Engravings are everywhere met with in Paris—our Vignettes by Stothard, Smirke, Westall, &c., are not only admired, but imitated. Wilkie is much in request, and much admired, but it is yet lamentable to see the narrow nationality of their school. Titian, Correggio, Paolo, Rubens, throw down their pearls before them in vain, the beans and husks of their school are preferred far before them. The Entry of Henri Quatre into Paris by Gerard is multiplied a thousand-fold, it is copied as a Picture, it is copied in all its parts, its heads are drawn in lithography, water, chalks, and I don't know what, while its noble and magnificent pendant, Paolo Veronese, has not a single Devotee, except me.

It is annoying to me to see our countrymen and our countrywomen come with book in hand, or valet de place by their side pointing out its wonders, come and stare with silent and stupid admiration at this work, admiring it because they are told it is

fine (for it is the work of the idol of the French school), when we have amongst our artists so many who do better; that Gerard has considerable merit I am very ready to allow, and even the picture in question has points that are admirable, but altogether I think detestable. How any man with Paolo V. and Rubens at his elbow could mix up such a nauseous draught of color! I cannot help thinking yet that Guerin and Regnault are two of their first men.

The Students and Young Men, I fear, study better than ours; they have indeed more facilities for studying the figure; the consequence is, they have generally more power in drawing. When I have said this, I have given them, I think, the greater part of their merit. They are (with exceptions, doubtless) in general, noisy, boyish, dirty, and frequently rude (perhaps without intention), but I do not much like them. And what is worse than all, I understand from long residents here, that their moral character is at a very low ebb; indeed so I should think. I am sorry to speak so severely on them, but I think I am not far wrong. . . .—I remain, dear Sir Thomas Lawrence, Ever respectfully and Affectionately Your Friend and Pupil, WILLIAM ETTY.

The following fragment in Lawrence's handwriting, dated by another hand "Feb. 21, 1824," is perhaps worth preserving. A note on a copy in another handwriting says that it is extracted from a warning letter written by Lawrence to a young married woman of high rank.

"Women do not fall from the loss of their Principles. They are lost by alluring things, by chance and circumstances, the creeping, quiet influence of daily

attentions, by compassion and grateful feeling for the Man so passionately yet respectfully devoted to them ; and lastly by chance and circumstance and situation co-operating with these feelings. Every little innocent gaiety is not a freedom. You cannot be playing the apprehensive Prude and suspecting ever your own power of resistance. Every Freedom is not an unwarrantable liberty ; and then comes at last the moment of Ruin, when to go back is impossible, when your Faith and Chastity are gone by the weakness of some few moments, whilst the Principles remain, but remain for [a] short time, and only till the faults of others and an unaccountable Fate are brought in justification of that Fall which Flight from the first should have prevented."

Again death was busy with Lawrence's friends. Though the many letters to him from the Duchess (Elizabeth) of Devonshire in this collection rarely call for quotation, they prove how warm and stimulating was their friendship. Having settled in Rome in 1815, she assumed the rôle of protectress and patroness of the arts and artists. Amongst the frequenters of her salon were Canova, Camuccini (whose remarkable collection of pictures was bought in 1856 by the Duke of Northumberland), Thorwaldsen, Granet (whose picture of the "Choir of the Capuchin Monastery" met with such extraordinary admiration that he was called upon to paint fifteen or sixteen variations of it), Franz Ludwig Catel, Nicholas Didier Boguet, Pierre Athanase Chauvin, and Filippo Agricola of Urbino, many of whose works were bought by her. Amongst her closest intimates was Cardinal Gonsalvi, prime minister to the Pope, whose portrait

Sir T. Lawrence

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

by Lawrence is the "present to her from the King" mentioned in the following letter. She was a woman of great learning, boundless benevolence, and far-reaching influence, and on Lawrence's visit to Rome, had done everything in her power to further his interests. It is of her he writes.

LAWRENCE *to* MISS CROFT.

RUSSELL SQUARE, *April the* 16*th*, 1826.

Indeed, dear Elizabeth, I *have* lost a very true and sincerely valued Friend in this amiable Woman, and the many, the daily obligations that I ow'd to her during my stay at Rome, rise perpetually before me.

I have been very lately in constant correspondence with her, and wonder'd that I did not have an answer to my last Letter, conveying a gracious Message and notice of a Present to her from the King.

My present comfort is, that she was pleas'd with my attention to her Friend the Cardinal on his relinquishment of power, and that this latter pleasure to her was convey'd by me.

Her expression to me in her last Letter is, "You are beforehand in every thing that I could wish." If it had been the contrary, I should now indeed have been most wretched. . . . I have never been more harass'd with business than at this moment.

My poor Hannah[1] is, I fear, fast sinking, 'tho' I would not have her think I see it. A good, estimable, and in her way wise little Being, whose attachment and services will be loss to my Heart and Interest. How many griefs Life has in its down-hill slope! . . .

Fortunately for Lawrence he did not outlive all his friends, amongst whom Lord Vane-Stewart,

[1] His servant.

the writer of the following letter, held, as we know, high rank.

LORD VANE-STEWART *to* LAWRENCE.

CLARENDON, [*Sept.*] 26th, 1824.

MY DST FRIEND,—Your snatching the moments from excessive Toil to dedicate (with feelings arising from the heart) to a friend is a convincing proof that You are not changeable as Times, or Fortune, like most of those who inhabit this Great Town. Believe me, I appretiate Yr Regard, with that warmth and gratitude it deserves, and our Union has now some period of Existence to boast.

Fanny begs that You will not think of her till Your Herculean Labors are somewhat less. What becomes of Your Sovereigns and private Exhibition? Of that you don't say a Word.

If not putting you in an awkward predicament, of which You alone can judge, and You should act *candidly* by me, as the loss of an early invitation is *my own* fault, I should like to see you in Yr Glory and hear Your Oration on Saturday next. But you know I hate putting my best friends to trouble. . . .—
Yrs ever most affecly, V. S.

In due course the "Oration" was printed, and Fuseli wrote: "Accept my sincere thanks for your Discourse, which I have read over and over with increasing delight and admiration, . . . to expatiate in verbose praise on so classic a performance would be a mere attempt to gild refined gold or paint the Lily." Amongst other letters of congratulation were the following:—

Canning *to* Lawrence.

Gloucester Lodge, *Nov^r.* 8, 1824.

My dear Sir,—Your Letter and its accompaniment have been a very agreeable interruption to a day of hard work, of which I cannot give a better proof than by assuring you that I laid down, in order to read them through, the pen which I now resume to thank you for them.

I am not worthy by skill to estimate the *matter* of your Address; but if it is equal to the manner your auditors must have been improved as well as delighted by it. . . .—Believe me, My dear Sir, Very sincerely yours, Geo. Canning.

Sir T. Lawrence.

John Wilson Croker *to* Lawrence.

Nov. 9, 1824.

. . . I have read your address with great pleasure. I differ wholly from your views and expressions about historical (as it is call'd) painting, but that does not prevent my doing justice to the clearness, ability, and I will add, eloquence with which you advance and support your opinions.

Lord Liverpool *to* Lawrence.

Private.

Walmer Castle, 11*th* *Nov.* 1824.

Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the Copy of your Address to the Royal Academy, and I can assure you that I have read it with great pleasure and satisfaction. . . .

I have . . . been very much struck with the opinion which you give that the Picture by Sir Joshua

Reynolds of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, is the finest female Portrait in the World. . . .

Amongst the British Historical Pictures I observe you say nothing of Copley. Perhaps I am partial to him from possessing his great Picture of the death of Lord Chatham. . . .

These laudatory expressions must, of course, be accepted at their proper valuation, for there was doubtless a tendency to overpraise Lawrence during the latter part of his lifetime for whatever he did. As a matter of fact, his Academy addresses do not make very stimulating reading. On the other hand, it is increasingly evident that his best achievements as a portrait painter, which were overpraised in his lifetime, and by a natural revulsion suffered from depreciation in the latter half of the last century, are now again, and properly so, receiving the recognition they deserve.

From the following letter it would appear that Wilkie had been pressing the claims of his fellow-countryman to the vacant Associateship, and that Lawrence, in the event of a tie, was prepared to give his casting vote as President against his former pupil.

LAWRENCE *to* WILKIE.

RUSSELL SQUARE, *Nov^br the 2^d*, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,— . . . In the first nomination Mr. Allan had a large majority. Two other Candidates with equal numbers then stood the Ballot, and Mr. Etty became the final opponent to Mr. Allan,[1] who

[1] (Sir) William Allan, afterward President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

when the boxes were open'd, was found to have inferior numbers.

You know the claims of Mr. Etty, and how much he may be said to be a Child of The Royal Academy, educated in it—Its most illustrious Student—a former Pupil of its President, and a Man of the most blameless Life, modest, and natural manners. . . .

I beg to class myself among the [admirers of Allan's genius] and to assure you, that although I am certain that the accession of Mr. Etty to the Institution cannot fail to do it credit, I know that my own partiality for him and sense of his Merits would not have prevented my voting for Mr. Allan, had equality in numbers call'd for my decision. . . . —My dear Sir, Your very faithful Ser^{t}, THO^{s}. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence's description, in his address to the students of the Royal Academy, of Reynolds's picture of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse" as "a work of the highest epic character, and indisputably the finest female portrait in the world," called forth the following from the great actress :—

MRS. SIDDONS *to* LAWRENCE.

ARRAN LODGE, BOGNOR,
Dec^{r}. 23, 1824.

Situated as I am, with respect to the glorious Picture so finely eulogised, and with its illustrious Panegyrist, what can I say, where should I find words for the various and thronging ideas that fill my mind? It will be enough, however, to say (and I will not doubt it will be true to say) that could we change persons, I would not exchange the gratification you have experienced in bestowing this *sublime*

tribute of praise, for all the fame it must accumulate on the memory of the Tragick Muse.—Yours most truly, S. SIDDONS.

The writer of the following letter, which shows that Lawrence's name was still one to conjure with in Italy, is perhaps best remembered for his having bribed the custodian of the Bargello at Florence to lock him in all night so that he might copy the just discovered portrait of Dante before it could be "restored."

SEYMOUR KIRKUP *to* LAWRENCE.

FLORENCE, 20 *Dec.*, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—. . . . How happy should I be to obtain, however undeservedly, your powerful recommendation to any of the Society here. We have many persons of distinction, who are passing, or staying a season, besides Sir R. Lawley, Lord Dillon, and many others who are fixed here.

The impression you left behind you in this place is still warm as ever. They have turned your name (naturally) into Italian, and your picture at Lord Burghersh's is worshiped more than if it had been a Madonna and child, or a relique of S^{t}. Lorenzo himself.

We are expecting your own portrait, I hope not without foundation, though I confess I fear you can hardly have time to think of Florence, from the accounts I hear of the great number of great works you are annually producing.

When I think of it and the great claims of Society on you, and the excessive occupation of your life in your high station, I feel your wishes on my account

with peculiar gratitude. . . . —I am, dear Sir, Your ever faithful and obliged Servant,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

I beg you to command my utmost attention to any thing you may wish procured, or have done for you (or any friends) in Tuscany.

The celebrated and often engraved portrait of Mrs. Peel, painted for Sir Robert Peel, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1825, is the subject of the following letter, from which we gather that the great John Wilson Croker and Lawrence's patron had been so unmannerly as to discuss the painting in the painter's presence in a language with which the painter was not familiar. That he had been guilty of some discourtesy would seem to have occurred later to Sir Robert, who proceeded to make such amends as was possible.

SIR ROBERT PEEL *to* LAWRENCE.

STANHOPE STREET, *Jan^y.* 17, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,— . . . I doubt whether our mysterious conversation in French would not (if faithfully reported) please you much more than our remarks in English ; but feel I must say that our admiration of Mrs. Peel's Portrait was unqualified. I thought it, and so did Croker, eminently beautiful. I wish for no alteration in a single fold even of the gown. I wondered how it was possible to blend so much of symplicity and modesty with all that is elegant and refined.

Croker said in French that you attributed your success in expressing perfect identity of character, to skill in drawing, and that you thought this— namely skill in drawing,—a less important branch

of the art of painting than some others, such as colouring, &c. &c., and that he thought it the first qualification of a painter. He said, you always appeared to throw away the first two hours of a sitting, because you made little use of that which you then sketched in,—but you were in fact studying the expression and character of the person, and that they were the two most important hours . . . —Ever most truly yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

On January 26 of this year Lawrence received a letter from the Vicomte de Rochefoucault, announcing that the King of France, Charles X., whose portrait he was about to paint to the order of George IV., had appointed him "Chevalier de l'ordre Royal de la Légion d'honneur . . . Elle (Sa Majesté, le Roi) a exprimé le desir que cette faveur devint pour vous une preuve éclatante de l'estime particulière qu'Elle vous porte et la justice qu'Elle rend à vos talents."

Later the King of France presented him with a magnificent service of Sèvres china. But with this and other innumerable honours being lavished upon him, Lawrence was not in love with life. Writing on his birthday (he was now fifty-four), probably to Mrs. Wolff, but this letter again has been mutilated, he says:—

". . . I had forgotten the Day. So many Years are then past of this Scene of Trial, and I am at length sensible to that change of thought, which I suppose takes place in every Mind but those whom absolute Guilt has impress'd with Terror.

"I look to the termination of my existence here

(shall I say it?) with almost Hope. You endear it to me, but that sweet comfort endanger'd, not even the limited Fame that success in this pleasing Art holds out is temptation enough to make me wish for longer Life. I know all that it can give."

Quotations from letters of this period from the then struggling sculptor, Joseph Gott, show that the *tædium vitæ* had not dried up Lawrence's generosity towards those struggling to obtain a footing on the Ladder which leads to Nowhere.

". . . I hope, Sir Thomas, my becoming a candidate [for the R.A.] will not displease you after your great kindness to me, but I really had no intention of becoming one had I not received the invitation to do so, and I should feel greatly concerned to give you the least offence, Sir, for whom I shall always feel the most grateful respect, to whom I am indebted for my present or future success in my profession; for if it had not been for your generous assistance, I might in all probability have remained in the way I was in till it had been too late to have been of any service, but now have hopes from the approbation my friends have exprest that with a few years more study I may be enabled to execute some work that will not disgrace your kind patronage. . . .

". . . The good opinion that you, Sir, and Mr. Howard entertain of my humble endeavours in my profession will, I feel, stimulate me to follow up my studies with fresh ardour, and I hope enable me to produce works more deserving of that kind interest you have hitherto taken in the welfare of so humble a follower of such a noble profession. . . .

"I hardly know how to express my most grateful acknowledgment for your kind remittance of 50£ which I

received yesterd'y, and which will enable me to execute the group I designed to do on a larger scale. . . ."

The latter part of 1825 was spent by Lawrence in Paris, whither he had proceeded to paint the portraits of Charles X. and the Dauphin. The following from the then foreign-secretary and future premier prepared him for this new undertaking.

GEORGE CANNING *to* LAWRENCE.

GLOUCESTER LODGE, *May* 29, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received this Morning a Letter from Prince Polignac, announcing the compliance of the King of France and the Dauphin with His Majesty's desire; and promising to sit for their Portraits to you, so soon as the Fêtes, &c., shall be over.

I have sent this Letter to His Majesty, and give you notice of it, that you may be prepared to set out for Paris, when you shall receive His Majesty's commands to that effect.—I am, My dear Sir, with great truth, Your Sincere and faithful Ser^t.,

GEO: CANNING.

Sir T. LAWRENCE.

The following letters are all the more welcome seeing that little is said by Williams of this, Lawrence's second, visit to Paris.

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. WOLFF.

August the 22^d 1825,
HÔTEL DE PARIS.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—We arriv'd here safely on Sat^y Even'ng to handsome Lodgings provided for me by The British Embassy,—by its Secretary, I should

rather say, to whom I had written for that purpose. We have a delightful view over the Gardens of the Thuilleries to the golden Dome of the Invalids—the Palais de Justice, &c. &c. I yesterday Morn'g went to Lord Granvilles, and after service, saw him, with more of my English Friends, Mr.[1] and Mrs. Agar Ellis, and Mr. Frere,[2] who is just return'd on his way to England from Malta. Lord Granville told me he would immediately write to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, that the King might be acquainted with my arrival. I dine with Lord G. to-day, when perhaps I may know more, and probably be introduc'd to that minister, or to some Person in attendance on His Majesty. It may however be only an English Party. The Duke of Wellington I find is here.

Herman[3] and I went afterwards to the Louvre, where again I was astonish'd at its richness in Art, and saw enough of French Talent to respect it, tho' it is still singularly deficient in very essential qualities of the Art. I met at the Louvre an English Artist (or rather American), Mr. Newton,[4] from whom I find that Wilkie is here, I am sorry to say very unwell, 'tho' sav'd from being worse by taking advice when here. It is still Illness of fearful kind! partial palsy of the Brain. The evidence of gradual recovery however is good. He can now read 100 Pages, when a short time since he could read only 20. He is properly sav'd, at least at present, from his Italian Journey with Mr. Phillips[5] and Mr. Hilton.[6] I hope to see him to-day.

[1] Afterwards Lord Dover.

[2] John Hookham Frere.

[3] Mrs. Wolff's son, whom Lawrence had taken with him.

[4] Gilbert Stuart Newton of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

[5] Thomas Phillips, who had just succeeded Fuseli as professor of painting at the Royal Academy.

[6] William Hilton, painter of the charming picture in the Tate Gallery, "Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children."

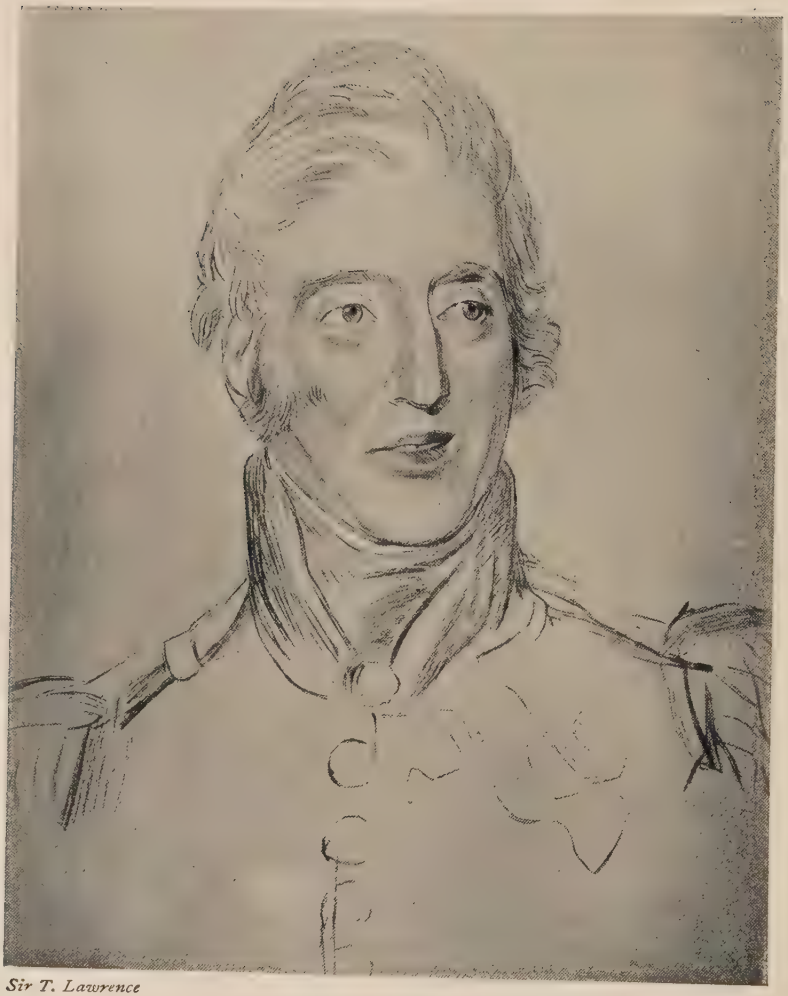
In the Even'g (dining here) we went to Père la Chaise, a most pleasing and interesting Scene! in which the whole time I long'd for your Society, as did Herman equally. It is so far from being Excess, that it seems the only fit and rational mode of paying just attention to the Deceas'd; perpetuating Respect and Reverence, and reviving those feelings which in the oblivion of entire absence from their Remains are but too soon forgotten.

We saw a Female—alone—Wife or Mother! or dear Relation—kneeling over a small Tomb in the deep intensity of Grief! her Head on her close-clasp'd Hands! This ought to have terminated our Evening's Tour; but you know in a bright delicious Even'g what Paris is—its throngs of Gaiety and Happiness, and (what we did not intend), passing Tivoli, we went in for an hour, and had only the credit of having its more important displays of Fire Works, Rope Dancing, &c. &c.! I met many English people, and amongst them two or three young Brides. We saw there the Montaigne Russe, and tho' I would have gone down with you in it, I *know* that I could not have *seen* you go down it, and *most* certainly *would* not; 'tho' of course there is every thing of Man's precaution for its safety. I saw a Mother with her Infant in her Arms, and would have stay'd till this hour to have seen her flogg'd for it.—Ever with perpetual Esteem, Your oblig'd Faithful Friend, T. L.

Lawrence *to* Canning (*draft*).

Hôtel de Paris, Rue de Rivoli,
August the 27*th*, 1825.

Sir,—Although it is probable that when writing on official business, Lord Granville may have mention'd my arrival in Paris, the kind Interest that you have taken in the success of my Mission makes me desirous



Sir T. Lawrence

CHARLES THE TENTH

of acquainting you with the first satisfactory steps towards its completion.

His most Christian Majesty honor'd me this Morning at St. Cloud with a sitting for his Portrait. He has appointed Tuesday next for the second sitting, and commanded me to begin the Portrait of the Dauphin on the same Day.

Lord Granville announc'd my coming to the Baron de Damas on the 21st or 22d Instant. An accidental delay took place in the communication between that Minister and the Duc d'Aumont; I was appointed to attend at St. Cloud yesterday Morn'g to see the Apartments selected for my choice of a Painting Room, and in one of them I this Morn'g receiv'd the sitting I have mention'd of about two hours.

The King on his entrance enquir'd with much Interest after His Majesty's Health, and express'd himself greatly pleased with my account which I had the happiness to give him. He said he yielded most readily to H. M's flattering desire for his Portrait, and he then honor'd me with a sitting of nearly 2 hours.

The Countenance of His most Christian Majesty, as probably you know, is of striking Character with a peculiarly benevolent expression. It presents indeed some difficulty from its varying action; but not sufficient to make me doubtful of the result.

For a great part of the sitting, the Children of the Duc de Berry were with him; playing round him with unceasing Vivacity, and no slight noise, which His Majesty vainly endeavour'd to subdue; graciously expressing his fears of their impeding me in my labors; but as the scene rather gave unexpected pleasure to the prosecution of my task than interrupted it, they were suffer'd to enjoy their riotous despotism to the end.

I have troubled you with more detail than circumstances in part relating to myself might justify, if it

were not in this instance sanctioned by its higher Theme and the Command and Service of His Majesty. —I have the honor to be, Sir, Your greatly oblig'd and very Devoted Ser^{t}., THO^{s}. LAWRENCE.

The Right Hon^{ble}. GEORGE CANNING, &c. &c. &c.

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. WOLFF.

HÔTEL DE PARIS, RUE DE RIVOLI,
August the 29th [1825].

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I cannot say how gratefully I felt your kind Letter, and the friendly services that it announc'd. . . .

Without troubling you with minor details, I will just acquaint you that I was introduc'd for the first time to His Most Christian Majesty at St. Cloud on Sat^{y} last, and that he soon after sat to me for nearly two hours, with the most gracious attentions to my labors and convenience. He was attended by the Duc d'Aumont and another Nobleman.

The Character of his Countenance is fine, with very benevolent expression. His Forehead very high, which with his wearing his Hair likewise high, gives peculiarity to the Head. His manner was exceedingly gracious. He express'd great Interest about the King's health, and was exceedingly pleas'd with my report of it. He speaks a little English, and that very correct and good.

During the greater part of the sitting, the Children of the Duc de Berry were with him, accompanied by their Governess, Madame de Gonthot. He seems to have both a Father's and Grandfather's fondness for them. The little things sprang on his knees, twined round him, rac'd round his Throne, got up on his Chair behind, then on the large Council Table screaming with mad pleasure, and He as delighted as either of them, but every now and then attempting to frown

and scold them into order, from gracious apprehension of their interrupting me ; which you may be quite sure the sight of so much happiness could never do. Upon my humbly assuring him therefore that they did not, they enjoy'd themselves Masters of the Field till the sitting clos'd.

The Sketch I made was much approv'd of. His Most Christian Majesty then appointed Tuesday next for the second sitting, saying, "If you please you shall begin my Son after me." To-morrow therefore I recommence my labors. . . .

I am not fram'd (chiefly because I am too old) for the full swing of Parisian Dissipation, so that I have been but once to the Theatre . . . but we have driven out sometimes in the fine Even'gs and enjoy'd Nature and what is fine in Art. . . .

I have had Letters to write to the Foreign Office and Windsor, and this must be my excuse for a too short and hasty one to you, whose considerate Friendship has so many claims on more exclusive attention. . . .—Ever your oblig'd and Faithful Friend,

THO^{S}. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. WOLFF.

HÔTEL DE LONDRES, PLACE VENDÔME,
October the 20th [1825].

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—The business of my Mission draws towards its close, and I should now think of arrangements for my departure, but for this added Portrait of the Duchesse de Berri, which having been for some time delay'd is now again brought forward, and Her Royal Highness waits but for my fixing the time for her first sitting. This however must be still delay'd for a few Days; till His Majesty's Portrait is completely finish'd.

When I last wrote to you I told you that my progress had been successful, and the farther advancement of the Picture has increas'd the credit and reputation which it then obtain'd for me, but being now establish'd in the Thuileries I am without the Audience which each Morning came to my Atelier, and having been engag'd on the background of the Picture, I am oblig'd to exclude them. When the King next sees it he will be surpris'd with a new Picture, so entire a change has the alteration affected. As I introduc'd the Vatican in the Pope's Picture, so I now introduce the Thuileries in that of the King of France, at least a striking part of it, which will instantly be recognized.

His Majesty assign'd me for my Painting Room a Magnificent Saloon, which had been his own Apartment as Monsieur. This and another adjoining which forms the Atelier of Mr. Edward Holman, equally handsome (not Mr. Holman), but of smaller dimensions. Mine is the best Painting Room I ever had, and I only regret that His Majesty will not be tempted to let it to me for a term of Years. He is nobly, nay, feelingly gracious to me, and so equally is the Dauphin.

I din'd on Saturday last at Baron Cuvier's at the Jardin des Plantes; and in the Even'g he receiv'd many Members of the Institute. Among the Company was the Director of the Sevres Manufactory to whom he introduc'd me saying, You must be acquainted for he is now working to please you. I enquir'd how, and was then inform'd that His Majesty had order'd to be given to me some fine Articles in Porcelaine,[1] and the next Morn'g I saw it announc'd in the French Papers, and then receiv'd an Official Letter acquainting me with it from the Viscomte de Rochefoucauld. . . .

[1] This beautiful service of china Lawrence bequeathed to the Royal Academy.

DUC D'ORLEANS *to* LAWRENCE.

The Duke of Orleans presents his compliments to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and begs to assure him of the pleasure both the Duchess of Orleans and himself would have to receive Sir Thomas at Neuilly whenever it might be convenient to him. They are also very desirous of availing themselves of Sir Thomas's kind offer for seeing the Portraits of the King and of the Dauphin, and propose to go next tuesday at two o'clock to the Pavillon de Marsan. They only wish to know if that time will suit Sir Thomas Lawrence's convenience, and, if he will be so good as to bring himself his answer, they will be at Neuilly the whole day on Saturday next.

NEUILLY, *Wednesday evening,*
2 *Nov^r.* 1825.

On the 1st of December the Emperor Alexander, whose portrait Lawrence had painted at Aix-la-Chapelle, died at Taganrog. A report, now generally discredited, that he had been poisoned evoked the following from the Marquis of Londonderry, the Lord Vane-Stewart of previous letters, who had succeeded to the title on the death, by his own hand, of his distinguished brother. The Grand Duke Constantine alluded to in the letter, who had been a tyrannical and cruel governor of the Poles, on the death of Alexander renounced his right of succession to the crown of Russia in favour of his younger brother Nicholas.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY *to* LAWRENCE.

Xmas Day, 1825.

MY D^RT FRIEND,—I write in deep Despair! Is it possible to have known *that Emperor!* and not

be penetrated with Grief. The cold selfish people of England seldom dwell on Events which do not immediately affect their own prosperity. All Contemplation around You is buried in *Banks, Notes,* and Gold, while God snatches from Europe one of His Most perfect Images. Admitting the faults and Sins of Humanity, I conscientously believe there never was a Better nor Greater Sovereign than Alexander.

Your Noble Soul will feel, I know, as I do. To You then for a Moment I turn and pour out all I feel. I should find it difficult to discover another Quarter where I could write as I think upon this dire Calamity. For like My poor Brother's Deeds and Merits, Alexander will be soon no more thought of. If you can hear any authentick Details of his Death, for God's sake send them.

I can never credit the *Wrangling — His Accueil* could disarm any conspiracy.

It is true Constantine is a very Brute ; *But—so bad as* THAT, not Beelzebub himself could be. What a sad Blow for our poor Homely Christmas Dinner. I am too much out of Spirits to write more.—Ever Y^r^ most devoted friend,

VANE LONDONDERRY.

When in 1827 Canning was called upon to form an administration, Wellington, by resigning his office of Commander-in-Chief, started definitely on his political career. His enemies declared that his resignation was dictated by disappointment at not being himself made first minister. If, as appears probable, the following refers to a defence by Lawrence of his patron at this juncture, it is the only time I find him meddling in the political affairs of the day.

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY *to* LAWRENCE.

Private.

May 7th, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It is impossible for me, loving You as I do, to refrain from expressing my deep and unqualified admiration at Your dignified conduct in the Chair on Saty. This is a Time, when whatever may be the Ingratitude of a venal Press of the Country the D. of Wellington should never die, and Every Honorable and High Minded Man will consider him a Publick Property.

Believe me, Your Conduct is universally and most enthusiastically applauded.—Ever Yrs most affly.

VANE LONDONDERRY.

The following letter from that unkind wit and virulent reviewer, John Wilson Croker, of whom it was said that "he would go a hundred miles through sleet or snow, in a December night, to search a parish register for the sake of showing that a woman is older than she says she is," proves that there was at any rate a more attractive side to his character.

J. W. CROKER *to* LAWRENCE.

Confidential.

Aug. 9th, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR THOMAS.—I think I have heard that your second nephew went into the church after his return from the Sandwich Islands, and I have no doubt, from what I have heard of him from Lord Byron and his other shipmates, that he will show himself not unworthy of his sacred and interesting profession.

Is he susceptible and desirous of a *small* preferment? I know not whether I could obtain one,

but I am ready to ask it of the Lord Chancellor for him and, as it seems not unlikely that my influence with any minister may be soon at an end, I should like to "spend my last breath" in favour of a worthy young man, and in giving you an additional proof of my personal regard for you, and of my admiration for the greatest painter of the Age.—Yours most sincerely, J. W. CROKER.

Don't say any thing of this to your nephew; for, tho' I may ask, the Chancellor may not be able, or may not be willing to grant. I meant to have spoken to you of this at our leisure, but the present crisis induces me to move more quickly than I had thought necessary.

Wilkie, who in consequence of the serious breakdown mentioned in a previous letter, had started on that protracted tour which, while more or less restoring his health, had the most pernicious effect upon his art, found himself shortly before his return to England at Madrid. Whilst on his journeyings he wrote long screeds upon the pictures which he had seen in Paris, Milan, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Bologna, Parma, Venice, Innspruck, Munich, Dresden, Poeplitz, Prague, Vienna, and Trieste. But it was the study of Spanish art on the spot which seems to have put the finishing touch to his artistic downfall. Had he continued in Hogarth's "only one school, that kept by Nature," what a legacy he might have left us, in place of the loosely painted pasticcios of his later period.

In a long letter to Lawrence, written from Madrid in 1827, the progress of his perversion is very evident; but his critical remarks, interesting

enough relatively, would be dull quoted here apart from the context of his life and art. I shall therefore confine myself to such passages as bear upon Lawrence and his continental reputation.

WILKIE *to* LAWRENCE.

MADRID, *November 12th*, 1827.

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—During my protracted absence you may believe with what Interest I have heard of the high honor you have done me by remembering me upon some important occasions in the Chair of the Royal Academy. Cheered as I have been upon my sometimes solitary and wearisome journey by such a mark of your notice, you have also yourself been brought agreeably to my recollection at times when my rout has led me to those places where you on your memorable journey on the Continent had already been.

At Vienna those who had known you were full of the circumstances of your visit. You were almost the only one of our compatriots they had seen, and happy it was to be the first to come after you. Much of the attention I received there I attribute to the favourable impression you had left of British Art and its Professors.

There I had the pleasure of meeting some of your handiworks. In the house of the family of Meerveldt I found one of your drawings, and in the Palace of the Prince Metternich his Highness took me through the suite of rooms to show me a head you had painted of one of his daughters, but who he said, with a composure peculiar to that great Statesman, had died two years afterwards. . . .

With the highest respect and Esteem [I] have the honor to be, My dear Sir, Yours, &c.,

DAVID WILKIE.

In the following letter from the future first Viscount Hardinge of Lahore, we find another example of Lawrence's generosity towards the strugglers in his profession. Lance-corporal Henry O'Neill of the 11th Dragoons had saved the life of a sergeant of the 4th Light Dragoons from drowning in the Medway. Being an artist, and desiring his discharge, Lawrence had offered to make a contribution of £30.

SIR HENRY HARDINGE *to* LAWRENCE.

BAYHAM ABBEY, LAMBERHURST,
31st *Decr.* [1827].

MY DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I went to London yesterday for two or three hours and saw the Duke to whom I stated the interest you took in the Irish Artist, whose discharge you were anxious to obtain by contributing a large portion of the Sum required, and that he was a deserving object of your protection, having with great gallantry saved the life of a Sergeant, &c.

The Duke's remark was, Oh! that alters the case, having saved another Soldier's life; his intrepidity has purchased his own discharge, and let Sir Thomas know it shall be done without the payment of the £30.

I left town early to shoot at this place, but I have just written to Ld. Fitz-Roy and in a few days you will hear officially of *Lance Corporal* O'Neil's[1] release from his Mily. engagements. . . .—Ever yr. obliged and sincere friend, H. HARDINGE.

It is curious that in the following characteristic letter from the celebrated bibliographer, Thomas Frognall Dibdin, he should not know the spelling of his own "female Relation's" name. Perhaps,

[1] Spelt O'Neill in another letter.

however, it is a slight indication of that lack of preciseness which has made his work something of a byword with those having an "itch for accuracy."

T. F. DIBDIN *to* LAWRENCE.

14 WYNDHAM PLACE, *Jan.* 30/28.

MY DEAR SIR,—Do you happen to remember some ten or twelve years ago, when you dropt me at my house in Kensington—after we had both dined at our friend Ansley's at North End—that I endeavoured to repeat to you some verses, which a female Relation of mine made upon *You*, when you was a lad?—upon seeing some of your drawings? Her name was Farah, or Ferrers, of Devizes or Bristol. Her Father knew YOUR Father well.

This morning—after the writhing horrors of a black dose had somewhat subsided—and being in no condition to cogitate deeply, or write copiously, I plunged (alias, took a *warm* bath) among a whole parcel of *Magazines*—to see how the world wagged some 32 or 33 years ago—when I was a spruce, droll little fellow, just entering upon a college life!—Lo! and behold, I alighted upon the Magazine in question, which contained the verses—of which my worthy Clerk hath given me a faithful transcript—and give me leave, dear Sir, to whisper a gentle homily in your ear, that much as you may prize your "Legion of Honour" decoration, I am fully persuaded that, with a thinking mind, and a sensitive heart, few things make, or *ought* to make, a deeper impression than the consciousness of such early and glowing prediction being fulfilled both in letter and in spirit!

I have a very *pertinent* question to ask you, when I see you. Pray "remember not to Forget" to ask me about it.—Ever yours, My dear Sir, much and most truly, T. F. DIBDIN.

Sir T. LAWRENCE, P.R.A., &c. &c. &c.

The verses unfortunately are missing.

Mrs. Siddons, who had long taken leave of the stage, was now in failing health. She survived Lawrence only a short time, dying on the 8th June 1831. The first of the following letters, though not written to Lawrence, finds a place in this collection, and is so interesting that I cannot refrain from its transcription.

MRS. SIDDONS *to the* Rev. —— DENISON.

Febʸ. yᵉ 5ᵗʰ [1828],
GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although at all times particularly averse to writing, yet I cannot (ill as I am) resist the pleasure of acknowledging all your favours and thanking you very *very* sincerely for your unremitting kindnesses.

I am better tho', blessed be God! than I have been, and my Physicians have all told me that they have not the least doubt of my being again as well as I ever was in my life: The will of God be done, yet were it not that I am firmly persuaded this is our Season of tryal, and that a day of rewards and punishments will come hereafter, I should be almost tempted to hope to die at once, for surely there can be scarcely anything on *this* Side the Grave to compensate me for the grievous sufferings of more than two years.

But "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and that it is good for me to have been afflicted thus. *You*, I hope my good Sir and all who are dear to you are in health, and that you may all long enjoy that only Drop which Sweetens the bitter cup we must all drink, most sincerely wishes, Dʳ. Sir, Your most oblig'd and affᵗᵉ Serᵗ.,

S. SIDDONS.

Sir T. Lawrence

SUSAN
(Niece of Sir Thomas Lawrence)

MRS. SIDDONS *to* [LAWRENCE].[1]

[*Thursday, June 12th*, 1828.]

Poor Rowsham was with me this morning TO SAY FAREWEL, and to beg that I will inform you, the two situations for which he has solicited your influence, are now vacant ; I know it is unnecessary to urge any motive for your performance of a benevolent action, and therefore only take the liberty of recommending him to your recollection ; I have no more to say but—Farewel ! and God bless you !

SARAH SIDDONS.

The following is a melancholy example of the kind of wit which appears to have appealed to our grandfathers, and to which so exquisite an artist in words as Thomas Hood could on occasion descend :—

THOMAS HOOD *to* LAWRENCE.

31 KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON,
Sunday Morning, 16 *Nov.* 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—There are some sketches of Brighton—(in Cooke's[2] Copper)—and I have undertaken to scribble some notes on this margin of the Sea. To this end I am here enjoying the breezes—which I in-*hale* like a sea-*sider* looking over a prospect that in its calm reminds me of a sea-*peace* by Vandervelde and in its shingles of *Beechey*. It is now like royal Bess—in its *rough* :—and the wind, that great

[1] This note does not appear to have passed through the post, nor does it bear Lawrence's name, but presumably it was written to him. It begins abruptly, as transcribed.

[2] William Bernard Cooke and his brother George, line-engravers, published conjointly "The Southern Coast of England."

raiser of waves, is accompanied with a suitable *lather* on Neptune's face.

It is besides high water—or more properly high-*waiter*—for the tide *serves at the bar:*—and there is a great influx of the weeds that grow in "the gardens of *Gul*"—*i.e.* sea-gull. Afar off a lonely Vessel is tumbling about—and observe here the goodness of providence that the rougher the storm the better the boat is *pitch'd*—while here and there in the foreground may be seen what Molière with his French inversion would call a *Tar tough*. The skeleton of a lost brig—like the bones of a sea-monster—lies at the extreme left:—I am told by the Brighton people that ship disasters are not uncommon here. They have often had Georgius *Rex*.

You will understand, Sir, from this sample that my Guide will be unserious chiefly—but I contemplate a graver description of the Pavilion provided I can gain entrance to the interior, which I understand is more difficult than afore-time.

In a conversation with Mr. Balmanno it occurred to me however that you could put me in the way,—for I do not even know the proper quarter to apply to—amongst the *Chain Peers*—but of course not Captain Brown's.[1] I have spent some time in making up my mind to trouble you on this subject—or *head*—considering how many better ones engage you—but pray *frame* some excuse for my freedom, which originates in my reliance on your kind feeling towards me. I have no doubt but that you can at any rate direct me how to get access, and even that will excessively oblige.—My dear Sir, Yours very respectfully, THO^{S}. HOOD.

Sir THOS. LAWRENCE, P.R.A.,
&c. &c. &c.

[1] (Sir) Samuel Brown, the inventor of improved chain-links for cables and suspension-bridges.

It is something more than astonishing to find Lawrence, in reply to the letter from Eastlake, of which an excerpt follows, referring to Turner as "that ingenious and rising artist." That Turner was "ingenious" and still "rising" was true enough, but these seem "brave words" to apply to one who had already given the world such masterpieces as "Dido building Carthage," the "Bay of Baiæ," "Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet," and "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus!"

(Sir) Charles Eastlake *to* Lawrence.

Rome, 12 Piazza Mignanelli,
Decr. 9, 1828.

. . . I can never be sorry when I have an excuse for writing to you, if it is only to renew my thanks to you for all your goodness,—but who has *not* some debt to you?

I have lately heard of your kindness to Mr. Uwins,[1] at Naples, a worthy and excellent man, and one to whom encouragement after a life of necessitous struggling is as soft rain to a burnt soil. Such gratifications are not new to you, and such deeds will be remembered with your name.

Mr. Turner is thinking of returning to England in a few weeks. He has begun several pictures here and finished *three;* he has worked literally night and day. One of his finished pictures, a sea-port, is exquisite and equal to his best efforts. . . . &c. &c. C. Eastlake.

[1] Thomas Uwins (R.A. 1838), who was now studying in Italy, and collecting material for future works.

To this Lawrence replied :—

LAWRENCE *to* EASTLAKE.

RUSSELL SQUARE,
Dec^br^. the 29, 1828.

. . . How much, my dear Sir, you over-rate the expression of my Esteem and Regard for the Talents and Character of Mr. Uwins. He had personally, voluntarily and greatly oblig'd me ; but it was a *duty* in me to pay respect to his professional Attainments by something that would be *evidence* of my estimation of them.

He has besides, like yourself, an accomplish'd mind, and private Esteem increases our indignant sense of neglected merit. I have done much too little in return for what I have too fortunately receiv'd, and can only hope that those *wishes* will be thought sincere, the attainment of which, want of forethought and worldly (but rational) Judgment, has sadly fetter'd. I have *ambition* to be lov'd by my Profession, but can look only to have credit for my intentions and desires. . . .—Believe me ever your sincere admirer and faithful Friend,

THO^S^. LAWRENCE.

On September 23, 1828, had died all too soon young Richard Parkes Bonington, a martyr to the art he loved so well, and of which he was one of the greatest exponents. The following from his heart-broken father is further evidence, if further evidence were needed, of Lawrence's "active benevolence," which certainly would seem to have afforded him "more real gratification than any eulogy of words."

RICHARD BONINGTON *to* LAWRENCE.

To Sir Thos. Lawrence.

PARIS, 16th *Feby.* 1829.

ESTEEMED SIR,—I hoped ere this to have had the honour of waiting upon you in person to return you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for your successful exertions in the affairs relating to my ever lamented and never to be forgotten dear departed Son,—but perhaps to a mind and heart organised as yours are, active benevolence affords their possessor more real Gratification than any Eulogy of words can: tho' the effusions of a grateful heart must add an increase of pleasure to those disinterested actions; such I am persuaded are your sentiments, which speak by your Deeds.

Availing myself of your Goodness I have forwarded in one large Case all the Reliques of my Dear Child's Talents and Industry which devolved to me after his fatally premature Death, &c. . . . —Your most obliged and grateful

RP. BONINGTON.

PARIS, RUE DES MAUVAISES PAROLES,
No. 16.

So, too, the following from Wilkie, who had just returned to England, is inspired by Lawrence's unfailing generosity towards, and liberal appreciation of, his fellow-artists.

WILKIE *to* LAWRENCE.

7. TERRACE, KENSINGTON, *May* 3rd, 1829.

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I may well congratulate you on your most successful discharge of your arduous task of yesterday,[1] a task your high Station

[1] Presidential address at opening of the Royal Academy.

superadds to that of the task of other Professors in Art.

But the allusion to my humble labours abroad and to my return (so marked as not to be mistaken) is what calls for my particular acknowledgements.

The happier circumstances under which by the blessing of Almighty God, you have now been enabled to notice me, in that place and in that presence, where you have upon many such occasion mentioned me before, since my departure, does not efface from my mind the generosity and kindness of heart that has induced you so to remember me during my absence. Indeed reflecting as I must do how much I was cheered and supported by your notice of me under adverse circumstances, I am led to receive with awe and humility (however thankfully) those congratulations which your friendship has upon the present occasion so liberally suggested.

Permit me then, my dear Sir, most humbly to thank you for this mark of your kindness, feeling as I do in the absence of all claim that in receiving it from one [so] great and distinguished as you are, I feel that I am most honored in being allowed to call it kindness.

Do not be at the trouble of replying to this, and let me only conclude by assuring you that the appeal at the close of your brilliant address respecting a new building for the Academy, whether it succeed or not, seemed to me well received by the assembly.—I have the honor to be, Dear Sir Thomas, with high esteem, Your most devoted servant, DAVID WILKIE.

Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, &c. &c. &c.

This, the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy during Lawrence's lifetime, contained

eight portraits from his brush. There had been no falling off either in industry or powers. Indeed the last few years had produced such celebrated pictures as "The Calmady Children," "The Countess Gower and her Son," "Lady Blessington," "Lady Londonderry and her Son," "The little Lambton Boy," and the "Miss Fry." And his portraits of this year were amongst the chief attractions which helped to fill the coffers of the Royal Academy to the very handsome tune set forth in the following letter:—

HENRY HOWARD[1] *to* LAWRENCE.

R. ACADEMY, *May* 8, 1829.

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—Upon an average of the last *ten* years, the gross receipts of the Exhibition have been £5417. The expenses have exceeded £1400—so that the clear income during that period has been about £4000 p^r. ann.

Deducting about one-third of the receipts for Catalogues, it would follow that upwards of 70,000 persons visit the Exhibition during the ten weeks which it is now usually kept open.—Ever yours most truly,

H^y. HOWARD.

Sir THO^s. LAWRENCE.

That the following letter, which is wholly creditable to the writer, appealed to Lawrence's strong family affection seems probable, as he did *not* "put it into the fire." But it seems a pity that it never came into the hands of his biographer, for he would have made much of it in a style with which I must confess myself quite unable to compete. Indeed, it

[1] R.A. 1808, Secretary from 1811.

would take a bold man to emulate Williams in excusing Providence for providing a man of genius with such very inadequate forbears, and canvassing the reasons why Providence had been so careless of *les convenances*. The following from Williams's description of Lawrence's father, the fortunate "nephew" of the letter, affords some idea of the use that he would have made of this interesting communication :—

"He was young, handsome, and enthusiastic, and of a remarkably fine person. The spell of landscape scenery and love fixed his destiny, *and caused his being the father of a man of genius. If not one himself, he only anticipated his consanguinity to the character!*"

The man who could write that is beyond rivalry. I can only regret that he is not here to treat of his namesake's letter, which, lacking his florid imagination and ornamental rhetoric, shall be left to speak for itself.

HENRY WILLIAMS *to* LAWRENCE.

14 LINCOLNS INN FIELDS,
29th *May* 1829.

SIR THOMAS,—Standing tolerably well in the world, neither needing nor wishing assistance of any kind, and having literally no object in addressing you, I run the risk of being thought childish and impertinent when I mention to you circumstances of by-gone years in which you may probably take no sort of interest.

It is a long time since that a rich old man had two favorite nephews between whom he promised to divide his wealth, and they having for several years considered themselves as his joint heirs were on the most intimate

terms of friendship. The one of those Nephews was called by mercantile affairs to Hamburgh, and during his absence the old gentleman died, having on his death-bed for some reason or other, or perhaps merely from caprice, altered his will and left the whole of his property to the Nephew who remained at home. To those Nephews I have always understood both you and I, Sir Thomas, are related—the fortunate one being your Father—the other my Grandfather.

This unexpected alteration in the Uncle's intentions destroyed the intimacy of the Nephews who while they lived were never friends again.

My Grandfather soon ceased to feel his pecuniary loss, having by marriage acquired a fortune of £10,000 (which in those days was a large Sum), and for several years his transactions as a Merchant were successful and he lived in affluence, but suddenly a reverse came, and he was obliged to stop payment. At this period your Father came forward with offers of the most ample assistance, but which were refused, and my Grandfather shortly afterwards died in comparative poverty.

Some years after this your Father sought out the Widow and found her with a family of several Sons, of whose names and ages he took an account, avowing his intention of promoting their success in life, but whatever his kind intentions were he was prevented by death from carrying them into effect.

My Father (a professional Man) survived all his brothers and died himself under forty, leaving me only fourteen years old with a Mother and Sister to support, quite without a friend and almost without a guinea—. Thank God, bad as the prospect then was, I have succeeded in life and find Myself now at five and thirty at the head of a law firm second in respectability to none in the Kingdom, with arrangements made for my entering shortly upon the upper walk of my profession by

being called to the Bar, and without any fear of succeeding as well in the one branch as I have in the other.

As I have before said, I need no sort of assistance. While I did you would have heard no more of me than your family did of my father, whose pride would never permit himself to make himself known to them.

There is a pleasure in believing that one has sprung from the same stock that has produced a man of great mind and universally acknowledged talent, although the relationship be but a few degrees less remote than that we all derive from Adam. On the other hand, Men of warm hearts often feel gratification in knowing what becomes of even the humblest individual of the most distant branches of their families. The former case is mine. If the latter be not yours oblige me by putting this letter in the fire (forgetting you have ever received it), and be assured you will never again be troubled by hearing from Your very humble Servant,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

To Sir THOS. LAWRENCE, Bart. [*sic*],
&c. &c. &c.

The year 1829 saw Fanny Kemble's theatrical début at the age of eighteen. The daughter of Mrs. Siddons' brother Charles, her first public appearance naturally excited Lawrence's interest.

"I have," he wrote to young Angerstein, "for many years given up the theatre (not going above once or twice in the year), but this fine genius has drawn me often to it, and each time to witness improvement and new beauties. . . . Her manner in private is characterised by ease and that modest gravity which, I believe, must belong to high tragic genius, and which, in Mrs. Siddons, was strictly natural to her, though, from being peculiar in the

Sir T. Lawrence

FANNY KEMBLE

general gaiety of society, it was often thought assumed."

It is not difficult to imagine the emotions and interest aroused in him by this young girl, who, he says, had "eyes and hair like Mrs. Siddons in her finest time," whose voice was "at once sweet and powerful," and who was "blest with a clear 'Kemble understanding.'" What memories must have been conjured up of one who had also much of the noble beauty and understanding of her mother, one whose tempest-torn heart had long ceased to beat, one for whom he still, at sixty years of age, mourned outwardly and in his heart of hearts!

Only one side of the correspondence between this young creature just entering on a great career and the great artist just closing his has come down to us; but there is enough to show those who can read between the lines how profoundly his interest and memory were stirred by once again clasping "the cold, dead hand of the past."

FANNY KEMBLE *to* LAWRENCE.

[10 *Oct.* 1829.]

DEAR SIR,—I know not how properly to express my sense on the favour you conferred on my performance by your kind and tasteful criticisms, but I prefer thanking you inadequately, to not expressing at all how much I feel obliged to you, for the kind interest you take in my improvement.

The promptest method of testifying my gratitude, I have however adopted, that of carefully avoiding those defects and embracing those refinements which you pointed out to me.

I did not understand what you meant about my wig,

indeed my Mother and myself called upon you the other day to find out what had been the occasion which gave rise to your criticisms on my hair, which I assure you is still in undisturbed possession of my head. I shall hope ere long to have some opportunity of ascertaining this point, and for thanking you personally for your intentions of devoting your time and talents to me, which I assure you is [such] an honor that I feel as I ought, altho' I so ill express my sense of it.—Pray believe me, dear Sir, Your obliged humble servant,

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

FANNY KEMBLE *to* LAWRENCE.

[*No date.*]

MY DEAR SIR,—I almost hoped we might have had the pleasure of seeing you last night, and therefore deferred writing to thank you for the prints, but above all for your letter, in every way so flattering and so valuable.

However I must trespass on your time and patience while I tell you how very much obliged I am to you for your tasteful criticisms ; most of the defects you point out, I am conscious of, and am annoyed at myself at the very time I fall into them, but oh there are so many things to guard against, so many things to do, and not to do, that all I feel is I hope people will have patience with me and little by little I will do my best to improve.

I do not know that you have convinced me about "Shall I swear," and tho' I feel the utter impossibility of opposing my judgment to yours, yet unless my own feeling agreed with the alteration, I think you would but find it a change for the worse. I have your letter by me and shall read both that and the part again carefully before Wednesday—and even then do not be very disappointed if I should be flat and ineffective, for I really hardly can tell myself on what success depends.

Sometimes when I have been thinking I was acting well and carefully that severe judge, my mother, has destroyed all my flattering self-approbation with a word, and at others when I have been labouring under depression and want of animal spirits, rowing against wind and tide with the dreadful consciousness of heaviness and want of life in everything I did, I find that I have been distressing myself very unreasonably and have acted very fairly.

So much of what is casual and often totally unconnected with what one is about influence both the feeling and the execution of it, and this inequality of course is more glaring in so unartist-like a person as myself, who really and truly have as yet no one principle of my profession but uttering as I feel: nor can I often—ever do this quite to my own satisfaction.

I hope you will pardon this very long discussion of my own feelings—which I believe after all amounts but to this, that when I am what I ought to be as a professional person, I shall be less at the mercy of circumstances, and shall have art to assist me when my own spirits and feelings are not up to the mark.

I wish you had been here yesterday evening, because I should like to have discussed some of your remarks more fully than your letter does.

Once more with very many thanks for all your kindness, believe me ever, dear Sir, Your truly obliged, FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Monday.

FANNY KEMBLE *to* LAWRENCE.

[*No date*].

MY DEAR SIR,—I really feel I do not know how to thank you for your kind and magnificent remembrance of me on my birthday. . . .

My Mother has communicated to me your criticism

on my way of falling . . . if you were there [at the theatre] you will I hope have seen that I endeavoured to improve my last moments, and fell indeed (not without a few cowardly misgivings) in a straight line with the lamps. . . .

Once more accept my acknowledgments for all your kindness, and believe me ever, Your truly obliged,

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Although Lawrence's letters to Fanny Kemble are not forthcoming, we are fortunate in finding an extract amongst these papers from one written by him only three days before his death to Mrs. Hayman, which is eloquent not only of his admiration but also of his discretion.

LAWRENCE *to* MRS. HAYMAN.

Jan. 4*th*, 1830.

. . . Yes, Fanny Kemble has succeeded greatly in Belvidera,[1] and exhibited still greater power than she did in Juliet. Each night brings full houses, and no increase of Fame brings with it increase of self-opinion.

Let me give you Washington Irving's[2] opinion of her to me, the other night at Mr. Peel's. "She is much more beautiful in private than she is on the stage, and the nearer one gets to her Face and to her mind, the more beautiful they both are." Now *I* have never ventured to say half as much, for why my Dear Friend? Why, because be it known to you, I have the shackles of "sixty" upon me, and therefore these Love-chains would turn into skeletons of Roses, did any one attempt to throw them round me. But

[1] In Otway's "Venice Preserved."

[2] At this time Secretary to the American Embassy.

tho' I seldom see her, I have almost a Father's interest for her, and a Father's resentment towards those who will not see the promise of almost all that Genius can do, because they have seen the unequall'd power, the glorious countenance and Figure of Mrs. Siddons or are captivated by the contortions of Mr. Kean.

Yet they shall not urge me to injustice towards him. In his best moments he indisputably displays the man of Genius. He gives the passions of Man, and of Mr. Kean, with surprising force and truth ; but it is never with consistent assumption of the character. It is never as Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet nor (except in part of a scene) of Othello. He is nearer to Richard than to any, but then in the subtlety only, and not the daring ambition of the Character.

To give you [a] notion of the range of power of which Fanny Kemble is capable, her Juliet is the sweetest that I have ever seen, and I should not have the slightest doubt of her success were she to appear tomorrow as Lady Macbeth. In five minutes she would conquer all disadvantage of figure and people would only feel that creatures of the most daring energy were to be found in women of small stature as in Men.

Dear Kind Friend, I shall write soon to you again. —Ever your faithful, LAWRENCE.

It is difficult and somewhat tragic to identify this young *débutante* with the great actress of twenty years later, of whom, when engaged upon the "Life" of my dear friend, Mrs. Lynn Linton, I found amongst her papers the following description :—

"The deep voice and stage-stateliness of her manner, the assumption of supremacy and really cruel strength of this lady, crushed me flat. The

way in which she levelled her black eyes at me, and calmly put her foot on me, was an experience never to be forgotten. The pitiless brutality of her contradictions, her scathing sarcasm, her contemptuous taunts, knowing that I was unable to answer her, the way in which she used her matured powers to wound and hurt my even then immature nature, gave me a certain shuddering horror for her, such as I fancy a man would feel for one who had flayed him in the market-place. I am thankful to Fate who never threw us together again. . . . A characteristic little trait of [her] was told me, instancing, in my way of thinking, the stony and unyielding quality of her mind. She was used to number all her dresses and hang them up in rows. If it came to the turn of her gold tissue to be worn, she would wear it, though she might be going to a simple family dinner; if it were the turn for a morning silk, she would wear that, though she had to appear at a stately ball. This was her method of expressing order; and in this apparently insignificant habit may be seen the germ of all she was and did, and the cause of all she suffered and made others suffer."

That Lawrence was a serious-minded man is abundantly evident, but of dogmatic religious belief there is but little trace in his letters. It does not, of course, follow that such dogmatic belief did not find a place in his life; for it is not always the most truly religious who carry their religion on their sleeves. It is therefore the more interesting to find a few excerpts, in Miss Croft's handwriting, from letters written by him at the time when the death of his dear friend, Mrs. Wolff, turned his mind to more serious considerations.

20th August, 1829.

"I thank you for the book, which I have no doubt will be of salutary influence; but there is this difference between me and those to whom it is generally addressed, that my sorrow has brought me nearer to God, not diverted me from Him."

Sept. 17*th*, 1829.

"It is in these moments alone that I am satisfied with myself. In every other I am the same common worldly Being with the throngs around me—and a dreadful certainty that I *can be* these TWO Beings, makes me feel that there must have been prior cause for this base alloy in our nature — that Evil must have had its remote source, and is part of the great scheme, unknown to us, and in which our present existence is but as a point, a speck in the vast Creation—yet over which in its minutest portion the Deity has perpetual governance. You know me, Eliz*th*, and know that I am not growing a fanatic, nor any other but the reasonable Being in my devotion to the Almighty that in my heart I have always been. It is only that that Heart has been so awakened as to show me what I am—and thus to increase my sense of His bounty and His love!"

Sept. 30*th*, 1829.

"On the other subject we have equally thought and felt alike—I have missed no Sunday since my arrival in Town without attending Divine service. Yesterday I spent at Mrs. Croker's at East Moulsey, but went to that simple Country Church and heard a good but too abstruse sermon for the greater part of the congregation. An irreverent thought never yet passed through my mind, and surely it is none that in the public worship of God

I am again in the presence of that sweet and pious Nature who loved Him with so genuine a devotion, and had confidence in that Love—in the mercy and blessing it would secure when accompanied by a life of service to His creatures."

"Religious education, I mean in its ordinary habits in families, inculcates gratitude and humbleness of mind towards the Creator, and by making these sentiments familiar to us, disposes us to thankful feelings for any good rendered us by our fellow Men—whilst the entire absence of it has the opposite effect, and by leaving us independent of another World makes us self-loving and proud in this."

The following anonymous set of verses is undated. Who the "unfortunate female" was I dare not hazard a guess, and after all a painter can hardly be held responsible for the morals of his sitters.

On the Portrait of an Unfortunate Female.

Lawrence beware how you impart
  Unto the world a second evil,
For once, 'tis said, your magic art
  Made all mankind adore the Devil.[1]

The magic spell *again* you try
  Painting a Form that Gods might win,
And by thy pencil's mastery
  Make all the world in love with Sin.

There is a certain irony about the fact that one of the very last communications received by

[1] Alluding to his picture of "Satan."

Cast of Sir Thomas Lawrence's Head

Lawrence was from his bankers, "acquainting him that they would make in anticipation the advance mentioned" in "his note just received." This goes to prove, what was the melancholy fact known only to his intimates, that up to the very last moment he was in monetary straits. As a matter of fact the sale of his effects, including his great collection of drawings by the old masters, which, though undoubtedly an extravagance, was yet surely pardonable as his only one, realised enough to meet all his liabilities. That was satisfactory enough so far as his creditors were concerned, but for himself he had to pay the penalty of ill-managed affairs by a constant uneasiness and dread of a poverty-stricken old age. Fortunately that was spared him. Working almost up to the last, and attended during his few days of illness by his devoted friends Miss Croft and Mr. Keightley, and his faithful servant Jean Duts, he passed away in the fulness of his powers on Jan. 7, 1830. Amongst these documents I find the very article which Mr. Keightley was reading to him when Death put his finger on the page. It is marked in pencil up to the point at which the reading broke off.

Suddenly Lawrence begged his friends to leave the room and send his servant. "Jean, my good fellow, this is dying," he said, and in a few minutes he had breathed his last. Williams states that the post-mortem examination failed to discover sufficient reason for his death, and that "the real cause was probably the depletion of the blood-vessels; or in other terms, this great and estimable character was

bled, or rather had bled, to death"—thus more than hinting that Lawrence had been killed by phlebotomy. Finding that against this passage Mr. Keightley had written on the margin of his copy of the "Life" "This is entirely false.—A. K.," I thought well to submit the post-mortem report, which I found amongst these documents, to a medical friend of wide experience for his opinion. This I did without comment, merely asking whether or no the examination disclosed sufficient cause for death. And it must be confessed the result is inconclusive. After declaring my question to be "a poser," my friend continues: "I can see nothing which is absolutely incompatible with continued existence, or indeed life for some years," but "he evidently had a condition of blood-vessel very liable to induce such a catastrophe" as a clot or apoplexy. On the whole, he considers that he was very liable to die suddenly from syncope, and this liability, I should imagine, would be increased by the blood-letting to which undoubtedly he was subjected, according to the practice of the day. If that were so, the worst that can be said is that he was the victim of an error of judgment on the part of his medical advisers, who were justified by the accepted opinion of those days; and Williams would have been better advised had he expressed himself with more consideration to those who had acted to the best of their judgment.

The following letters are taken from the many which were received by Miss Croft and Mr. Keightley after Lawrence's death.

Mrs. Hayman *to* Miss Croft.

Gresford, *Jan*ry 17 [1830].

My dear Madam,—The opportunity of a frank benefits me to an immediate acknowledgment of your very kind communications—it is the only consolation we can receive to know that no human power could have averted the blow which has fallen so heavily on us, and so fatally on the Arts.

When I had the great pleasure of seeing him here last, I was greatly shocked by seeing him so aged in many respects, and in one of our walks (I well know the spot) he told me that "I should outlive him"; how little I thought it at the time! and I tried to persuade myself that the change I saw was not more than 10 years absence could justify—but no doubt the fatal disease gave him intimation that all was not right within; and his being prepar'd with a Will in spite of the great press of professional business makes me the more think so. Did he ever to you dear Madam express any of the discomforts that creeping enemy must cause?

He wrote to me after that dinner with Mr. Peel, but did not hint being unwell, tho' you mention an attack on new year's day.

I fear with present distresses, and constant liberality it is hardly possible his relatives will greatly benefit. Yet a Sale (how my heart sinks at the idea) would surely produce more than the worth of every article.

I cannot express how much I am obliged by your securing my foolish Letter, and for your promise of not letting my valuable book of Poetry go to the common stock—I dare say you are no stranger to its contents, and that the originals remain in their usual disorder—volumes there must have

been scribbled since those days! and how valuable *all* to those who loved him!

Still—tho' you place the sad scene before my eyes, even to the beauty shining through death—still I am in a dream. I cannot convince myself that He who was so much more alive than any other Human being now lies an insensible corps in the scene of all his Fame and Glory, but I *can* follow him beyond that and humbly trust that his blessed Spirit is enjoying glory and happiness as much superior to even what *his* ideas would be of another world as his Nature was superior to every other human being. Campbell is the person I thought would be his Biographer, and there can be no better, with all the help that you can give him—and Chantrey has sent down to Gresford so good a likeness of a person he never saw, that I hope it will be perfect.

I think he told me he had a portrait of himself, but seem'd not to like it, and I urged another—you must know, and I think you would have named one that satisfied you. Your idea of the Hand was beautiful. The hair will indeed be valuable. . . .

I shall, however, never cease to regard you with the greatest esteem or to be thankful to Heaven that one so dear to us both had such a friend, which I greatly fear for a long time past he must have very much wanted.—Believe me most sincerely, Your obliged and grateful, A. HAYMAN.

[On Cover]—

Mrs. ELIZABETH CROFT,
17 Devonshire Street,
Queen's Square, London.

M^RS. HAYMAN *to* MISS CROFT.

GRESFORD, *Jan^y.* 30.

I cannot express to you dear Madam the obligation I feel to you for your painful exertions in telling

me so much I was anxious to know yet could not ask. I feel for the anxiety and vexation you must *doubly* feel for the infamous insertion in the Papers of what before was slightly whisper'd as report. It is perhaps better that it should be more loudly spoken as it gives the power of an effectual contradiction. I had opposed it with all my might before your convincing letter came. Our dear Friend never named her to me by Letter, but when he was last here he told me had a friend to whom he much wish'd to introduce me. I smil'd and said, "A Mrs. W." ; he smil'd too and said "Yes," speaking highly in her praise. I did not prolong the conversation, for I had heard the report, and was fearful of what I might say, being perfectly ignorant of more than her name, that she was handsome and a woman of genius.

When your last Letter came I had combated strongly with the one circumstance of his naming her as he did to me ; but you have strengthen'd me with such a list of facts that I almost wish for a spiteful person to pour them out upon before Campbell silences all the world, as I hope he soon will. Alas ! how few minds are capable of estimating the feelings of such a mind as his was, or how distinct friendship between man and woman can be from Love.

I daresay I only escaped censure by having not a Face of beauty and being sixteen years older than him ! yet you, dear Madam, call yourself old at 60 ! no, no—you will find that you may preserve all the warmth of friendship and affection to almost the verge of fourscore. . . .

. . . I am very grateful for the Hair ; it was part of the great change I grieved to see in him—and in one of our walks he told me I should outlive him ! Do you think he had any presentiment ?

or that his fatal disease gave any mementos? Is it true that he spoke to you of a "death-watch" the night *before?*

I am trespassing upon you shamefully, but I believe we both feel relief in this communication—"Strangers" we can be no longer—assure yourself of the respect and esteem of your much obliged and faithful servant, A. HAYMAN.

Amongst the many tributes of affection, I find a manuscript poem from the pen of the authoress of "The Hungarian Brothers" and other novels, of which the following are the opening stanzas :—

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR THOS. LAWRENCE.

BY ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Pass on ye train of Princes and of Peers!
Ye weeping friends—ye followers in Art!
And you ye multitudes that hushed and sad
Gaze with your hearts and eyes on one pale bier—
Pass on—and to its rest the noble clay
That bier supports most reverently bear.
Went ever King more honored to his tomb?
Was ever King belov'd more truly wept?
And wherefore should not pomp and public woe
Wait on our Lawrence dead? for he was crown'd
By Nature's mighty hand—his spirit held
Command o'er wondrous secrets, and could wake
At will on the mute canvas—mould and mind
Divinely beautiful—His the sov'reign power
To give his own fine graces to what else
Had common been or harsh; and fix day's star,
Never to set, in Bard or Hero's eye.

ESHER, 26th *Jany*, 1830.

The following Price List, in Lawrence's handwriting and dated 1829, is interesting as showing the latest charges of his painting room. It refers, of course, only to single figures. For "Lady Gower and her Child," he received as much as fifteen hundred guineas.

1829.

PRICES OF THE PORTRAITS.

	Guineas.
Largest size, whole length	700
Whole length	600
Bishops, half length	500
Half length	400
Kit Cat	300
Three quarters	200

Half the price to be paid on the commencement of the picture.

Lawrence had a pretty turn for verse-making, an accomplishment which seems to have been as common then as bridge-playing is now.

There are amongst these papers several specimens which, though good enough in their way, are yet not so good as to be intrinsically worthy of preservation. One example I shall transcribe, rather for the picture of light-hearted gaiety which it conjures up in the days of youth and fun and laughter than for any inherent merit. Probably written during the tragic period of his growing love for the younger Siddons girl, it has a pathos and significance underlying its merriment.

1

Oh why, Maria, dost thou chuse
Thus to prolong our pain,
Still does thy hand the Cup withhold
And still we thirst in vain.

2

Is it that war's destructive Rage
Makes Tea and Sugar dear?
Heed not that paltry strife, dear girl,
Think of the war that's here.

3

'Tis not enough that from thy Face
Large Draughts of Love we take.
For Prudence bids us change a Thirst
That we can never slake.

4

Then quick the fragrant Essence pour;
Thou shalt be richly paid,
For know I'm in the Humour now
To drink it when 'tis made.

5

And though (unlook'd for chance) this Frame
Shake with the potent Tea,
I share the fate of many a youth
To be unnerv'd by Thee.

I have more than once deplored Campbell's abandonment of the task of writing Lawrence's Life; for a man's reputation rests so largely upon the personality and gifts of his biographer. And Williams, though industrious enough, writes himself down shallow and commonplace on every page.

In his preface he quotes a long letter from the

poet, in which he says: "I have explained satisfactorily, to those who have the best right to an explanation from me on the subject, the circumstances which would make it hopeless for me to attempt publishing the 'Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence' . . .; and amongst these papers I find the explanation referred to. It is of such exceptional interest that I make no apology for transcribing it in full.

THOMAS CAMPBELL *to* MISS CROFT.

Oct. 8*th*, 1830.
MIDDLE SCOTLAND YARD, WHITEHALL.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Since I saw you last I have suffered a great deal of vexation and distress about the "Life of our lamented friend Sir Thos. Lawrence." It is perhaps unfair in me to trouble you with an account of my own cares and perplexities—but an explanation will be due to you before I can expect your decision as to what is now to be done with your letters—and I cannot explain the circumstances in which I am now painfully placed without entering into some account of my own affairs. When I undertook the Life I was in the receipt of a handsome salary from Colbourn, the sole proprietor of the New Monthly, for the editorship of that journal, and the task of conducting it occupied only about half the month—so that I counted on the other half being at my command for the undertaken biography. Bentley, the partner of Colbourn, has no connexion with the New Monthly, and with him and Colbourn jointly I engaged for a very trifling sum to get up a Life of Sir T. in two volumes—imprudently I pledged myself to finish it by a given time which is now passed. I set to work—but saving the letters with which you favoured me the materials which I could obtain most miserably disappointed me, and after

writing reams of letters to individuals and consuming whole days in calling on them I found that all they could tell me about Sir Thos. might be included in a nutshell. My difficulty was aggravated by Colbourn coming to me one quarter day and on the payment of my salary assuring me that in these bad times the sale of all journals had decreased and that for the future he could afford only half the salary unless I agreed to write so much every month in the New Monthly. This was in other words telling me I must work all the month through for his periodical, and unless I sat up half the night have no time for Sir Thos.'s Life. It was no joke for me to give up such an income, but that I might finish Sir Thos. Life as quickly as possible I gave up the Editorship of the New Monthly and devoted myself to the biography—New applications—new disappointments—I felt with the exception of some anecdotes about his childhood and your valuable letters that I had no materials for anything like 2 volumes, and my task seemed worse than Egyptian bondage, for I had to make bricks not only without straw but without clay—still I had hopes that Evans[1] his old pupil would help me—he is a keen observer—was much in Sir T's confidence, has a tenacious memory and has a vast store of interesting anecdotes about him. In fact he knows more of his life than any man alive—he lived six years in his house. To Evans therefore I went—but he was overwhelmed with professional business and prayed to be excused till he should have leisure to give me long audiences and allow me to take notes of his Conversation. Out of delicacy I forbore for a long time to press him, but as he had promised to let me know when he was more at leisure and as I did not hear from him—I concluded that I could not rely on his assistance within any definite time. Meantime when I

[1] Richard Evans, who was largely employed by Lawrence to fill in the backgrounds and draperies of his pictures.

began to look to my own affairs and what with my regular income being cut off and no power without a miracle to get out this biography my prospects were anything but comfortable. By and by the time elapsed within which it had been contracted to be finished and Colbourn and Bentley said that unless it was published within a few months they would give up the speculation.

At the same time Colbourn offered me the Editorship of the New Monthly and press'd me to resume it. Never should I have consented to his terms which were that my salary should be reduced one half whilst I was engaged in the Life of Sir Thos. if I had not extremely disliked the idea of giving up the Undertaking—I therefore resolved to sacrifice half the salary for the sake of having the half of every month for getting through with the Biography. Again I applied to Mr. Evans—and here though I must throw blame upon him, I must say that he could have no bad motive in his conduct—for he is really an amiable as well as able man—but forgetting his accustomed consistency he had in the mean time most thoughtlessly and fatally for me allowed a friend of his, a Mr. Watts, editor of the Annual Obituary, to get from him in conversation and to write down in his painting room a large Ms. book of anecdotes. These are to be published at Christmas. Since my last application to Mr. Evans the more he has talked about Sir Thos. the more I can perceive that any man by his assistance alone could write a very valuable Life of Sir Thos. A few days ago I went to him early, and wrote from his Conversation a number of most curious and interesting particulars respecting Sir T., which have great novelty and yet are perfectly fit for publication. When I had written out a long series of these anecdotes I said I hope you have not told all these anecdotes to your friend Watts, " Everyone of them " was the answer. I threw down the pen and went home in Despair.

Afterwards I went to Bentley and Colbourn and said, "*It is out of the question that I can fill two volumes; will you accept of one at any price you like?*" "No," they said, "we have been at considerable expense already and we should lose by the publication if there be not 2 volumes." What was to be done? If I should be blamed on all hands I must bring this matter to an issue, for having embarked in the biography from sheer good wishes to the feelings of others it [is] hard that my peace of mind should continue to be sacrificed to Sir Th^{os}. Lawrence's memory. I have written to D^{r}. Bloxam stating the painful but inevitable conclusion that it is impossible for me to persevere in the biography—still I am anxious that some account of the great artist should come out—if not from my pen at least from the pen of some one *over whom I can exert some influence*. The solution of the difficulty seem'd to be this—Mr. Williams a literary man of very considerable respectability and of perfectly honourable personal character was my assistant in collecting materials for the Work. I am tied up half the month by my Journal, but Mr. Williams would pledge himself in two months—as he is a very ready and active writer, to get out a life with Mr. Evans's assistance, if he were permitted the use of your letters—which of course cannot be consigned by me to any other Editor without your full consent. I have told my friend Evans that the only atonement he can make to me for having given anecdotes to Watts was to tell my friend Williams the same anecdotes and let him get them out in his Life of Sir T. earlier than Watts himself can publish them. Mr. Williams has promised to submit all that he prints about Sir Tho^{s}. to my inspection, and though I will not be answerable for his book in point of literary character, yet I can trust to my influence over Williams for everything that could pain the feelings of Sir Tho^{s}'s. friends.

In this state of affairs I wait for your decision respecting the Letters—It does strike me that considering what a pity it would be that they were not published—there will scarcely be a better opportunity for their publication. They shall be immediately sent back if you decide to that effect.

Begging pardon for having detained you with a long and doleful letter, and trusting that this will find you in tolerable health, I remain my dear Madam, Your sincerely obliged friend, T. CAMPBELL.

To MISS CROFT.

My task is done. I have as far as possible left Lawrence and his friends to speak for themselves, and I shall be very much mistaken if any one will rise from reading these letters without feeling that he has been in the company, not only of a man eminently single-hearted in the pursuit of the art which he loved so well, but of one peculiarly lovable, a loyal friend and a generous enemy, self-respecting and pure-souled, humble-minded in the midst of every temptation to be a coxcomb—a man by whose death both the world of art and the circle in which he moved with goodness and dignity were unreservedly the poorer.

The Koran says, "When a man dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind him. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him." Lawrence's "survivors" may not have had much cause to congratulate themselves. His angel, I fancy, found no unsatisfactory answer to his question.

Passing reference has been made to Monsieur

T. de Wyzewa's exceedingly well-informed articles in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for 1891 and 1892, entitled "Thomas Lawrence et la Société Anglaise de son temps," and I feel I cannot do better than conclude my part of this volume with a few sentences from the pen of this distinguished foreign critic, whose favourable judgment of the man may be freer from suspicion than that of the chartered editor of these letters.

"Sous les dehors de l'homme du monde sceptique et sans préjugés, il avait gardé une âme profondement droite, et simple comme l'âme d'un enfant. . . . Jamais un artiste n'eut plus de droit à notre indulgence, car jamais un artiste n'a été plus passionné pour son art, plus désireux de bien faire, et plus sincèrement, plus cruellement, et plus injustement, sevère pour lui même. . . . Lawrence parâit avoir toute sa vie désarmé les rancunes par la simplicité, la douceur et la bienveillance de son caractère."

The END

Sir T. Lawrence

RECOLLECTIONS OF

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

DURING AN INTIMACY OF NEARLY THIRTY YEARS

By MISS CROFT

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

About the year 1800 I first met Mr. Lawrence at Dr. Heathcote's in Charter House Square. He was then painting the portrait of the beautiful Miss Jennings, niece of Dr. Heathcote, and she was of the party. I thought them the two finest specimens of male and female beauty I had ever beheld, and concluded they must be lovers. This mistake was soon rectified by the marriage of Miss Jennings and Mr. William Lock, the particular friend of Mr. Lawrence, and the eldest son of Mr. Lock of Norbury Park in Surrey, who was one of Mr. Lawrence's earliest and most esteem'd patrons. I remember being much charmed by Mr. Lawrence's singing some of Ariosti's duetts with Mrs. Noel, the mother of Miss Jennings, and this the more surprised me when I found that he literally did not know a note of music, and yet never sang a note out of tune.

Two or three years after this my friend Mrs. Wolff sat to Mr. Lawrence, in consequence of Mrs. Hill having seen a portrait of Mrs. Twiss (the sister of Mrs. Siddons) at Ross, which struck her as the most graceful and pleasing likeness she had ever seen. Mr. Lawrence told me long afterwards, that although he considered Mrs. Wolff

very beautiful and even very clever, it was some time before he entered into the merit of her character; but as their acquaintance improved, he did the most ample justice to her genius, talents, and many amiable qualities, and their friendship only ended with her life in June 1829.

He became one of the most intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wolff, and her two sisters Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Hill; and I had the honour and happiness of being admitted into a society which constituted the chief pleasure of my life, till I found myself in 1830 the sole survivor (except Mrs. Marshall) of the party who had so long lived in affectionate and uninterrupted intimacy.

The first time I ever dined with Mr. Lawrence at Sherwood Lodge I was *ordered* to tell him the long and romantic history of Fanny Mortimer (the protégée of my brother, Sir Richard Croft), and though horridly frightened at the beginning, I gained courage as I proceeded, from the kind manner in which he listened and seem'd to become interested in my story.

I can hardly trace the degrees by which our intimacy increased, but in its early stage I had proofs of his desire to oblige and gratify me by his making a drawing of my nephew Herbert Ryder, previously to his going to India in 1810, and another of my dear Brother about the same period, which, though never finished, is a striking likeness of that bright and benevolent being whom he afterwards delineated under circumstances the most melancholy. In 1818 he made a drawing of my brother in his coffin, and by his magical power

contrived to give it the appearance of sleep in his armchair. I am certain he considered it one of his most exquisite performances, as he constantly sent for it when he had artists dining with him. One friend called it "the triumph of Genius over death," and Sir David Wilkie said it was "absolutely sublime, and worthy of the pencil of Michael Angelo." Sir David said of my drawing of Mrs. Wolff with the boy and dog, "Ma'am, ye have a perfect gem here, but not equal to the likeness of your brother."

From the year 1810 to 1821 Sir Thomas was in habits of the most constant and intimate intercourse with me and my friends in Hart Street, dropping in at all hours, and especially of an evening, when too much tired with the labours of the day to accept the invitations of gayer and more exalted friends. He used to express the comfort of coming, where he could without offence sit silent till he felt sufficiently rested to join in conversation. Frequently he would bring with him the novel or periodical of the day, and enliven our work-table by reading it aloud—and who ever read like him! Most of Walter Scott's works we had the delight of hearing from his lips, and I can never forget the charm of his reading "Marmion" to us. They were all sent to him and a few other chosen friends by the author before they were published, and at the same time that a copy was sent to George the 4th. Thus we were enabled to laugh in our sleeve at persons who roundly reported that Walter Scott was *not* the real author. When we drove Sir Thomas out (sometimes as

late as 12 o'clock at night) he regularly pocketed the book for fear we should go on without him, and generally contrived mischievously to leave off in a part of the greatest interest. Many of Miss Austen's novels he also read to us, and she was one of his most favourite writers.

During all this period I can with truth report that he painted from sunrise to sunset, except in the hours he devoted to the correction of engravings and those of his hurried meals—and at this time I used to hear him accused of indolence and dissipation as the causes of his pictures being so long in hand; but he could only paint all day long, and he equally seemed to neglect his friends and strangers, for Mrs. Wolff's portrait was not gone on with for twelve years. I have known him admit four sitters for two hours each in bright summer days; and in the early part of his career he used to paint by lamplight. When he was without sitters, and finishing his pictures, he used to send for me very frequently to read to him.

In the year 1814 Mrs. Hill became so impatient for the completion of her sister's portrait, and so hurt and offended by the delay, as it was begun when his price was only 60 guineas and he now charged 200 for the same size, that I ventured to interfere. He was quite distressed at my report, and promised the very next time Mrs. Wolff came to town he would certainly complete it. She sat only five or six times for the portrait in white satin, and it was finished after she left town, myself and my cousin sitting for the drapery. It was exhibited in 1815 with the portraits of

Blücher, Platoff, and the Duke of Wellington, and the papers said of it that "the Lady reading by lamplight was indeed a miraculous picture."

During these years we became acquainted with all Sir Thomas' family, except Mrs. Meredith, his favourite sister, who died of consumption early in my acquaintance with him. When his brother Major Lawrence returned from abroad after a very long absence, I was invited to meet him at dinner in Russel Square, Mr. Andrew Lawrence, Mrs. Bloxam and several of her sons and daughters, and I shall never forget the honest delight and humility with which Sir Thomas recalled many of the events of their childhood while their father kept the Inn at Devizes. Some of the party seem'd a little mortified at the recollections, but Sir Thomas persisted the more, in a sort of playful malice. His parents made quite an idol of him, and whenever any mischief was done "little Tom" was put in front of the offenders to brave or soothe the storm. His sister Ann once sent him out to collect birds' eggs for her, and he staid so late that his father was much alarmed about him. At length when it was almost dark the young gentleman arrived whistling and singing, with his hat in his hand half full of birds' eggs. His father, forgetting his alarm when he saw the boy safe, only remembered his anger for having been frightened, and seizing the hat began beating him about the head with it till his curly poll was one mass of broken shells and yolks, and his wrath could not but subside on seeing his ridiculous condition.

Another time they were all assembled in "the

Bar" (here some of the party winced a little at the phrase), and they were all trying, by kicking off their shoes, to hit a ball of zinc[1] which hung from the ceiling. Unluckly little Tom at length succeeded, and down came the ball in a thousand shivers. He left his brothers and sisters to gather them up, and flying into the garden laid himself down in a celery trench for concealment, where he fell asleep, and was not found till he was alarmingly chilled by the cold. It appeared his father used to be pleased with watching the miniature likenesses of his children in this convex mirror; and, strange to tell, they escaped punishment from the circumstance of his never missing it, till they were old enough to confess the misdemeanor without fear.

Sir Thomas told me that his first impression of pictures was made at the age of 4 or 5 at the Inn at Devizes by a picture of Shakespeare, taken from the statue, and that tho' very much frightened at its pale and ghastly hue he often contemplated it for a long time together. This painting, tho' a good deal mutilated, was in existence about 15 years ago at the Brown Bear, and the waiter tried to persuade me it was painted by Sir Thomas. I felt it was not worth while to undeceive him on the subject.

His father used to make him read Shakespeare, Milton, and Gray before company from the time he was seven years old; and he told me of a horrid blunder he made at Bath when reading to some very clever man, for which he got a good flogging.

[1] Query, silvered glass.

He was to read Gray's "Bard," and they gave the poor boy a large old edition of the book, with an illuminated capital R at the very beginning. This amused and puzzled him, and he began, "Run seize thee ruthless King"—and the mistake had well-nigh been "*Ruin*" to his fame.

When he was quite young the celebrated Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, went to Bath with her eldest child, the present Lady Carlisle, then quite a baby. Young Lawrence was employed in making a drawing of her, and the Duchess made him do it in her own dressing-room, where, as her presence seemed to alarm and confuse him, he was generally left alone with the baby and its nurse. One morning he was surprised by a most delicious gale of perfume, and after wondering for a few moments, he turned his head suddenly and his cheek came in contact with that of the Duchess, who was peeping over his shoulder in her dressing-gown, with her hair about her ears, smelling of Maréchale powder, which was then in use. He was so dreadfully confounded at the fault (as he felt it) that he had committed, that the good-humour'd Duchess broke up the sitting to relieve him.

As he grew to manhood the Duchess always noticed and invited him to Devonshire House. The morality of these parties, I fear, was grievously questionable; but in such society, consisting of all the men and women of taste and refinement and wit and learning of the age, his manners could not fail to improve, and attain the peculiar grace and urbanity which mark'd them through life.

I wish I could recollect one-half of the anecdotes I have heard him relate of the Devonshire House *cotèrie* — but the neglect of putting them down at the moment will ever be a source of regret to me. The few which I do remember relate to Mr. Hare,[1] a man of the most refined wit, and a peculiar talent for reproving a fault without giving offence to the party committing it. No one ever loved the Duchess better, or grieved more at her errors than he did. She had a practice of being too lavish of her promises of patronage and assistance to all who asked it, and this made innumerable enemies. One evening when Fox, and Sheridan, and Hare, and Sir Thomas were with herself and the other ladies in her boudoir, the Duchess retired to a writing-table, pleading that she *must* write a letter she had too long neglected. Mr. Hare declared they could not spare her so long, and offered to write the letter for her; she laughingly inquired how that was possible, as he knew not her correspondent or her business. He persisted and sat down to write, and soon produced a letter full of the most lively assurances of esteem and interest, the most ardent desire to serve the parties by all means in her power—then came regrets that pressing exigencies of her own, and a long list of friends to serve must for a time impede her efforts; and it closed with new professions of services at some future time. The Duchess confess'd that the letter would answer the purpose

[1] Probably Francis Hare-Naylor, grandson of Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester, to whom the Duchess gave an annuity to enable him to marry her cousin.

perfectly well—then said Hare, "You will sign and I will direct it." This caused more amusement, and she defied him to direct it properly. He very gravely folded and sealed it, and then wrote, to

"Any Body
Any where."

The Duchess' eyes filled with tears to find him so well acquainted with her valueless promises, and was some time before she recovered herself, but apparently not the least offended.

Another evening the lady of Sir Ralph Payne (afterwards Lord Lavington), a Russian by birth, worried Mr. Hare to write an epitaph on her dog "Tim," he declined it for a time, but at length yielded if Lady Lavington would allow him to write in her name; she of course consented, and he produced in two minutes the following:—

"Here lies poor Tim!
I'm sorry for him;
I'd rather by half
It had been Sir Ralph."

The second Duchess (Lady Elizabeth Foster) kept up her intimacy and correspondence with Sir Thomas to the hour of her death, and many of her letters, now in Mr. Keightley's possession, evince her regard. Sir Thomas received great advantage when in Rome from her influence with Pope Pius the 7th and Cardinal Gonsalvi.

In the latter part of his life he was greatly amused by some essays on different subjects by Ayton[1]—especially one on the difficulties of

[1] Richard Ayton, author of "Essays and Studies of Character."

portrait painters in pleasing not only their sitters but their numerous friends and relatives. It led him to mention his having painted a jolly citizen (as he thought) with the most complete success—but the Alderman's lady, tho' unable to deny the likeness, still withheld her approbation; and after much circumlocution she said that his white satin waistcoat, which had never been out of silver paper since the day of their wedding, was made to look absolutely soiled, and defaced by certain dirty stripes across it.[1] This happened in the very beginning of his career. It is almost incredible, but I can vouch for its truth, that when Sir Thomas painted George the Fourth in robes of the garter about the year 1817 or 1818 something very nearly as stupid took place. A friend of mine wrote me word from Dublin, where the picture is placed in some public hall, that the head and the drapery also was considered very finely painted, but that the lower part of the figure, the left leg in particular, was badly executed, indeed shamefully unfinished, and that they were going to employ an Irish artist to amend this great neglect. I went instantly with my letter to Russel Square and never saw Sir Thos. more enraged, as the same left leg is intended to be quite in shadow. He wrote instantly to the President of the Academy of Dublin to prevent this amendment, declaring himself quite ready to endure any disgrace which might fall upon him. He could not help laughing at the absurdity of the thing, but felt much indebted to me and my correspondent.

[1] The "stripes" being of course the shadows.

When Lord Stewart tempted him to visit Paris, before the stolen treasures of the Louvre were restored, he felt it so difficult to emancipate himself from the trammels of business, that he was very near missing the object of greatest interest. The Apollo Belvedere was actually packing, but his friend Blücher had it replaced on its pedestal for Sir Thos.'s inspection, and in a letter to me he express'd himself more gratified than he had even expected. He pronounced the "Transfiguration" the finest effort of genius there.

Lord Stewart (his constant and attached friend) made him a present on his arrival at Paris of a beautiful little Spanish horse called "Azor," which he, Lord S., had ridden at the battle of Dresden. The very morning after his arrival he accompanied his friend to a review of 20,000 Austrians at some distance from Paris, and very humourously described his dismay when, on reaching the ground, his white charger was led up to the carriage door with that of Lord Stewart. He said, "My Lord, I shall certainly disgrace you and your beautiful horse, and you will soon see the poor painter sprawling in the dust." Fortunately he had been an excellent horseman in his youthful days, as he had excelled in most other manly exercises; but he had long discontinued riding for want of time. Azor played him every possible wicked trick, kicking and jumping up all-fours, and made many efforts to charge with the Cavalry, which he once nearly accomplished by getting the bit between his teeth; but Sir Thos. in desperation stood up in his stirrups, and with his fist knocked the bit into

the proper situation. The Duke of Wellington congratulated him on this happy effort. He said he (Sir Thos.) was almost the only person on the field out of uniform, which made him an object of amusement to all around him. Poor Azor once jump'd from under him at Charing Cross, while he had his hand upon Mr. Angerstein's carriage window, and a dray touch'd the horse behind. He was very much hurt and shaken, but went out to dinner, and on his way called on his female doctors in Hart St.[1] to know what remedies he should use. We consulted together, and at night when he called again, sent him home with a black dose in his pocket, and a bladder fill'd with hot water to be applied to his back, which was bruised, and this he convey'd in the crown of his opera-hat, a part of dress then in universal use.

During the Peninsular War Lord Stewart sat to him for the portrait in the large fur cap, unknown to his first wife, Lady Catherine, sister of Lord Darnley. She was a doating wife, and seeing the order from the War Office arrive for her husband's return to Portugal, she in her agony found out by the servants that he was to be at Sir Thomas' at a certain hour. She ordered her carriage there, rush'd upstairs into the painting room and fainted in her husband's arms. Sir Thos. left the room to order needful remedies. After she had recovered a little Lord S. enquired for Sir Thos., and calling him her "best physician," made him lead her up to the picture, with which she was so surprised and delighted that she dropt on her knee and kiss'd the

[1] Miss Croft and her cousins.

hand that had produced it; and this attached and faithful wife died during one of his long absences, in consequence of having a small wen taken off her head, which had been once removed before, but growing again, she desired the surgeon "to cut deep enough this time," and so he did, for Erysipelas came on and proved fatal in consequence of his wounding the membrane which covers the skull.

A poor young man at Stratford was taken up and tried for coining, into which he was led by some well-known coiners in consequence of being a coach-harness-plater, which made him useful in their practices. It was proved that he had never seen the men till about half-an-hour before he was taken up; but this did not prevent his being condemn'd to death! We were all deeply interested about it, but could have done nothing without Sir Thomas' aid. After much trouble and labour he did succeed by the aid of Lord Sidmouth in getting his sentence commuted for transportation for life. He not only supplied this poor fellow with the means of comfort on his voyage, but paid the passage of his wife to follow him, and even made a slight drawing of him (now in Mr. Keightley's possession) for the consolation of his family. By obtaining letters to the Governor of Botany Bay, and by his excellent conduct, this same James Wright rose to situations of trust and confidence, and continued to write the most grateful and satisfactory letters to Sir Thomas, till he was deprived of his generous and indefatigable patron in January 1830.

When he was painting the heroes Blücher and

Platoff, in 1814 all the town seem'd running mad to get a sight of them. A piece of good fortune befel me in consequence of my calling one day on Mrs. Bloxam in Russel Square. Holman opened the door to me and said Mrs. Bloxam was out, and Sir Thos. engaged with the "Field Marshal." I left my card, and had proceeded only a few yards, when Holman came running to say his master begg'd I would return. Sir Thomas came down to me looking harassed and distressed, and said, "They have sent Blücher to me without any attendant or interpreter; he has been travelling all night from Portsmouth and is evidently 'half-seas-over,' and consequently falls asleep the moment I cease talking to him; and, moreover, being somewhat deaf, I can only make him hear by going quite close to him." I asked on what pretence I could be introduced; and Sir Thos. said, "As my sister, for such I consider you, and my real sister must have done me this service had she been at home." Finding Blücher only spoke German and very bad French, I felt less afraid, and was introduced accordingly. It was very convenient that he did not understand our English, as Sir Thomas prompted me as to the best means of keeping him awake. We were speaking of the likeness of which Sir Thos. with his usual humility and candour ask'd my real opinion; I said with truth that it struck me as perfect, with the exception of too much spirit about the lower part of the nose; he replied that I was quite right, that from the loss of teeth and evident fatigue the corner of the mouth and nose

seem'd to droop, but that, if I would begin talking of the Duke of Wellington, I should soon perceive it was no flattery of his. Seeing me put my finger to my face, Blücher said, "Madame, votre sœur parle en artiste, je suppose"—to which Sir Thomas maliciously replied, "Oh oui," to my great alarm, for fear by further questions he should detect me for an impostor, but happily it proceeded no farther. I then spoke of the Duke's worn and altered appearance, and he answered as if it was impossible for a soldier to experience bodily fatigue. "C'est seulement le repos qui me fatigue," was his characteristic observation. He went on to observe that Wellington was a boy to him, for he added, "I have been fifty-six years an officer." We calculated afterwards that as he was certainly raised from the ranks by Frederic of Prussia, he must in all probability be full seventy-six years of age when he fought so bravely. The fact of his having been a common soldier is, I believe, denied by his biographer, but Lord Stewart assured Sir Thos. that Blücher was rather proud than otherwise of it. In the commencement of my office Sir Thos. imposed a difficult task on me, which was to request he would curl up his moustaches so that they might not cover his lower as well as upper lip—this with my bad French I found difficult to make him comprehend, but I at length accomplished it more by signs than words, and putting his filthy fingers into his mouth, he brought them out plentifully wet, and curled the moustaches into a smaller compass. He wore a miniature of George the 4th round his neck, and

he told us the crowd at Portsmouth had so press'd upon him as to break the crystal he showed us. The mob in Russel Square rushed in in a frightful manner even the first time Blücher sat, lining the staircase and filling the gallery; and at length it was scarcely possible to keep them out of the painting room, except by the aid of Bow Street officers.

We were invited also to meet Platoff on the same occasion. He spoke neither French nor English, but he told us by his interpreter how much he lamented his inability to converse with English ladies, and very gallantly kiss'd the hands of Mrs. Hill and myself, who happened to stand foremost.

In the course of my intimacy with Sir Thos. he introduced me at different times to many distinguished persons when I happened to be sitting with him. I have met thus the Duke of York and Sir Herbert Taylor,[1] the Duchess of Wellington and her brother, Lord Longford, and poor Sir Edwd. Pakenham, who was kill'd a few weeks after in America,[2] Sir Robert Peel and the clever Dr. Wollaston;[3] and once (by a mistake) Lady Blessington even rushed into the room where my cousin and I were, and in a very few minutes, by her ready wit, made us forget *all* but the charms of her person and conversation. The beautiful young Lambton I once met on the stairs, so as to be able to pronounce the picture not a jot more

[1] The Duke's secretary.
[2] While directing an assault on New Orleans.
[3] Secretary to the Royal Society.

lovely than he was. Sir Thos. invited me to meet Miss Fanny Kemble when she sat to him for the drawing which is lithographed by Mr. Richard Lane — and to Sir Thos. also I am indebted for the knowledge of this gifted and amiable young man (Mr. Lane) and his charming wife.

All that was most worthy of observation in Art, and all the best theatrical performances he kindly ensured me a sight of. Passionately fond of the drama, he must have been a perfect actor if his mind had taken that turn, and his long and uninterrupted friendship with the Kemble family encouraged this taste. He used to perform at the Marquis of Abercorn's theatre at the Priory, Stanmore. I never saw him, but Mr. and Mrs. Wolff did, in the part of either Zanga[1] or Oroonoko,[2] I forget which; and also in Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the "Rivals." They were best pleased with his tragedy, but with all their partiality were free to confess that he wanted much of the usages of the stage. His voice was remarkably fine, and possess'd a variety which was quite uncommon. Its gentler tones were perfect music. He secured us a box for the taking leave of both Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, the first as Lady Macbeth, and the latter Coriolanus. Strangely as it sounds, he also took us to the O.P. riot, or rather on the night when all seem'd accommodated and no riot was

[1] The revengeful Moor in Young's "Revenge."

[2] The Prince in the dramatised version of Mrs. Aphra Behn's novel.

expected; but it turn'd out worse than ever, and I can never forget the extraordinary scene. With every dissonant sound that could be invented, we heard each other in our box in the gentlest whisper, the yells from without not seeming to mingle with our voices.

Whenever an interesting piece or a new actor or actress appeared of any celebrity he had always a box near the stage for us on account of my blindness. With all his refinement, no one laughed more heartily at broad farce; and I shall not easily forget how much he was amused at watching the solemn apathy with which Prince Leopold sat through the whole of "Tom Thumb," which the Princess Charlotte had chosen as afterpiece the single night that Mrs. Siddons return'd to the stage to perform Lady Macbeth by her R.H.'s command. I was less surprised that a foreigner should fail to comprehend the burlesque of Tom Thumb, than that the Princess should not have induced him to read the play of Macbeth, so as to be able to look off his book at that sublime actress; but this the poor Princess could not prevail on him to do, tho' she jogg'd his elbow and tapp'd him from time to time with her fan, as if she really did long to beat him.

Sir Thos. also took us to Drury Lane to see the poor King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, and few sights would be more extraordinary—but we should have not laughed so heartily at them had we known that the hand of death was upon them. We thought they were

Sir T. Lawrence

COUNTESS GREY

laughing at some part of the performance, instead of which they were stooping to make use of the white satin playbills, which they mistook for pocket-handkerchiefs.

Sir Thos. also procured for us no less than six tickets for the Abbey at the Coronation of George the 4th, and as many for Westminster Hall, and few families could boast of such an advantage.

During the time that the Duchess of Wellington was sitting to Sir Thos. for a drawing, she told him an anecdote of Lady Mornington, the Duke's mother, which accounts, I think, for the little one ever heard of her in any way; for she must have been an odious person. She was in Paris with her son, the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke, when the latter was about the age of thirteen or fourteen. They all went to see Versailles, or some other of the French Palaces, I am not certain which. The two youths had a secret between them, which seem'd to belong to the Marquis. His mother got her son Arthur apart from the other and insisted on knowing this secret; the boy was firm to his promise, and said if it had been his own secret she might have commanded it, but he had no right to betray that of his brother. Lady Mornington grew furious, and declared he should not return in her carriage. The saucy boy said, "Very well; he had no doubt he could walk," and this she actually suffered him to do in spite of the remonstrance of his brother. Of course, tho' they drove slowly, they reach'd Paris long before the young pedestrian, who at length

arrived whistling most unconcernedly; and from this period it was understood that he retained a painful sense of his mother's tyranny and injustice.

When the Duke of Wellington's picture on horseback (the horse was called Copenhagen, and lived till the year 1834 or 1835) was painted for Lord Bathurst, it was the fashion of the day to doubt the possibility of Sir Thos. painting the horse so exquisitely, and I can testify that he went for many successive mornings to Astleys, where the riding-master put the horse into every variety of pace and posture, and where Sir Thomas made numerous drawings of the beautiful animal piecemeal, which were found by Mr. Keightley after Sir Thomas' death, and, I conclude, sold at one of the sales of his effects.

I recollect a droll anecdote relative to Blücher's portrait, in which his horse was in the background and his Hulan (*sic*) in the act of mounting it. Mrs. Wolff and I went to see the picture in progress, and she said apart to me, "My dear, what shall I do? Sir Thomas has put the wrong foot of the Hulan in the stirrup, must I tell him of it?" This she did in a very humble manner, and he was most thankful to her for rescuing him from such a "cockney blunder," confessing that he had look'd at the picture till he did not know his own right hand from his left.

A similar mistake it was my good fortune to point out to him, and he received it with the same good humour. In his first portrait of

Mr. West, P.R.A., he was seated at a table with his hand on his spectacles. I said, "Was there no glass in Mr. West's spectacles, Sir Thomas?" "What do you mean?" he asked very sharply, when looking at the picture he instantly perceived that he had put his thumb through the circle intended for the glass. It led him to observe how very often he had been benefited by the observations of the unenlightened, and how unwise those persons were who did not lay themselves open to criticism. He used to say Mrs. Wolff's eye was quicker than his own, and perpetually acknowledged the great advantages he had derived from her observations.

The first time I was abroad after the Battle of Waterloo, I chanced to see a lay-figure at the house of a lady artist in Brussels. Sir Thomas was pleased with my description of it, and wrote to Paris directly for a lady and gentleman. Some weeks after my return he invited us to meet some foreigners at tea in Russel Square, and when we went in smartly dress'd for company, there sat bolt upright in an armchair, and wrapped in a sheet, a gentleman with his head under his arm, and the lady reposing on the sofa with her head standing on a table before her. He then commissioned me to clothe and adorn her so as to represent the Duchess of Gloucester, who was then sitting to him. Accordingly the next day, while he was gone to Carlton Palace, I equipp'd her in white satin and the Duchess' jewels; but with all my efforts I could not accomplish getting on her wig, so I

was obliged to leave her bald-headed in the chair on the throne where his sitters were placed. It happened that during his visit to the Regent Count M. came in, and it appearing that he had never seen Sir Thomas's gallery, the Regent ordered a carriage and took Sir Thomas and the Count to Russel Square. The Regent entered first, but instantly started back on seeing the bald-headed lady, and Sir Thomas had much trouble to persuade him that the lady was perfectly indifferent to the state in which he had surprised her. The Prince and the other two then tried their united efforts, but the wig baffled their endeavours as it had done mine.

Another day George the 4th caused us a great fright; he always went to Sir Thomas to sit, with his usual condescension, while he was Regent, but it was no longer etiquette when he came to the throne. One day a friend of mine was sitting, and we were a party of five or six, the rooms strewed with bonnets, cloaks, and draperies of all sorts, when a message came that the Regent would be with him at three o'clock. He therefore broke up the sitting and ordered coffee, which I was in the act of pouring out, when an awful knocking was heard at the street door, and Sir Thomas flew to receive his royal guest, leaving us to scamper off as we could. We had just got into the third room, when we heard the Regent's voice at the painting room door, and there being neither chair nor table in the room all was thrown upon the floor. After moving about a dozen whole length pictures, which stood before the door, we made our

escape by the back stairs just before the Regent entered the room we had quitted. "Lawrence," he said, "it is my fate to disturb your family, for here is even the coffee pour'd out and not drunk." Sir Thomas then explained that we were only a group of terrified sitters.

Many anecdotes of his sovereign's familiar kindness towards him I ought to have remembered, but in the seven years which have pass'd since Sir Thomas's death, they have escaped my memory.

The King commanded him to paint a portrait of himself for him, a command he never had leisure nor inclination to obey; it even went so far as the King's desiring it might be in the costume of his Doctor-of-law's gown, but he added, "Do not put on the cap, Lawrence, as Sir Joshua did, for we shall not recognise you without your bald head."

He had so great a dislike to painting himself that it was with much difficulty he was persuaded to begin a portrait before he went the last time to Paris to paint Charles the Tenth. When he first showed it me, it had a most melancholy expression, and on my observing that he seem'd inclined to do justice to every one but himself, he answered quite pettishly, "You would not surely have a man look smirkingly at himself in a glass; and you seem to forget what an irksome task it is to me." A small miniature in chalks, which I think was painted some time in 1804 or 1805, has the eager look to a great degree, which is the inevitable result of this process. Mr. Keightley, his Executor, purchased this at the sale, and has kindly lent it me for my life; and also a beautiful carved ivory of Cupid and Psyche,

pronounced to be the work of Fiamingo by the Messrs. Woodburn. It was the last present he (Sir Thomas) made me, and within a fortnight of his death; but he wished to keep it to show some artist he expected, and the sad scene so soon followed I never thought of claiming my Cupid and Psyche, and it was obliged to go to the hammer with all the rest.

I occasionally sat to him for the finishing his pictures when he could not have the originals, and sat four hours for Mrs. Wolff's satin drapery, and as long for the Duchess of Gloucester's hands and arms in the picture now at Sydenham, in the possession of William Dacres Adams, Esq. It always struck me that my arms were too large, and did injury to the picture.

In the year 1807, he made a drawing of me to gratify my dear mother; but she unhappily did not live to see it completed. It was a very favourable likeness, and I always thought too much so. My niece, Madame de Chanteau, has it at Dijon.

One night, at the opening of Covent Garden theatre for the season, Sir Thos. excused himself after tea in Hart Street, in order to see the improvements which had been made by his friend Smirke. He returned in about an hour evidently in very ill-humour. I said, "You have brought back the headache with you." "No." He asked me for a pencil or pen and ink, and in a few minutes he produced a likeness of a lady's bare back and broad shoulders, which were exposed quite down to her girdle; and he said she was an Englishwoman, or he should not have been so

incensed at her. No one had such utter abhorrence of any indecent display in dress as himself, and he said in one of his letters to me from Vienna, that "if it must exist it ought to be confined to ugliness and vice." When he had heard any comical anecdote I could tell instantly by his countenance, and it was quite droll to see his eagerness to communicate it to me. A story of Fuseli, which I am almost ashamed to repeat. After waiting a whole evening for an opportunity he at last told me in the hall as he was going away. Fuseli went some short distance into the country to dine and sleep. After dinner he left the room the instant after the ladies went out, and the master of the house simply remark'd that all foreigners disliked the English mode of sitting after dinner. When tea was announced, the gentleman enquired of his wife what she had done with Mr. Fuseli? She disclaimed all knowledge of him, and after sending to his room to see if he was indisposed, and not finding him there, the gentleman thought fit to make more decided search for him. It appeared that on leaving the dining-room he had enquired of a footman his way to a certain temple in the garden. The man brought a lantern and also a stout cudgel. "What you bring that great stick for?" ask'd Fuseli in his broken English. "Why, Sir, our house dog is let loose after dark, and as he is rather fierce you had better take the stick." "Ah no, you go wid me and carry the stick yourself." Fuseli, whose timidity was well known, was ashamed to detain the footman, but had not long been left by him before he heard this awful animal

at the door, where he continued to sniff, sniff, sniff at the bottom of it, with an alternate bow, wow, wow, and there poor Fuseli would most unquestionably have pass'd the night had they not arrived to his rescue.

Another story he brought us, and told with inimitable humour, of a young actor who made his "first appearance on any stage," at a Provincial theatre in Ireland, in the character of "Lothario," in the "Fair Penitent." He was habited in complete sables, and was greeted by shouts of applause on his entrance by his friends and supporters; these were speedily followed by a burst of laughter, which was so general as entirely discomfited the poor fellow, who bow'd and bow'd, and shuffled and stammered, and at last offered to retire, but cries of "No, no," brought him back, and just as he hoped to obtain a hearing, and enquire the cause of the merriment, a kind-hearted countryman and friend got up in the Pit, and in an audible whisper said, "Larry, my dear, there's the laste taste in life of your shirt hanging out."

I furnished Sir Thomas with a well-known correspondence, said to have pass'd between a Mr. P. and Miss C., next door neighbours in some of the suburbs near London, which Sir Thomas read to Mr. Canning one day when he came to sit, and they laughed so immoderately at them that they were obliged to defer the sitting till another day.

When the proposal came from George the 4th for Sir Thomas to go to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the members of the Congress there assembled, he was required to name his own terms,

and so puzzled was he by this, and so fearful of being exorbitant in his demands, that I walk'd with him on Waterloo Bridge one evening for almost three hours before he could at all make up his mind on the subject. I was ignorant then of what has been so painfully proved since his death, that the embarrassment of his affairs made his leaving England at all a matter of risk and alarm to him, and could not comprehend the thousand difficulties he conjured up. He insisted on my naming the sum it appeared to me reasonable he should demand for two months absence, and when I mention'd £1000, he was almost in a passion with what he called my "absurd rapacity"; not being at all disposed to come to my proposed terms, he left me at the door in Hart Street in no amiable temper. I could not sleep in the fear of misleading him, and rose early to persuade him to mount his horse (which I had ventured to order to his door as I pass'd the livery stables), and go direct to the Duke of Wellington for advice. To be sure I did feel very exultingly triumphant when he called on his way back to confess that the Duke had, without a moment's hesitation, proposed the same sum. His stay was prolonged to twenty months instead of two, and so great a part of the time, both at Rome and Vienna, for his own gratification, that this agreement (which was complied with unhesitatingly) went for nothing, and I believe he was only paid for the whole lengths 500 guineas, and for the three-quarters 300, for all the portraits of the Waterloo Gallery.

The Duke of Wellington's kindness knew no

bounds. He proposed that a temporary room which Sir Thos. took with him should be placed in the garden of his hotel, but unfortunately his baggage was by some accident so delayed that he had no use for it when he arrived, as the Magistrates of Aix-la-Chapelle had established him in an apartment of the hôtel-de-ville, the only fault of which was it being at the top of seventy stairs, which somewhat fatigued and annoyed the Sovereigns.

Sir Thomas being invited by Lord Bathurst to attend a Cabinet dinner at his house, described to me the exceeding amusement he had in hearing them discuss the events of the Cato Street conspiracy some four or five years after it took place. He represented these great men as quizzing and laughing at each other like a parcel of schoolboys recalling their early frolics. It appeared that Lord Sidmouth was a man of well-known timidity, and could scarcely sleep after the threatened plot had been made known to them. Getting out of his carriage about a week before at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Westmoreland's, he recognised the countenance of Thistlewood among the crowd assembled round the door. He, Lord Sidmouth, was as pale as death when he entered, and said he had detained his carriage, and would on no account stay unless the Bow Street officers were immediately sent for. This was instantly done, and they dispersed themselves in the nearest public houses. Thistlewood soon entered one, and seeming to recognise the officers, walk'd out again, and nothing was attempted for that day.

They had of course constant and serious consultations as to the best mode of meeting what their spies knew to be intended. The Duke of Wellington proposed that each of the Ministers should come arm'd with one brace of pistols about their persons, and another brace in their boxes of papers, and this they compared to the Fable of Esop I believe, which describes the shoemaker as proposing to fortify the besieged town with leather. Some of the party, less inclined to actual warlike proceedings, negatived it, and the Duke relinquished his plan in mercy to the attendants, who were to be made victims by the horrid plan of throwing hand-grenades and other missiles into the Hall. The greatest merriment was excited by the avowed intention of the miscreants to accuse the Duke of Wellington of the cowardice of kneeling to beg his life! The plan was, after destroying the Ministers, to sally forth into the street, sounding the tocsin, which was expected to cause thousands to join them; to pillage all the Bankers at the West End of the town, at Charing Cross, and the Strand, and Fleet Street, and then proceed at once to the Bank of England! Every one knows how blessedly these horrible plans were frustrated; but only the Tory Ministers themselves know what is become of the Spy Evans, whose life would not have been safe an hour in this country, so mercifully rescued by his means under the hand of Providence. When Thistlewood escaped from the den in Cato Street over the roofs of the houses, in which he must have been assisted by some persons in the plot, he went straight to the house of some slight acquaintance

in S. George's Fields, and pleading illness asked them to give him a bed ; there he remained all the following day, and when the officers took him he was found in bed, with all his clothes on except his coat. One little trait of humanity he evinced in this moment of desperation, and that was to clear by the most solemn declarations the people who had innocently sheltered him. Sir Thomas made a slight sketch of Thistlewood at his trial on the back of a letter, which I think he gave away, and his appearance was pleasing and almost quite gentlemanly.

Sir Thomas had an insatiable curiosity as to the countenances of murderers and persons capable of great crimes. He got permission from the home-office to go to Cold Bath Fields Prison to make a drawing of the man Williams, who was the murderer of the Maw family about 1812 or 1813, and also of another family of the name of Williamson, both in the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe High-way. The presumption of his guilt was confirm'd by his destroying himself in Prison the day after he was taken. Sir Thomas brought the drawing to shew me, and laid it before me without a comment. It instantly struck me that it was Williams, for the subject was fresh in every one's mind. I never saw a more beautiful head. The forehead the finest one could see, hair light and curling, the eyes blue and only half closed ; the mouth singularly handsome, tho' somewhat distorted, and the nose perfect. I ask'd what became of the science of physiognomy, when such features could belong to such a monster ; for he destroyed not only the

father and mother, and I think a maid servant, but an infant a few weeks old in its cradle—and all this for the purpose of rifling the till in a little haberdasher's shop! Sir Thomas admitted the perfect beauty of the head; but said it was very singular that in all the three heads of murderers that he had seen and drawn, the formation of the lower jaw was precisely the same—very square, with a peculiar shortness of chin, and partaking more of the tiger than the human jaw. He instanced Governor Wall, who was executed for flogging a negro girl to death, and a Mr. Fillipo, who was tried and acquitted for one murder, and afterwards hung for another. Phrenology was not known at this period, at least not very generally, but Sir Thos. became reluctantly but progressively a convert to it in his latter days. He said to me of a servant he dismiss'd, "Poor fellow, I believe I must take him again, for he has the organ of destructiveness so strongly defined that I fear he will never get another place."

The beautiful letters which Sir Thomas wrote from Claremont when he was painting the Princess, which are introduced in his Biography, give a lively picture of the domestic happiness which Princess Charlotte enjoyed; and I am certain they are not too highly coloured, for I have letters from my poor brother, Sir Richard Croft, written about the same period, and under precisely the same impressions of Prince Leopold's kindness to her. It might be called their honeymoon, and the expected birth of an heir to her

throne could not but be a prospect of the greatest interest to the Prince as well as the poor Princess herself. I shall not however, I hope, be deem'd uncharitable in conjecturing that if it had pleased God to spare her life, there was a clash of character between them which might have impair'd if not destroyed her happiness. Young and thoughtless and generous as she was, the Prince's confined views about money could not have failed to annoy her. One day when her portrait was nearly finished, she came into the room appropriated for Sir Thos. attended by Lady Gardiner only. She said, "Here I am, and a pretty figure to appear before you, with red eyes and swelled cheeks. You perceive, Sir Thomas, that I have been weeping violently, and I think it necessary to explain what about—as I am only to sit for the arms it will not signify." She then went on to tell him that it being the Duke of York's birthday she regularly made him a little present, and she had ordered a toothpick-case with her own hair and the Prince's in a medallion set round with diamonds. "This," she said, "I had expected would cost about thirty or forty guineas, and do you know," she said, "when it came home it proved to be 100!! but don't think that I cried because the Prince was angry, but because I felt so ashamed of my thoughtlessness, when he only said, 'It was very hard upon you, my Charlotte, for I am sure you are too prudent to order anything without asking the price.'" This was somewhat too bad to be addressed to the Heiress Apparent of the British Throne!

In confirmation of my somewhat harsh feeling towards Prince Leopold I will add a trifling specimen of his carefulness, which occurred in Russel Square after her death. He came to sit one showery spring day. Sir Thos., as was usual, went down to receive him, and he stopt on the stairs, beckoning one of his tall footmen to him, who was with the others in state liveries, and said, "I shall be here an hour and a half or longer, and it will rain, so you may go home and change your liveries."

There was somewhat of a scene at Claremont about this same portrait of the Prince; the Princess wished Sir Thomas to paint it as he had done her own, at Claremont. This he was under the necessity of refusing, but of course in the most humble and respectful language. The Princess, unused to opposition, drew up and was evidently displeased and broke up the sitting, pleading fatigue. Sir Thomas perceived that during dinner she did not address him with her usual gracious condescension; and when they joined her in the drawing-room, she beckoned Colonel Addenbrook to her, and seem'd to be discussing something very earnestly. The excuse Sir Thos. made was that as the Regent always honoured him by going to Russel Square, it would be a disrespect towards him to paint any other person at their own home, except as in her Royal Highness's case by the Regent's express commands.

When the conversation ceased Colonel Addenbrook cross'd the room to Sir Thomas, and the

Princess said smiling, "I hope you will think I have managed it very cleverly." Colonel Addenbrook then told him that the Princess having that day received the order of S. Catherine from the Emperor of Prussia, had occasion to write and inform the Regent, and that she had determined to make it a part of her letter to request Sir Thos. might paint the Prince at Claremont. She did not survive this transaction above a fortnight!!

Immediately upon her death the Regent sent for her portrait to Carlton House, not aware that she intended it for Prince Leopold, this intention being confided to Sir Thomas, whom she commanded to complete it for the Prince's birthday. Sir Thos. was greatly distressed by the Regent's refusal to give it up; so very awkward was his situation, that he was obliged to go to Brighton to explain, and intercede for it; and I understood that the difficulty was very great, and only overcome by bribing the Regent with the promise of an excellent whole-length copy, which is now in the collection of the present King William the 4th.

I put things down as they occur to me, without an attempt at order or regularity. When he painted the portrait of Princess Mary[1] for Mrs. Adams, who had been H.R.H.'s wet-nurse, it was done in one of the upper rooms of the old Buckingham House, in presence of her sisters and the Duke of York, as well as Mrs. Adams.

[1] Daughter of George III., married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, 1816.

Sir T. Lawrence

LADY LYNDHURST

Queen Charlotte was not in the secret, the intention being to surprise her when the picture was finished. During one of the sittings they were all electrified by hearing her Majesty's step approach the door, well known by the click of her high-heel'd shoes. Princess Elizabeth[1] was deputed to argue the point of her non-admission. "Indeed Your Majesty can't come in for we have got a secret, and it is not yet ripe for disclosure." The Queen pleaded very urgently to be admitted, on account of being much fatigued by climbing so many stairs, but it had no effect on her daughters, till she declared she was so lame from her *corns*, that the Duke of York's heart was softened and he went and handed her in. She express'd much surprise but not the slightest displeasure, and complimented Sir Thos. on his success. Not having chanced to see the Queen for some time, I enquired how she look'd; and Sir Thos., after a little consideration, said she reminded him most of an "old grey parrot," with her frizz'd head of grey hair, and her well-known habit of turning in her toes. Nevertheless, he had high respect and veneration for the character of Her Majesty, and in her latter days received many proofs of her condescension.

Sir Thomas had a great aversion to every peculiarity of dress or manner which attracted notice in public, and was one night put completely out of sorts at the Lyceum, by the

[1] Daughter of George III., afterwards Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg.

excessive laughter of three young men who were of our party. The entertainment was Mathews'[1] "American Trip." He said to me, "Could you not prevail upon these young gentlemen to be somewhat less boisterous in their mirth, for the whole pit is in amazement at their laughter." I said, "Do let the poor boys enjoy themselves, for you will be overtaken yourself presently," and I was borne out in my remark by seeing him very soon unknit his brow and give way to convulsive fits of laughter.

It was exceeding amusement to him to paint Mr. Jekyll, the well-known Wit. At the first sitting he could not resist the droll expression of his left eye, and actually stuck it in the middle of his canvas, without a line of any other feature. Many humorous notes pass'd on this occasion, in which Mr. Jekyll signed himself "Polyphemus," and "*I by itself I*, Joseph Jekyll." I heard many of his bon mots, but can only recollect two or three.

One day Sir Thos. met him at a family dinner party, where some children had a squirrel in one of the turnabout cages. "Ah, there he is, poor devil," exclaimed Jekyll, "confined to the Home Circuit."

Mr. Jekyll had let a house and grounds somewhere in Surrey to a rich Army tailor, who spite of all engagements actually cut down a fine row of Lime trees, thereby greatly injuring the beauty of the place. Jekyll would not go to law for the mere value of the timber, saying, "No law could

[1] Charles Mathews, the elder.

set up his favourite trees again." Mrs. Jekyll, however, was less philosophical, and was extremely restless on her pillow. "What makes you toss and tumble so, my dear?" enquired he. "Why, I can't get the tailor and the trees out of my head," she replied. "Oh, never mind," said Jekyll, "never let Snip snap snorum!"

Another time they were talking of the extreme filthiness of the Russian soldiers when in Paris, where they were said to drink the oil out of the lamps in the streets, and to consider the eating tallow candles as a great luxury. "Well," said Jekyll, "it all comes to the same end, if its bad for the liver, its good for the lights!"

When Mr. Canning was sitting, the conversation turned on the character of Sir Nicholas Tindal, now Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Canning express'd the highest regard and admiration of him; but concluded by saying he always put him in mind of the lower man in a saw-pit. It must be added that Sir Nicholas has a very peculiar look with his eyes, which always appear as if half-closed.

In Sir Thomas's last visit to Paris he had much difficulty in obtaining from the officers of the Household a suitable apartment of sufficient dimensions to paint his whole length of Charles X. He was first shown into a bedroom, in which a large old-fashioned bed took up half the size of it. On his objecting he was told that Monsieur Isabey, the celebrated miniature painter, had not complained of it, which Sir Thomas observed did not at all surprise him, considering the

dimensions of their respective works. He then applied to the higher powers, and was soon accomodated with a suitable apartment. During the sittings the Duchesse de Berri and her two children were often present, and the latter by their playfulness and observations considerably enlivened the King's countenance. The Duchesse d'Angoulême could not be persuaded to sit to Sir Thomas, and the little boy (Henri 5th) ask'd his Grandfather why he did not command her to do it? adding that he would certainly do so if he were a King. He heard from some of the family an anecdote of the little Mademoiselle de Berri, which I had previously heard from a lady at Lisle, who had it from one of the child's attendants. When she was about eight years old she was summoned into the Duchess's apartment to see a Neapolitan nobleman, who thought it necessary to address the most exaggerated compliments to both mother and daughter. The child listened to him with unusual attention, and during a moment's pause in the conversation said in a low tone, "Maman, il me semble que Monsieur voudrez (*sic*) bien de notre fromage." The Duchess silenced her as well as she could, not comprehending the child's meaning; but it was explained afterwards that she had just been reading the fable of the "Fox and the Crow."

Old Mr. Lock described to Sir Thomas a scene he had witnessed at Vienna as long since as when he was making the tour of Europe with his tutor. It was a combat of wild beasts, for which an arena was fitted up such as at

the Bull Fights in Spain, and strange to say the ladies of Vienna were present in great numbers. The animals selected were a Lion, a Tiger, a Bear, a Cow with her calf, and a wild Horse.

The Lion and Tiger first entered the lists, and the combat was long and furious, yet sometimes doubtful, for the activity of the Tiger was almost too much for his antagonist. At length the strength of the Lion prevailed, and he conquered but with great and evident fatigue. The Bear was after a long pause turned in, and the Lion at first surveyed him with great astonishment. Bruin puzzled him for a time by frequent affectionate hugs, but was subdued in much less time than the former adversary.

Then came by far the most horrid and agonising part of the whole scene, for the maternal efforts of the cow to protect her calf were so terrible as to drive the ladies fainting from their seats. After an inconceivable struggle both the poor animals were slaughtered, but if I recollect right, the cow was the first victim.

By this time the Lion was so much fatigued as to occasion a long pause before the Horse was turned into the Arena. At first the noble animal was observed to quail with fear and tremble in every limb. But as soon as the Lion prepared to approach him, the Horse deliberately turned his back, and stooping his head, surveyed him between his fore legs; he succeeded in striking the Lion on the breast with his heels, and sent him staggering back several

paces. Stunned and discomfited the Lion did not immediately return to the charge. At his second attack, which was met in precisely the same manner, the Horse took more effectual aim, and striking the Lion in the forehead laid low the lordly animal.

Oct. 1837.

A very serious accident which befel me in falling down stairs, has brought to my recollection a story which Sir Thomas told many years ago, with infinite humour. The Stadtholder when deprived of his dominions by Bonaparte, took refuge in this country with his family and resided here many years. He was a remarkably stupid, prosy old man, who would fall asleep in the best company, but was as it seems ever alive to all which related to himself. He invited Sir Thomas to a numerous party at his London residence, and having buried his wife, the Princess of Orange, in this country, he did the honours of the evening himself, standing at the door to receive the company, and furnished happily with one never-ending topic of conversation. "How you do, Mr. Lawrence?" "I hope I see your Serene Highness well." "Well! ah, mine Got (*sic*), then you have not hear of my accident?" "No," was the reply. "Ah, then I will tell you all about it. I vass riding along de—vat you call it?—the King's road, thinking of noting at all, and out of de hedge came running shofle, shofle, shofle, a great large, black, vat you call Porka Pigga! He runned atwixt my

horse's legs, he trowd me down—there I lay longue as I vass!! Ah, Miladi Salisbury, how you do?" "I hope I see your Serene Highness quite recovered from your serious accident." "Ah, mine Got, recovered! then you do know of my accident? well, I will tell you just how it happened. I was riding along vat you call de King's road, thinking of noting at all," and then he went through the same precise history, boggling for a word in the same place and ending always with "there I lay longue as I vass!" till the company were so convulsed with laughter as almost to break up the party.

When Sir Thomas was in Rome he was extremely useful to an English friend by his acquaintance with Cardinal Gonsalvi, then Prime Minister to the Pope, whose influence reached even to the Courts of Law, so as to obtain justice for a foreigner, which had hitherto been denied.

Sir Thomas's elder sister, Mrs. Bloxam, had formed an intimacy at school with a young lady of the name of Adamson, who having only a father, and he resident abroad, became a boarder in Mrs. Bloxam's family when she married and settled at Rugby. One of the under Masters of the name of *Homer*[1] was a frequent visitor at Dr. Bloxam's, and being a somewhat pedantic young man, who seem'd to consider it necessary to be passionately fond of poetry because his name was Homer, was troublesome and even

[1] Philip Bracebridge Homer, author of the "Eton Greek Grammar" (1825).

rude to Miss Adamson, because she profess'd no such enthusiasm. One morning hearing Mr. Homer was coming to breakfast, she begg'd leave to take hers in the nursery. Dr. Bloxam would not allow this, saying that no friend of his ought to drive *her* from his table, and that she should only laugh at the young pedant. Soon after this a better understanding sprang up between the young folk, and they made a match of it as soon as the father's consent could be obtained. Mrs. Homer lived to produce five or six children, and died in giving birth to twins. Not very long afterwards Mr. Homer received intelligence of Mr. Adamson's return to England on business, and some account of this gentleman is necessary to the story. He was born to large fortune, a considerable estate in Wiltshire being a part of it. Like other young men of fashion he went abroad with a tutor on leaving college, turn'd out dissipated and expensive, and played high. When in Rome he formed an acquaintance with an Italian girl of great beauty, whose family were in middling life, of the rank of lawyers. When Mr. Adamson left Rome for Paris, she followed and lived with him as his mistress. A daughter was born to them, and when he was recalled to England the lady returned to her family in Italy, leaving her infant to the care of its father. He brought the child over with a French nurse, or "Bonne," as nursery governesses are there called, under whose care she remained till old enough to go to school, and knew scarcely any language but French.

The Bonne then established herself in a school. Mr. Adamson after the death of his father soon made havoc of his fortune, and was actually supported during the remainder of his life by an annuity from some of the fashionable clubs to which he belonged in the days of his extravagance and folly. He wrote to Mr. Homer on his arrival in London, informing him that he had found a letter at his Banker's, which had been long waiting there, and which materially concerned the interests of Mr. H. and his children. Hastening to town he waited on the old gentleman, and then learnt for the first time that his wife was illegitimate, a circumstance of which she herself was ignorant. He also learnt that on returning to Italy the mother had contracted a marriage with the Marquis di Belmonti, a very old man, who having a former family had left her about £16,000, the whole of which she had bequeathed to her only child, Mrs. Homer. A most unlucky circumstance then transpired. Mr. Homer spoke of his wife by the name of "Caroline," whereas her father called her "Clementina Agatha." He recollected that soon after she went to school the little girl had written to tell him that her schoolfellows laughed at her two fine names, and to beg she might call herself "Caroline." Strange to tell she had never named this to her husband, and was actually registered both on her marriage and at her death as "Caroline." Here, it immediately struck both gentlemen, would be the great obstacle, and, added to this, the length of time which had elapsed

from the death of the Marchesa, while the tidings of it lay at the Banker's. They first thought of the old Frenchwoman as most likely to identify the child, if she were still alive. Mr. Homer took notes of all Mr. Adamson's information, and they traced back an indistinct clue to the Bonne, from whom Mr. A. had heard some years before. It was then agreed that Mr. Homer should take his dinner with the old gentleman, and then sally forth to make enquiries. It is almost incredible, but most true, that in the course of this meal Mr. Adamson fell back in his chair in a fit of Apoplexy, and died before any material aid could be procured! He never spoke after the attack.

It will be supposed that Mr. Homer lost no more time than common decency required to proceed with his enquiries, and they were singularly crowned with success in finding the old Frenchwoman alive, and in the possession of her other faculties, tho' entirely blind. Fearing some other unlucky accident, he put her into a hackney coach and took her before the Lord Mayor to ensure her testimony. He had immediate recourse to the best legal advice, and it appeared that the brothers of the Marchesa, hearing nothing from England by the time expected, had taken possession of the property, as might be expected. It being impossible to send witnesses over, it was twice tried in Rome, and given against Mr. Homer. It happened that Lord S^{t}. Helens, another old friend of Mr. Adamson's, was in Rome in 1820, as well as Sir Thomas, and so successfully did they both give their testimony to the circumstance of "Caroline"

and "Clementina Agatha" being one and the same, that a compromise was agreed upon, and £4000 having been spent in law, the remaining £12,000 were equally divided between Mr. Homer's family and the brothers of the Marchesa.

Two or three circumstances occurred during the sittings of the Duke of Wellington for his numerous portraits by Sir Thomas. When he was painting what is called the State picture in the Waterloo Gallery (by far the least agreeable likeness), the Duke wore a magnificent gold sash, striped in front with blue, red, and white. Sir Thos. fell out with these gay stripes, and thought they did harm to his picture, and so erased them. When the Duke next sat he apologised for having taken this liberty, and offered to replace them if they were of any particular meaning or consequence. "Oh no, never mind"—then said the Duke, "they merely constitute me Generalissimo of the Armies of Spain."

After Sir Thomas's death a shabby looking old sabre was found among the numerous cloaks, uniforms, helmets, &c., which had been left for him to paint from. No one claiming it, Mr. Keightley had just put it aside to go to Christie's with other things for the sale. The Duke was sitting to some other artist and miss'd the sword he had carried in the Battle of Waterloo, and suddenly recollecting it might be left in Russel Square, applied to Mr. Keightley just in time.

An anecdote of the Duke was told me by an officer who served with him through the Peninsular War, which is so honourable to him that I cannot

but mention it here. He was informed that an hospital about thirty-five miles from the post he then occupied in Portugal was so neglected that the sick and wounded died from sheer want of attention. After morning parade he ordered his horse, and with two aides-de-camp rode off to satisfy himself of the truth of this report. Finding matters quite as bad as had been represented, he told the medical staff that unless all this was rectified in three days, the hospital ventilated and the poor sufferers' beds and comforts improved, he would dismiss them every one. On the fourth morning he again called for his horse, and rode the same distance to ascertain if he had been obeyed, and finding things in very slow progress of amendment, he put his threat in execution instantly. Thus proving that humanity to his suffering comrades was a prominent feature in his character.

His military habits are, I believe, persevered in to this period;[1] for I heard of his taking some one into his sleeping apartment at Apsley House, which being in the upper storey commands a fine view over the Park. The gentleman could not resist asking if the little, narrow iron camp bed was really that which his Grace occupied, observing at the same time that it must be impossible for him to turn in it. "Oh," replied the Duke, "when it comes to turning it is high time to turn out."

I once read a note from the Duke to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, which made such an impression upon me, that I can recollect it nearly verbatim. It was written on the occasion of Sir Pulteney

[1] 1835.

Sir T. Lawrence

THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARLES B. CALMADY

sending the Duke the very animated account of the Battle of Waterloo, written by Mr. Simpson, a Scotch advocate, and ran thus:—

PARIS, 1815.

DEAR MALCOLM,—I thank you for Mr. Simpson's book, which I shall read at my first moment of leisure.

I am glad you have accepted the command at S^t^. Helena; it is better to be doing something than nothing. Remember me to Boney, who is, I hope, as well satisfied with my old apartments at Longwood as I am with *his* at the Bourbon Elysèe Palace. It is a curious fact in the annals of Europe that *he* and *I* have literally changed beds.—Ever sincerely yours,

WELLINGTON.

In 1827, when I went to visit my niece Madame de Chanteau at Lille, Sir Thomas sent her the first engraving of the little Calmadys by Lewis, taken from the Sketch on canvas. Madame de C. being an invalid, I one morning went down early into the drawing-room to fetch a book, and perceived a gentleman, as I thought, with his arms folded, very intently contemplating this said engraving. On his turning round I perceived it was my niece's hairdresser, who attended her every morning. He made most humble apologies for the liberty he was taking, but this "gravure Anglaise" was quite irresistible, "si superbe, si magnifique! Mais, Madame, c'est grand dommage." "Comment, Monsieur, quel dommage?" "Ah! Madame, c'est grand dommage quelles sont si mal coiffée, on se coiffe si mal dans votre pays!"

Carefully as my valued friend concealed his numerous acts of beneficence, but few of them came to my knowledge. The following he entrusted me with.

He show'd me a letter full of the most ardent gratitude from a man whom he had employed a year or two in mounting his valuable ancient drawings. He paid him two guineas a week, but having a wife and family, and some serious illness among them, Sir Thomas had been most bountiful to him, as the letter testified. He said that Sir Thomas's generosity had been the means under Providence of saving the life of his child, and the whole epistle contained the most lively gratitude. I read the letter and waited further explanations. Sir Thos. next put before me a promissory note for £200, payable four months after date, and then pointed to the endorsement which crossed the back of it. He said, "Do you know that handwriting?" "To be sure," I answered; "it is your own." "And would you swear to it?" he enquired. "Yes, in any court in England," was my reply. Then he said, "You would be forsworn, for it is the forgery of the man who wrote this letter." It appeared that the money had been paid at Coutts's without the least suspicion or enquiry, and that Mr. *Timms* had gone off to America with it. I observed that the loss must be the Banker's, but he instantly said, "Not for the world; I have too many obligations to the Firm to involve them in my loss." Not many months afterwards the wife of this man had the assurance to solicit Sir Thomas's permission for her husband to return to this country and resume his employment.

Sir Thomas indignantly assured her that if he set foot in England he would instantly proceed against him. In the end she work'd upon his humanity, and he actually furnished her with the means of joining her husband in America.

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